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Goldwin Smith.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

AND

HER LATEST ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

A NARRATIVE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF MARY STUART; WITH SOME REMARKS ON MR. FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY

JAMES F. MELINE.

> "Malheur à la réputation de tout prince qui est opprimé par un parti qui devient le dominant." — *Montesquieu.*

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MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.[1]

"Historian, a writer of facts and events." — DICTIONARY.

IF we accept general encomium and popular demand as criteria of excellence, it is evident that Mr. Froude must be the first historian of the period.[2] That, with a vivid pen, he possesses a style at once clear and graphic; that his fullness of knowledge and skill in description are exceptional; that his phrase is brilliant, his analysis keen, and that with ease and spirit, grace and energy, pictorial and passionate power he combines consummate art in imagery and diction, we have been told so often and by so many writers that it would seem churlish not to accord him very high merit. Then, too, he is very much in earnest. Whatever he does he does with all his might, and in his enthusiasm often fairly carries his reader along with him.

But, in common with those who seek, not literary excitement, but the facts of history, we go at once to the vital question, Is the work truthful? Is it impartial? If not, its author's gifts are perverted, his attainments abused, and their fruits, so bright and attractive to the eye, are filled with ashes.

---

[1] *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 12 vols. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

[2] The use of the editorial pronoun throughout this volume is the result rather of accident than design. The four magazine articles forming the basis of the work appeared editorially, and the plural form was inadvertently continued by the writer, who was far from foreseeing that the new matter would in quantity so much exceed the original.

Impartial! Difficult, indeed, is the attainment of that admirable equilibrium of judgment which secures perfect fairness of decision, and whose essential condition precedent is the thorough elimination of personal preference and party prejudice. And here is the serious obstacle in writing a history of England; for there are very few of the great historical questions of the sixteenth century that have not left to us living men of to-day a large legacy of hopes, doubts, and prejudices — nowhere so full of vitality as in England, and in countries of English tongue. Not that we mean to limit such a difficulty to one nation or to one period; for it is not certain that we free ourselves from the spell of prejudice by taking refuge in a more remote age. It might be thought that, in proportion as we go back toward antiquity, leaving behind us to-day's interests and passions, the modern historian's impartiality would become perfect. And yet, there are few writers of whom even this is true. Reverting historically to the cradle of Christianity, it cannot fairly be asserted of Gibbon, although such a claim has been made for him.

Nor can it be said even of modern historians of nations long extinct, in common with which one might suppose the people of this century had not a single prejudice. Take, for instance, all the English historians of ancient Greece, whose works (that of Grote being an honorable exception) are so many political pamphlets arguing for oligarchy against democracy, elevating Sparta at the sacrifice of Athens, and thrusting at a modern republic through the greatest of the Hellenic commonwealths. If Merivale is thought to treat Roman history with impartiality, the same cannot be said of many modern European authors, who, disguising modern politics in the ancient toga and helmet, cannot discuss the Roman imperial period without attacking the Cæsars of Paris, St. Petersburg, and Berlin.

The great religious questions which agitated England in the sixteenth century are not dead. They still live, and for the Anglican, the Puritan, and the Catholic have all the deep interest of a family legend. It might, therefore, be unreasonable to demand from the historian a greater degree of dispassionate inquiry and calm treatment of subjects that were "burning questions" in the days of Henry and Elizabeth, than we find in Mitford and Gillies, when they discuss the political life of Athens and Lacedæmon. So far from exacting it, we should be disposed to be most liberal in the allowance of even a strongly expressed bias. But after granting all this, and even more, we might yet not unreasonably demand a system which is not a paradox, a show at least of fairness, and a due regard for the proprieties of historical treatment.

The first four volumes of this history of England present the narrative of half the reign of Henry VIII., a prince "chosen by Providence to conduct the Reformation," and abolish the iniquities of the papal system.

The Tudor king historically known of all men before the advent of Mr. Froude with his modern appliances of hero-worship and muscular Christianity, "melted so completely" in our new historian's hands that his despotism, persecution, diplomatic assassinations, confiscations, divorces, legalized murders, bloody vagrancy laws, tyranny over conscience, and the blasphemous assumption of spiritual supremacy are now made to appear as the praiseworthy measures of an ascetic monarch striving to regenerate his country and save the world.

There was such a sublimity of impudence in a paradox presented with so much apparently sincere vehemence that most readers were struck with dumb astonishment. A fascinated few declared the deodorized infamy perfectly pure. Some, pleased with pretty writing, were delighted with poetic passages about "daisies," and "destiny," "wild spirits," and "August suns" that "shone in autumn." Many liked its novelty, some admired its daring, and some there were who looked upon the thing simply as an enormous joke. All these formed the great body of readers.

Others there were, though, who declined to accept results which were violations of morality, and verdicts against evidence obtained by systematic vilification of some of the best, and the elevation of some of the worst men who ever lived, who refused to join in a blind idolatry incapable of discerning flaw or stain in the unworthy object of its worship; who saw Mr. Froude's multifarious ignorance of matters essential for a historian to know, and his total want of that judicial quality of mind, without which no one, even though he were possessed of all knowledge, can ever be a historian. They resolved that such a system as this was a nuisance to be abated, and that the new and unworthy man-worship should be put an end to. Accordingly the idol was smashed;[1] and in the process, the idol's historian left so badly damaged as to render his future availability highly problematical.

The Scotch treatment was of instant efficacy; for we find Mr. Froude coming to his work on the fifth volume in chastened frame of mind and an evidently corrected demeanor. He narrates the reigns of Mary and Edward VI. with style and tone subdued, and in the measure designated by musicians as *tempo moderato.*

With the seventh volume we reach the accession of Queen Elizabeth. We opened it with some curiosity; for it was understood from Mr. Froude, at the outset of his historical career, that he intended to present Elizabeth as "a great nature destined to remould the world," and that he was prepared to visit with something like astonishment and unknown pangs all who should dare question the immaculate purity of her virtue. It is not improbable that the contemplation of the strewn and broken fragments of the paternal idol materially modified this purpose — a change on which our historian must more than once have fervently congratulated himself as he gradually penetrated deeper into the treasures of the State paper collections, and stared surprised at the astounding revelations of Simancas.

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[1] See *Edinburgh Review* for January and October, 1858.

We need not wonder that the historian altered his programme; and that instead of going on to the demise of Elizabeth, under the obligation of recording the horrors of the most horrible of death-bed scenes, he should hasten to close his work with the wreck of the Spanish Armada.

The researches of our American historian, Motley, were terribly damaging to Elizabeth; and in the preparation of his seventh volume, Mr. Froude comes upon discoveries so fatal to her that he is evidently glad to drop his showy narrative and fill his pages with letters of the Spanish ambassador, who gives simple but wonderfully vivid pictures of the disedifying scenes then too common at the English court.

Future historians will doubtless take heed how they associate with the reputation of the sovereign any glory they may claim for England under Elizabeth, remembering that she was ready to marry Leicester notwithstanding her strong suspicion, too probably assurance, of his crime (Amy Robsart's murder), and that, in the language of an English critic, "She was thus in the eye of Heaven, which judges by the intent and not the act, nearer than Englishmen would like to believe to the guilt of an adulteress and a murderess."

But Mr. Froude plucks up courage, and, true to his first love, while appearing to handle Elizabeth with cruel condemnation, treats her with real kindness.

We have all heard of Alcibiades and his dog, and of what befell that animal. Our historian assumes an air of stern severity for those faults of Elizabeth for which concealment is out of the question — her mean parsimony, her insincerity, her cruelty, her matchless mendacity[1] — while industriously concealing or artistically draping her more repulsive offenses.

But we do not propose to treat the work as a whole. A chorus of repudiation from the most opposite schools of criticism has effectually covered the attempted apotheosis of a bad man with ridicule and contempt. As to Elizabeth, the less said the better, if we are friendly to her memory.

In his earlier volumes his very defective knowledge of all history before the sixteenth century led him into the most grotesque blunders — errors in general and in details, in geography, jurisprudence, titles, offices, and military affairs. And so far from meriting the compliment paid him, of accurate knowledge of the tenets and peculiar observances of the leading religious sects, acquired in the "course of his devious theological career," it is precisely in such matters that he seriously fails in accuracy.

Falling far short of a thorough grasp of his material, the writer in question totally fails to make it up into an interesting consecutive narrative. He lacks, too, the all-important power of generalization, and, as has been aptly remarked, handles a microscope skillfully, but is apparently unable to see through a telescope. Heroic and muscular withal, it is not surprising that his over-haste to produce some startling result came near wrecking him in the morning of his career.

While his work was in course of publication, our historian wrote from Simancas, a sensational article for "Fraser's Magazine," in which he announced some astounding historical discoveries, which but a few weeks later he was only too glad to recall. The trouble was that he had totally misunderstood the Spanish documents on which his discovery was grounded.

---

[1] "Through her whole reign," says Lord Brougham, "she was a dissembler, a pretender, a hypocrite. Whether in steering her crooked way between rival sects, or in accommodating herself to conflicting factions, or in pursuing the course she had resolved to follow amidst the various opinions of the people, she ever displayed a degree of cunning and faithlessness which it is impossible to contemplate without disgust." — *Historical Sketches of Statesmen*, by Henry, Lord Brougham, vol. i. 383, London edit.

Along with his apparent incapacity for impartial judgment, there is an evident inability in Mr. Froude to distinguish the relative value of different state papers; and the most striking proof that he is still in his apprenticeship as a writer of history, is his indiscriminate acceptance of written authorities of a certain class. Historical results long since settled by the unanimous testimony of Camden, Carte, and Lingard, the three great English historians of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries respectively, are thrust aside by him and made to give way to some MS. of doubtful value or questionable authenticity. When he finds a paper three hundred years old, he gives it speech and sets it up as an oracle. Nor can the simile be arrested here; for, treating his oracle with the tyrannic familiarity of a heathen priest, the paper Mumbo Jumbo must speak as ordered, or else be sadly cuffed.

It is a serious error to imagine that when one has found a mass of original historical papers, his labor of investigation is ended, and he has but to transcribe, to put his personages on the stage, let them act and declaim as these writings relate, and thus place before the reader the truthful portrait of by-gone times. Far from it. It is at this point that the historian's work really begins. He must ascertain by comparison, by sifting of evidence, by many precautions, who lies and who may be believed.

But very few of these difficulties have any terrors for our English historian. Commencing his investigation with his theory perfected, it is with him a mere choice of papers. Swift is the fate of facts not suiting his theory. So much the worse for them, if they are not what he would have them to be; they are cast forth into outer darkness.

Our author has fine perceptive and imaginative faculties

— admirable gifts for literature, but not for history. Desirable, if history depended on fiction, not on fact. Precious, if historic truth were subjective. Above all price, where the literary artist has the privilege of evolving from the inner depths of his own consciousness the virtues or the vices wherewith it suits him to endow his characters. But alas! otherwise utterly fatal, because historic truth is eminently objective.

It has been well said that to be a good historical student, a man should not find it in him to desire that any historical fact should be otherwise than it is. Now, we cannot consent to a lower standard in logic and morality for the historian than for the student; and thus testing our author, it is not pleasant to contemplate his sentence when judged by stern votaries of truth. For we have a well-grounded belief that not only is it possible for Mr. Froude to desire a historical fact to be otherwise than it is, but that he is capable of carrying that desire into effect. It is idle to talk of the judicial quality of the historian who scarcely puts on a semblance of impartiality.

In matters of state, Mr. Froude is a pamphleteer; in personal questions, he is an advocate. He holds a brief for Henry. He holds a brief against Mary Stuart. He is the most effective of advocates, for he fairly throws himself into his case. He is the declared friend or the open enemy of all the personages in his history. Their failure and their success affect his spirits and his style. He rejoices with them or weeps with them. There are some whose misfortunes uniformly make him sad. There are others over whose calamities he becomes radiant. He has no standard of justice, no ethical principle which estimates actions as they are in themselves, and not in the light of personal like or dislike of the actors.

It must be admitted, nevertheless, that Mr. Froude makes up an attractive-looking page. Foot-notes and citations in quantity, imposing capitals and inverted commas, all combine to give it a certain typographical vivacity. Great as are his rhetorical resources, he does not despise the devices of print.

Quotation-marks are usually supposed to convey to the reader the conventional assurance that they include the precise words of the text. But his system is not so commonplace. He inserts therein language of his own, and in all these cases his use of authorities is not only dangerous but deceptive. He has a way of placing some of the actual words of a document in his narrative in such a manner as totally to pervert their sense. The historian who truthfully condenses a page into a paragraph saves labor for the reader; but Mr. Froude has a trick of giving long passages in quotation-marks without sign of alteration or omission, which we may or may not discover from a note to be "abridged."

Other objectionable manipulations of our author are the joining together of two distinct passages of a document, thus entirely changing their original sense; the connection of two phrases from two different authorities presenting them as one; and the tacking of irresponsible or anonymous authorities to one that is responsible, concealing the first, and avowing the last.

Of the gravity of these charges we are perfectly well aware, and we propose to make them good.

Then his texts, and the rapid boldness with which he disposes of them; cutting, trimming, clipping, provided only that an animated dialogue or picturesque effect be produced, causing the reader to exclaim, "How beautifully Mr. Froude writes!" "What a painter!" "His book is as interesting as a novel!" And so it is; for the excellent reason that it is written precisely as novels are written, and mainly depends for its interest upon the study of motives. A superior novelist brings characters before us in startling naturalness—his treatment, of course, being subjective, not objective; arbitrary, not historical. Mr. Froude, with his great skill in depicting individual character and particular events, follows the romancer's method, and may be said to be the originator of what we may designate as the "psychological school" of history. This power gives him an immense advantage over all other historians.

While they are burning the midnight lamp in the endeavor to detect the springs of action by the study of everything that can throw light upon the action itself, he has only to peer through the window which, like unto other novelists, he has constructed in the bosom of every one of his characters, to show us their most secret thoughts and aspirations. One may open any of his volumes at random and find an exemplification of what is here stated. As for instance: —

> "It was not thus that Mary Stuart had hoped to meet her brother. His head sent home from the Border, or himself brought back a living prisoner, with the dungeon, the scaffold, and the bloody axe — these were the images which a few weeks or days before she had associated with the next appearance of her father's son. Her feelings had undergone no change; she hated him with the hate of hell; but the more deep-set passion paled for the moment before a thirst for revenge." (viii. 267.)

Here are depicted the feverish workings of a wicked heart; its hopes, fears, passions — nay, even the very images that float before the mind's eye. And we are asked to accept for history — ascertained fact — such fancy sketches of secret mental turmoil as this.

Our historian takes unprecedented liberties with texts and citations. Now he totally ignores what a given person says on an important occasion. Now he puts a speech of his own into the mouth of the same character. Passages cited from certain documents cannot be found there, and other documents referred to have no existence. In a word, Mr. Froude trifles with his readers and plays with his authorities, as some people play with cards.

CHAPTER II.

"I might say that I know more about the history of the sixteenth century than I know about anything else." — JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE in *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, p. 40.

REFERENCE has been made to the defective knowledge manifested by Mr. Froude of general history before the sixteenth century; and it might be added that in the contemporary history of foreign countries he is either deplorably weak or makes strange concealment of his knowledge. But our surprise increases when we find him quite as deficient in the history of his own country. This is a matter easily tested, and the test may be specially confined to the period of Elizabeth, with which, according to his late appeal through the "Pall Mall Gazette," Mr. Froude has labored so industriously and is so entirely familiar.

And the test proposed reveals his total unconsciousness of the existence of one of the most peculiar laws of England then in force. A clever British reviewer, in expressing his surprise at our historian's multifarious ignorance concerning the civil and criminal jurisprudence of his country, says that it is difficult to believe that Mr. Froude has ever seen the face of an English justice; and the reproach is well merited. Nevertheless we do not look for the accuracy of a Lingard, or even of a Macaulay, in an imaginative writer like Mr. Froude, and might excuse numerous slips and blunders as to law pleadings and the forms of criminal trials — nay, even as to musty old statutes and conflicting legislative enactments (as, for instance, when he puts on an air of critical severity (ix. 38) as to the allowance of a delay of fifteen days in Bothwell's trial, claiming, in his defective knowledge of the Scotch law, that it should have been forty days); but when we find his mind a total blank as to the very existence of one of the most peculiar and salient features of English law, we must insist that such ignorance in one who sets up for an English historian is, to say the least, very remarkable.

Here is the case. During the reign of Elizabeth, one Thomas Cobham, like unto many other good English Protestants, was, Mr. Froude informs us, "roving the seas, half pirate, half knight-errant of the Reformation, doing battle on his own account with the enemies of the truth, wherever the service of God was likely to be repaid with plunder." (viii. 459.) He took a Spanish vessel (England and Spain being at peace), with a cargo valued at eighty thousand ducats, killing many on board. After all resistance had ceased, he "sewed up the captain and the survivors of the crew in their own sails, and flung them overboard." Even in England this performance of Cobham was looked upon as somewhat rough and slightly irregular, and at the indignant requisition of Spain, he was tried in London for piracy. De Silva, the Spanish ambassador at the court of Elizabeth, wrote home an account of the trial. We now quote Mr. Froude, who being — as a learned English historian should be — perfectly familiar with the legal institutions of his country, and knowing full well that the punishment described by De Silva was never inflicted in England, is naturally shocked at the ignorance of this foreigner, and thus presents and comments upon his letter: —

> "Thomas Cobham," wrote De Silva, "being asked at the trial, according to the usual form in England, if he had anything to say in arrest of judgment, and answering nothing, was condemned to be taken to the Tower, to be stripped naked to the skin, and then to be placed with his shoulders resting on a sharp stone, his legs and arms extended, and on his stomach a gun, too heavy for him to bear, yet not large enough immediately to crush him. There he is to be left till he die. They will give him a few grains

of corn to eat, and for drink the foulest water in the Tower." — (viii. 449, 1st London ed.)

It would not be easy to state the case in fewer words and more accurately than De Silva here puts it. Cobham was called upon to answer in the usual form, and "answering nothing" or "standing mute," "was condemned," etc. A definition of the offense and a description of its punishment by the well-known *peine forte et dure* were thus clearly presented; but even then our historian fails to recognize an offense and its penalty, perfectly familiar to any student who has ever read Blackstone or Bailey's Law Dictionary, and makes this astounding comment on De Silva's letter: —

> "*Had any such sentence been pronounced, it would not have been left to be discovered in the letter of a stranger;* the ambassador may perhaps, in this instance, have been purposely deceived, and his demand for justice satisfied by a fiction of imaginary horror."— (viii. 449, 1st London ed.)

This unfortunate performance was received by critical readers with mirthful surprise, and as a consequence, although the passages we have cited may be found, as we have indicated, in the first London, they need not be looked for in later editions. On the contrary, we now learn from Mr. Froude (Scribner edition of 1870, viii. 461), that "Cobham refused to plead to his indictment, and the dreadful sentence was passed upon him of the *peine forte et dure;*" and thereto is appended an erudite note for the instruction of persons supposed to be unacquainted with English law, explaining the matter, and citing Blackstone, "book iv. chap. 25."

But, possibly it may be suggested, this dreadful punishment was rarely inflicted, and that fact may serve to excuse the gross blunder? Not at all. Other instances of the *peine forte et dure* occurred in this very reign of Elizabeth. Here is one which almost inspires us with a feeling of compassion for the much denounced Spanish Inquisition.

Margaret Middleton, the wife of one Clitheroe, a rich citizen of York, was prosecuted for having harbored a priest in quality of a schoolmaster. At the bar (March 25th, 1586) she refused to plead guilty, because she knew that no sufficient proof could be brought against her; and she would not plead "not guilty," because she considered such a plea equivalent to a falsehood. The *peine forte et dure* was immediately ordered.

> "After she had prayed, Fawcet, the sheriff, commanded them to put off her apparel; when she, with the four women, requested him on their knees that, for the honor of womanhood, this might be dispensed with. But they would not grant it. Then she requested them that the women might unapparel her, and that they would turn their faces from her during that time.
>
> "The women took off her clothes, and put upon her the long linen habit. Then very quickly she laid her down upon the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief, and most part of her body with the habit. The door was laid upon her; her hands she joined toward her face. Then the sheriff said, 'Naie, ye must have your hands bound.' Then two sergeants parted her hands, and bound them to two posts. After this they laid weight upon her, which, when she first felt she said, 'Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, have mercye upon mee,' which were the last words she was heard to speake. She was in dying about one quarter of an hour. A sharp stone, as much as a man's fist, had been put under her back; upon her was laied to the quantitie of seven or eight hundred weight, which, breaking her ribbs caused them to burst forth of the skinne."

This dreadful incident naturally brings us to the consideration of a kindred subject most singularly treated in Mr. Froude's pages. If the constant use of torture and the rack had been a feature of Mary Stuart's reign, and not, as it was, the constant and favorite expedient of Elizabeth and Cecil,[1] what bursts of indignant eloquence should we not have been favored with by our historian, and what admirable illustrations would it not have furnished him as to the brutalizing tendencies of Catholicity and the superior humanity and enlightenment of Protestantism? Nothing so clearly shows the government of Elizabeth to have been a despotism as her constant employment of torture. Every time she or Cecil sent a prisoner to the rack — and they sent hundreds — they trampled the laws of England under foot. These laws, it is true, sometimes authorized painful ordeals and severe punishments, but the rack never. Torture was never legally authorized in England. But the trickling blood, the agonized cries, the crackling bones, the "strained limbs and quivering muscles" (Froude vi. 294) of martyred Catholics make these Tudor practices lovely in Mr. Froude's eyes, and he philosophically remarks, "The method of inquiry, however inconsònant with modern conceptions of justice, was adapted excellently for the outrooting of the truth." (x. 293.)

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[1] "The rack seldom stood idle in the Tower for all the latter part of Elizabeth's reign." — Hallam, *Constitutional History of England.*

We could hardly have believed that any man of modern enlightenment could possibly entertain such opinions. They are simply amazing. Torture is not only "inconsonant" with modern conceptions of justice, but also with ancient; for it is condemned even by the sages of the code which authorized it. Mr. Froude might have learned something of this matter from the Digests (liber xviii. tit. 18). The passage is too long to cite, but one sentence alone tells us in a few words of the fallacy, danger, and deception of the use of torture: "Etenim res est fragilis et periculosa, et quæ veritatem fallat."

So much for ancient opinion. And modern justice has rejected the horrible thing, not only on the ground of morality, but because it has been demonstrated to be a promoter of perjury and the worst possible means of "outrooting" the truth. The true history of the Throckmorton affair, so sadly travestied by our historian in his twelfth volume, is a case in point.

To return: the case of Cobham is not the only one in which Mr. Froude has prudently profited by criticism, and hastened, in a new edition of his work, to repair his error. Even slight comparison of his first with his last edition will show him to be under deep obligations to his critics, and it would be wise in him to seek increase of his debt of gratitude by fresh corrections.

Under a thin veil of sentimental tinsel, fringed with rhetorical shreds about "pleasant mountain breezes" and "blue skies smiling cheerily," our historian always has his own little device; and, by innuendo and by every artifice of rhetorical exaggeration, never loses the opportunity of a deadly thrust at those he dislikes. It is unfortunate for any claim that might be made in favor of his impartiality that in his pages to hold certain religious tenets is to insure his enmity. With more or less vehemence of language, in stronger or milder tone of condemnation, this is the one thing that surely brings out this writer's best efforts in detraction, from muttered insinuation to the joyous exuberance of a jubilant measure in which, occasionally forgetting himself, he, like *Hugh* in "Barnaby Rudge," astounds his auditory with an extemporaneous No-Popery dance.

The insidious suggestion is found in such cases as those of Sir Thomas More and Katherine of Aragon. Henry's outrages on this noble woman, we are assured, were either caused by herself or were the result of that omnipresent "inevitable" which, according to our historian, produced all the wickedness of Henry's reign. "Her injuries, inevitable as they were, and forced upon her in great measure by her own willfulness."[1] (i. 445.) For Reginald Pole, there is labored effort of invidious depreciation; for Black and Cardinal Beaton, the reassertion of exploded calumnies to palliate their assassination; and for Mary Stuart, a scream of hatred with which he accompanies her from her mother's nursing arms to the scaffold of Fotheringay, where grinning with exultant delight at the scars of disease and the contortions of death, the scream deepens into a savage scalp-howl worthy of a Camanche on his bloodiest war-path.

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[1] In this connection, we must do Mr. Froude the justice to mention that he does not entirely approve Henry's conduct in keeping Anne Boleyn under the same roof with his lawful wife, and finds in it a "singular blemish." Strictly speaking, it must be admitted that the performance was not "nice." And yet, in the face of this utterly indefensible abomination, our historian, sensible to the last, seeks to *imagine* circumstances which might "perhaps *partially palliate it.*" The passage is characteristic. (i. 313.)

An early occasion is seized (i. 53) to damn with faint praise the noblest character of his age, by classifying Sir Thomas More with men not worthy to mend the great chancellor's pens; and with quite an air of impartiality, Mr. Froude talks of "the high accomplishments of More and Sir T. Elliott, of Wyatt and Cromwell."

Indirection and insinuation are effective weapons never out of this historian's hands. In an allusion or remark, dropped apparently in the most careless manner, he will lay the foundation of a system of attack one or two volumes off and many years in historical advance of his objective point. At page 272, vol. i., we are told of "three years later, when the stake recommenced its hateful activity under the auspices of Sir Thomas More's fanaticism." Thus the way is prepared for the accusation of personal cruelty, which Mr. Froude strives, in vol. ii., to lay at More's door. More's greatness and beautiful elevation of character are evidently unpleasant subjects for our historian, and in speaking of him as one "whose life was of blameless purity" (ii. 79), he grudgingly yields him a credit which he seeks to sweep away in the charge of religious persecution, specifying four particular cases: those of Phillipps, Field, Bilney, and Bainham.

These cases have been taken up *seriatim* by a competent critic (the reader curious to see them may consult the appendix to the October Number "Edinburgh Review" 1858), who demonstrates that Mr. Froude's pretended authorities do *not* tell the story he undertakes to put in their mouth, and that he is guilty of such perversions as are exceedingly damaging to his reputation.

Soon follows a justification of Henry's judicial murders of More and Fisher, for the crime of holding the very doctrine which Henry himself, in his work against Luther, had but lately asserted. A pretense is made to give an account of More's trial, but its great feature, which was More's crushing defense, is totally omitted. Characteristic of the new historical school is Mr. Froude's reason why More and Fisher (the latter, as Mr. Froude informs us, "sinking into the grave with age and sickness," — ii. 362), innocent of all crime, were righteously sent to the scaffold. It was, you see, most untranscendental reader, because "the voices crying underneath the altar had been heard upon the throne of the Most High, and woe to the generation of which the dark account had been demanded." (ii. 377.)

And if any one is so unreasonable as to inquire into the nature of the connection in this unpleasant business between the "Most High" and Henry VIII., — two princes of very nearly equal merit in Mr. Froude's estimation, — he will find himself summarily warned off the premises by the historian thus: "History will rather dwell upon the incidents of the execution, than attempt a sentence upon those who willed it should be so. It was at once most piteous and most inevitable." (ii. 376.)

And so, inquisitive reader, enjoy as well as you may the chopping off of heads, but do not ask impertinent questions as to "those who willed it should be so." Indeed, such inquiry would seem to be useless, for, as we read further, we ascertain from Mr. Froude's pages that nobody in particular is to blame.

We all know that the mind of the historian should be not only passionless but colorless. But Mr. Froude is so frankly a partisan, that in his work color is strong and passion deep. And this is not the result of a constitutional infirmity which makes him unconsciously and uniformly either an optimist or a pessimist. Not at all. He is one or the other at will, and as his prejudice rules. With him certain historical characters must be always wrong, always bad; while others remain always right and always good. Where historical facts totally fail, or are too stubborn for use, unlimited store of rhetoric and imagination make good the void. Compare the historic treatment of Henry with that of Mary Stuart. In the case of the Tudor king, his friends and parasites are profusely quoted, and at every few pages he is allowed to speak for himself. Allowed? Why, when he opens his mouth, there is really a tone of "Hats off" in Mr. Froude's introduction of the golden words about to fall from those august lips.[1]

Passed through Mr. Froude's historical alembic, acts of cruelty and tyranny which have hitherto made Henry's name odious now redound to his honor. In great part, it appears, these acts "were inevitable."

Then Thomas Cromwell's head was taken off because "the law in a free country cannot keep pace with genius." (iii. 455.) And although Cromwell[2] was executed without even pretense of trial (even Mr. Froude admits, "in fairness, Cromwell should have been tried") by a tender-hearted and pious monarch, it was all "inevitable." "Inevitable," too, was the foul murder of Cardinal Beaton by Scotch assassins[1] in Henry's pay, because "his [Henry's] position obliged him to look at facts as they were rather than through conventional forms." (iv. 296.) "Inevitable," too, the fate of the amnestied rebels of the North, because there was "no resource but to dismiss them out of a world in which they had lost their way, and will not, or cannot, recover themselves." (iii. 175.)

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[1] A single instance: the historian is speaking of the acts of the reign of Henry VIII. upon which the English Poor Law is founded, and says, "They are so remarkable in their tone, and so rich in their detail, as to furnish a complete exposition of English thought at that time upon the subject; while the second of these two acts, and probably the first also, has a further interest for us, as being the composition of Henry himself, and the most finished which he has left to us." (i. 82.)

Now the acts here so admiringly eulogized as the finished composition of Henry himself, were the savage and brutal laws under which, in England alone of all Christian countries, the penalty of poverty was legally decreed to be the stocks, whip, scourge, cart-tail, stripping naked, mutilation, branding, felony, and — death. These were the mild suppressive means for beggary used by a monarch whose "only ambition," Mr. Froude assures us, "was to govern his subjects by the rule of Divine law and the Divine love, to the salvation of their souls and bodies." (iii. 474.)

To many the idea of "Divine love" in connection with the author of such a performance must appear as simply blasphemous. Even our enthusiastic historian has a glimmering suspicion of this, for he says (i. 87), in speaking of the horrible law, "The merit of it, or the guilt of it, if guilt there be, originated with him alone."

[2] We have contradictory accounts of the origin of Episcopalianism. Mr.

Remedy most radical; for it is plain that people dispatched headless into the next world will never again lose their way in this.

But of all Mr. Froude's ingenious explanations we find none at once so entertaining and so edifying as that assigned for the dreadful mortality among Henry's wives. This it is. Give it your attention: —

> "It would have been well for Henry VIII. if he had lived in a world in which women could have been dispensed with, so ill in all his relations with them he succeeded. With men he could speak the right word, he could do the right thing; with women he seemed to be under a fatal necessity of mistake." (i. 430.)

Froude clears them up. The so-called Church of England was, it seems, a clever invention of Thomas Cromwell, although we had supposed that Henry VIII. had a hand in it. In his eulogy of Cromwell, our historian informs us (iii. 478), "Wave after wave has rolled over his work. Romanism flowed back over it under Mary. Puritanism, under another even grander Cromwell, overwhelmed it. But Romanism ebbed again, and Puritanism is dead, and the polity of the Church of England remains as it was left by its creator." Lord Macaulay takes a different view of the movement, and says: "The work, which had been begun by Henry the murderer of his wives, was continued by Somerset the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth the murderer of her guest."

[1] On the authority of John Knox, Mr. Froude describes the principal assassin as "a man of nature most gentle and modest." (iv. 436.) How consoling to the murdered cardinal in his dying agony, that, "in disregard of conventional forms," a man of such lovely character should have been hired to cut his throat with pious deliberation.

We know of but one passage in all our literature that at all approaches this in original logic and massive fun. We refer to Artemus Ward's opinion concerning one Jefferson Davis: "It would," says A. W., — "it would have been better than ten dollars in his [J. D.'s] pocket if he'd never been born."

Our historian's views of the philosophy of history, of the agency of fate, and of the subordination of morality to the "inevitable," all undergo a radical change after leaving Henry VIII. His partisanship culminates on reaching Mary Stuart, when it comes out with more elaborate machinery of innuendo, more careful finish of invention, unscrupulous assertion, wealth of invective, and relentless hatred. Events cease to be inevitable. The historian's generous supply of palliation and justification (usually "by faith alone") has all been lavished on Henry or reserved for Murray.

In no one instance is there "fatal necessity of mistake" for Mary; and her sorrows, her misfortunes, her involuntary errors, and the infamous outrages inflicted upon her by others, are, we are told, all crimes of her own invention and perpetration. Authorities cited are mainly her personal enemies or her paid detractors. Of what she herself wrote or said there is rigid economy, and nothing is allowed to be heard from what is called "that suspected source."

Simply as a question of space, we renounced at the outset the idea of following Mr. Froude through all his tortuous ways, and only undertook to point out some of his grossest errors. Proper historic treatment in the case is difficult, not to say impossible, for the reason that he has produced, not so much a history of Mary Stuart as a sweeping indictment in terms of abuse which few prosecuting attorneys would dare present in a criminal court, and in which he showers upon the Queen of Scots such epithets as "murderess," "ferocious animal," "panther," "wild-cat," and "brute."

CHAPTER III.

"On n'est pas historien pour avoir écrit des histoires." — VOLTAIRE.

At the outset we must confess our inability to trace Mr. Froude's every step. We cannot reasonably be called upon to follow his history and any reasonably chronological system at one and the same time. If such an attempt were made, we should be compelled to invade the nursery of the infant Mary Stuart with a discussion of anticipated accusations brought against her when she was nearer to her grave than to her cradle, for our historian manages to convict her as a grown woman while she is still a puling baby in her mother's arms.

Most historians begin at the beginning. But our new school has resources heretofore unknown, and quietly anticipates that ordinary point of departure. Mary Stuart is formally brought on to Mr. Froude's historical stage in the middle of the seventh volume, and the reader might be supposed to take up her story without a single preconceived opinion. Doubtless, he does so take it up, unsuspicious of the fact that three volumes back his judgment was already fettered and led captive. For already, in the fourth volume (p. 208), Mary of Guise is described as lifting her baby out of the cradle, in order that Sir Ralph Sadlier "might admire its health and loveliness." "Alas! for the child," says Mr. Froude, in tones of tender compassion; "born in sorrow and nurtured in treachery! It grew to be Mary Stuart; and Sir Ralph Sadlier lived to sit on the commission which investigated the murder of Darnley."

There is nothing very startling in this. The reader's mind naturally absorbs the statement, and he goes on. In the next volume (v. 57), while deeply interested in the military operations of the Duke of Somerset, we are told, as it were *en passant:* "Thursday he again advanced over the ground where, fourteen years later, Mary Stuart, the object of his enterprise, practiced archery with Bothwell ten days after her husband's murder."

Consummately artistic!

The reader has not yet reached Mary Stuart; her history is not yet commenced; he supposes his mind, as regards her, to be a mere blank page, and yet our historian has already contrived to inscribe upon the blank page these two facts, she was the murderess of Darnley, and she was guilty of adultery with Bothwell. Not a tittle of evidence has been offered, no argument is presented. With graceful and almost careless *disinvoltura*, Mr. Froude has merely alluded to two incidents, one of which is a long exploded falsehood, and lo! the case against Mary Stuart is complete. For these are the two great accusations upon which the entire controversy hinges, a controversy that has raged for three centuries. Very clever! Very clever indeed!

Give but slight attention to Mr. Froude's system and you will find that his treatment of the historical characters he dislikes is after the recipe of Figaro: "Calomniez, calomniez, il en reste toujours quelque chose;" and that under the sentimentality of his "summer seas," "pleasant mountain breezes," "murmuring streams," "autumnal suns," patriotic longings, and pious reveries, there is a vein of persistent and industrious cunning much resembling that of Mr. Harold Skimpole, who is a perfect child in all matters concerning money, who knows nothing of its value, who "loves to see the sunshine, loves to hear the wind blow; loves to watch the changing lights and shadows; loves to hear the birds, those choristers in nature's great cathedral" — but, meantime, keeps a sharp look-out for the main chance.

Much depends upon the impression made on the mind of the reader at the outset of his study of any given historical character. Our English historian fully appreciates this, and like unto the careful builder, lays his foundations broad and deep.

In introducing Mary Stuart he is lavish of his best efforts in insinuation and suppression. The reader naturally looks to a great historian for an intelligible account of the early years and mental development of a character destined to fill so prominent a part in the great events of the period, and to become one of the most interesting personages in history.

But no information is vouchsafed concerning her mind, manners, disposition, or education.

And herein the distinguished historian is logical. The Queen of Scots is to be made sensual and brutish — what need, therefore, of even an elementary education? And wherefore waste time in describing the innocent girlhood of one whom he snatches an infant from her cradle and holds up to his readers, telling them, "This child grown to woman is guilty of adultery and murder." Truly a work of supererogation.

And yet, as a general rule, Mr. Froude is not economical of "birth, parentage, and education" essays, although, while managing to bestow them on very secondary personages, he has none for Mary Stuart. Latimer and John Knox are favored in this respect, and even to the bastard son of Henry VIII. — "the young Marcellus," as Mr. Froude proudly calls him — are devoted two full pages of gushing enthusiasm concerning his youthful dispositions and early studies. He was, alas! "illegitimate, unfortunately;" "*but* of beauty and noble promise." (i. 364–366.) Everything connected with this result of Tudor adultery is touching and beautiful to Mr. Froude's mind. Henry's mistress is "an accomplished and most interesting person" "the offspring of the connection, one boy only," — *only* one boy, — "passed away in the flower of his loveliness," and the historian in his wild grief so far forgets himself as to indulge in the citation of sentimental verses.

Mr. Froude's educational record of Mary Stuart's youth is very short and suggestive. She "was brought up amidst the political iniquities of the court of Catherine de Medicis." (vii. 104.) On the foundation of this singular statement, an imposing superstructure is raised, and in all the succeeding volumes every pretext is seized for reference to the discovery that the education of the child Mary Stuart was intrusted to Catherine de Medicis. Worse than this, the reader is forced to suppose that such education had nothing to do with useful branches of knowledge, but was confined exclusively to lessons in moral and political wickedness, and that from the moment the little Queen of Scots set foot in France, she daily took lessons in Machiavelli (Spelling-book, Catechism, and Reader, specially prepared for the use of children), and afterwards attended a regular course of lectures on Statecraft delivered by Catherine de Medicis. Even Mr. Burton floats with the superficial current in writing: "The profound dissimulation of that political school of which Catherine de Medicis was the chief instructor, and her daughter-in-law an apt scholar."[1]

Mr. Froude's imperfect knowledge of continental history has naturally been the subject of sharp stricture, but his critics would appear to be more than justified when we find him making constant and glib reference to a historical fact, which, on examination, proves to be an individual fancy, for Mary Stuart never was *at the court of Catherine de Medicis.* During Mary's sojourn in France, the royal court was that of Henry II., and later, of Francis II. Charles IX. succeeded his brother Francis.

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[1] *History of Scotland*, iv. 205. Mr. John Hill Burton's History of Scotland (six vols.), lately completed, has been highly praised by competent critics.

On the history of primitive Scotland in particular, he has, it is said, labored to better purpose than any historian before him, and solved problems with which even the laborious Tytler unsuccessfully grappled.

In his treatment of Mary Stuart's reign, he writes mainly upon what was printed before him, citing no new authorities. He assumes the case against her as made, and treats the subject in the tone and spirit of placid dogmatism.

During all this period there was no such thing known as the court of Catherine de Medicis. True, she was the wife of Henry II. and the mother of Francis and Charles, but the court was the court of the reigning king, and was so far from being even nominally that of Catherine through personal or political influence — that, although queen consort and queen mother, she was a mere cipher, an unknown quantity [1] until she governed in the name of Charles IX.

But Mary Stuart had then left France for Scotland, and it was only then that the astute and unprincipled Catherine, whom we know through history, first came into recognized existence.

Even a moderate acquaintance with French historians might have taught Mr. Froude that for twenty-six long years Catherine de Medicis merely vegetated at the French court without influence, and even totally ignored or looked upon with suspicion and contempt, and that she moreover quietly accepted and even cultivated the utter obscurity to which she was condemned.[2] Hopes, jealousies, resentments, ambition, she may have had, but if they ever existed she certainly smothered them all. Nor did she in all those years give any indication of the marked ability and clever wickedness for which she afterwards became celebrated, and of which she appears to have herself so long been in ignorance.

French history specially records that all the advantage she derived from the title of Queen was the honor of bearing children to the king. Her life, until after the decease of her husband and eldest son, was one of long constraint; yet under the habitual cold reserve and constant dissimulation she imposed upon herself, it is more than probable that she nourished the machiavellic genius and universal skepticism of which she afterwards gave such striking proof.[1]

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[1] "Son mari l'avait laissée sans crédit et sans pouvoir." — Sismondi, *Histoire des Français*, vol. xviii. p. 101.

[2] The historian Sismondi states this very forcibly: "Depuis vingt-six ans elle était établie à la cour de France, et cependant elle avait réussi a y dissimuler en quelque sorte son existence."

As to the personal relations between Catherine de Medicis and the young Mary Stuart,[2] it is notorious that on the part of the latter there always existed an invincible repulsion towards the queen mother. There was no more social intercourse betwen them than the ceremonious politeness exacted by rigorous court etiquette. And Catherine repaid the young Scotch girl's repugnance with a hatred as intense as that of Elizabeth. If for nothing else, she hated Mary because she was a Guise. In later years, more than once in her sad calamities Mary Stuart would have left Scotland to take refuge in France but for the presence and influence of the queen mother.

With Catherine's accession to power in the name of the boy king Charles IX. (ten years of age), a new existence was opened to her.

Accustomed to neglect, slights, suspicion, and hatred, she was surprised at any manifestation of deference and respect.[3] Power once assured to her, she for the first time stood revealed to the world as the Catherine de Medicis known to modern history. And then followed the "political iniquities" spoken of by Mr. Froude. If Catherine was a mere cipher during her husband's reign, she was, if possible, of still less importance after the accession of Francis II., Mary Stuart's first husband. Sismondi describes her as not certain either of his obedience or his respect, and

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[1] See Appendix No. 1.

[2] "La plus belle; la plus aimable, la plus gracieuse personne de la cour." Martin, vol. x. p. 1.

[3] See Appendix No. 2.

Mr. Froude is very nearly correct in saying (vii. 310), that "Catherine who in the reign of Francis had seen the honor of the throne given to the Queen of Scots and the power of the throne to the Duke of Guise and his brothers, had wrongs of her own to avenge."

And yet, full well knowing that her uncles, the Guises, held the power, our historian constantly misrepresents this innocent girl Mary as the originator and executor of all their political moves and combinations, — such as the assumption of the arms of England and the refusal to ratify the treaty of Leith. He describes her as solely occupied with ambitious projects of which she had no conception, and desirous of reaching Scotland rapidly, "with a purpose as fixed as the stars." The historical fact is that she had neither intention nor wish to go to Scotland as its queen. Even Mignet[1] admits that she went "less from choice than from necessity."[2] Her mother was dead, and now all her affections, all her hopes were in France. Catherine's hatred for her was now no longer a secret for any one, and Mary, after the burial of her husband, went into retirement in Lorraine, far away from the court. Not long was she allowed to remain, for her uncles forced her to go to Scotland, and she embarked broken-hearted and in tears.[3]

In view of the immeasurable advantage possessed by Mr. Froude in his positive knowledge of all that was passing in the mind of Mary Stuart more than three hundred years ago, we almost feel ashamed to cite in contradiction the testimony of such historians as Sismondi and Martin ("History crowned by the French Institute"), who bring to their task, erudition, research, and judgment, without a tittle of psychological intuition. Their system is not that of our modern English historian. They read ancient books, old letters, and musty documents. He reads the heart; and "she had anticipated," "she wrapped her disappointment," "she was going to use her charms as a spell," "to weave the fibres of a conspiracy," "to control herself, to hide her purpose," "with a purpose as fixed as the stars," are mild specimens of his power of retrospective psychological introspection.

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[1] See Appendix No. 3.

[2] Even Chéruel (*Marie Stuart et Cathérine de Medicis*) says, "Mary Stuart was forced to leave her adopted France to return to her native country," and he speaks of Catherine as one, "qui n'avait jamais aimé Marie Stuart."

Castelnau in his Memoirs referring to the forced departure of the young Queen, says: La reine mère trouva fort bon et expédient de s'en défaire.

[3] See Appendix No. 4.

CHAPTER IV.

"Son éducation extrêmement soignée avait ajouté des talents variés à ses graces naturelles." — MIGNET.

SOME well-meaning friends of Mary Stuart's memory, victims of the historic delusion concerning the so-called "court of Catherine de Medicis," seek to palliate the case which they weakly accept as made against her, by pleading the bad influences and "the errors of a French education," to which her youth was subjected. No such defense is needed. Here is the plain historical record. The first six years of her life were spent in Scotland under the care of the fondest of mothers and most admirable of women.

Instructed by Erskine and Alexander Scott, the child learned geography, history, and Latin, with needle-work and embroidery from her governess Lady Fleming. The progress of the little scholar was rapid. From the time of her arrival in France (August 20, 1548) she was placed under the care of her grandmother, the austere Antoinette de Bourbon, and of the learned Margaret of France,[1] sister of Henry II., the protectress of Michel de l'Hôpital.

Cardinal Lorraine took charge of her education, and had appointed as her governess Madame Parois, a lady of such well-known piety as to be called a devotee. She was morose and strict to harshness.

Mary's application to her studies absorbed all her time. Her proficiency in Latin and Italian was wonderful. "She both spoke and understood Latin admirably well," says

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[1] "Sopra tutto erudita, e ben dotta nella lingua latina, greca, et anche italiana" — *Marino Cavalli.*

Brantôme. Her progress in Greek, geography, and history was also great, and she excelled in needle-work. Her uncle the king loved her as dearly as his own children, and thinking her application to study too close, would frequently take her off to his chateau at Meudon, where, mounted, she would accompany him to the chase.

At the age of eleven, while still pursuing her studies with energy, a separate royal establishment was created for her, and from this time she had to receive deputations, addresses, and appeals from the rival parties in Scotland. The discreetness and modesty of her bearing elicited admiration. Her Scotch nurse Janet Kemp, and Janet's husband John Kemp, as *valet de chambre*, were nearest her person; and the Earl of Livingstone and Lord Erskine her two lord keepers, with a large retinue of young Scotch nobles, acting as gentlemen in waiting, as equerries, and pages were in constant attendance upon her.

At the age of sixteen Mary was united in marriage to the young Francis of Valois, to whom she had long been betrothed. The young people had grown up together in youthful affection. Buchanan, whose veracity and sincerity are so highly praised by Mr. Froude, speaks of the —

> "Awful majesty her carriage bears:
> Maturely grave even in her tender years."

Mignet tells us of "Son aspect noble et gracieux."

Mary was then the cynosure of all eyes, the rising regal sun; but ten short years later, betrayed, dethroned, and in prison.

After her marriage Mary continued to read Latin with Buchanan, history with De Pasquier, and poetry with Ronsard. Her serious illness at this time was greatly aggravated by the mental distress occasioned by the news from Scotland concerning the devastation and ruin wrought by the so-called Reformers (Knox says it was "the rascal multitude"), who tore down, burned, and destroyed palaces, cathedrals, monasteries, and libraries. The English Ambassador reported, "The Scottish Queen looketh very ill, very sallow, and therewithal short-breathed. It is whispered that she cannot live." And this was the commencement of a series of illnesses which never left her.

Mr. Froude strives throughout his work to give the impression that Mary Stuart had the robust health of a hunter and the constitution of a coal-heaver, when, in point of fact, she was rarely ever exempt from physical ailment and suffering.

Henry II. of France died July 10, 1559. Francis II. was crowned in September, and now Mary became the young French Queen. For the time she forgot in her own affliction her antipathy to her uncle's widow, and the kind and sympathizing attentions of Mary and Francis were remarked by all.

But Catherine's grief came to sudden termination on finding that she could not rule the young king, her son,[1] and that all state affairs were disposed of by the young queen's uncles. Catherine had all the good-will to injure Mary; but attack would have been useless, for her reputation was invulnerable. The purity of her life and manners was known of all; her influence for honor and morality was as clearly recognized as that of Catherine for the contrary; nor has Mary's most malignant enemy dared to connect her name with any tale of scandal during all her residence in France.

Meanwhile, her health still sank, and the English Ambassador reports her "fallen sick again so that, at even song, she was for faintness constrained to be led to her chamber, where she swooned twice or thrice."

The dislike of Catherine for her son Francis increased, and she tampered with his political enemies, although openly caressing him.[2] Francis died in December, 1560.

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[1] Sismondi.

[2] Regnier de la Planche, the Protestant historian of the reign of Francis II., speaking of the Guises and Catherine, says: "Ils savaient son naturel

Mary Stuart is thus presented by our English historian: "She was not yet nineteen years old; but mind and body had matured amidst the scenes in which she passed her girlhood." (vii. 268.) This is at once a very remarkable statement and a mild specimen of Mr. Froude's command of ambiguous language. Very close and philosophical observers have, we think, occasionally noticed the phenomenon indicated; and although it might not at once occur to every one that young girls usually mature amidst the scenes of their girlhood, yet it was hardly worth the effort of a philosophic historian to astonish us with so startling a discovery. But we suspect Mr. Froude of a deeper meaning, namely, that mind and body had then — at eighteen years — attained their full growth, and that Mary Stuart, at the tender age of eighteen, was abnormal and monstrous. It means that, or it is mere twaddle.

The writer drives his entering wedge so noiselessly that you are scarce aware of it, and in the development of the story he strains all his faculties to paint the Queen of Scots, not only as the worst and most abandoned of women, but as absolutely destitute of human semblance in her superhuman wickedness. That such is the effect of his portraiture, is well expressed by an English critic — a friend of Mr. Froude, but not of Mary: "A being so earthly, sensual, and devilish seems almost beyond the proportions of human nature."[1]

Mr. Froude then gives us a portrait of the young Scottish Queen, in which (vii. 368) the little that might be to her credit is vapory and ambiguous, and the insinuations to her injury are as sharp as a definition. Those who appreciate the character of Mary Stuart will smile at the following handsome concession: "In intellectual gifts, Mary Stuart was at least Elizabeth's equal." But then, *per con-*

être de caresser ceux qui la roudoyaient; mais ils se fiaient nullement à ses caresses," and elsewhere he refers to her "larmes de crocodile."

[1] *London Times*, September 26th, 1866.

tra: "In the deeper and nobler emotions she had neither share nor sympathy;" and herein, it is explained, "lay the difference between the Queen of Scots and Elizabeth."

Throckmorton, a clever and experienced diplomatist, was near Mary in France for many years, and, with the fullest means of information, advised Elizabeth day by day concerning her. She is the subject of scores of his dispatches, with none of which, however, are we favored by Mr. Froude. Throckmorton thus announces to Cecil Mary's condition after the death of King Francis: —

> "He departed to God, leaving as heavy and dolorous a wife as of good right she had reason to be, who, by long watching with him during his sickness, and by painful diligence about him, especially the issue thereof, is not in the best time of her body but without danger."

But Mr. Froude, ready to reveal for our entertainment the inmost thoughts of this "dolorous wife," enlightens us with his exclusive information that "Mary was speculating before the body was cold on her next choice." Throckmorton, all unconscious of the annoyance he must give a nineteenth century historian, again writes to Cecil: —

> "Since her husband's death she hath shown, and so continueth, that she is of great wisdom for her years, modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling herself and her matters, which, increasing in her with her years, cannot but turn to her commendation, reputation, honor, and great profit to her country."

He continues: —

> "I see her behavior to be such, and her wisdom and queenly modesty so great, in that she thinketh herself not too wise, but is content to be ruled by good counsel and wise men."

Fully to appreciate Throckmorton's means of information, it must be borne in mind that the ambassador of that day was an official spy upon the court to which he was accredited, and to his own sovereign fulfilled the duties of the special newspaper correspondent of the year 1871 in gathering up and reporting every item of interesting news. If a word had ever been said in France against the young Mary Stuart, we would have found it reported by Throckmorton, if by no one else.

Much is made by our historian of what he represents to be Mary's cunning diplomacy with Elizabeth's minister.

If Mary had been the "actress," the woman of "craft" Mr. Froude makes of her, she might readily have smoothed over the difficulty with Elizabeth and obtained what she wanted by intimating the possibility of her embracing the Protestant faith. Throckmorton had been specially instructed to sound her on this important question, and it would have been easy for Mary, without committing herself, to listen attentively, appear to be impressed, and promise to take the matter into serious consideration. Soon afterwards, according to Mr. Froude, she was a "consummate actress." On this occasion she certainly was not, for she stopped Throckmorton on the very threshold of his "sounding," thus:—

> "I will be plain with you: the religion which I profess, I take to be the most acceptable to God; and indeed, neither do I know, nor desire to know, any other. I have been brought up in this religion, and who might credit me in anything if I might show myself light in this case?"

She concluded:—

> "You may perceive that I am none of those that will change my religion every year; and as I told you in the beginning, I mean to constrain none of my subjects, but would wish they were all as I am; *and I trust they shall have no support* to constrain me."

M. Mignet, quite as decided an enemy of Mary Stuart as Mr. Froude, is, nevertheless, too much at home in French history to perpetrate the blunders of his English ally. Of the influence of Catherine de Medicis he has, of course, not a word. He accords Mary fair credit for her intellectual and moral charms, and for her application to serious studies.

As to the political acts signed by Mary, under the influence of the Guises, and which are represented by Mr. Froude as wholly due to Mary Stuart's precocious statesmanship, M. Mignet has the fairness to admit that she cannot be reproached with them because of her youth and her dependence upon others (à laquelle on ne saurait reprocher cette faute, tant elle était encore jeune et livrée aux volontés d'autrui) ; and he thus indicates the first appearance of Catherine de Medicis on the political stage: "With Charles IX. opened a new system, under the crafty direction of Catherine de Medicis, who feared the Guises, hated Mary Stuart," etc. (i. 91.)

Had it been possible for Mr. Froude to produce one word of testimony from France concerning Mary Stuart's youth that was not of respect, praise, and admiration, from friend or foe, he surely would not have failed to cite it.

In this dilemma, he travels all the way to Scotland and quotes Randolph, Elizabeth's agent (vii. 369), to show "her craft and deceit;" adding, "Such was Mary Stuart when on the 14th of August she embarked for Scotland."

But Randolph at that time had never seen Mary Stuart, and the date of his letter cited by Mr. Froude is *October* 27th. Under these circumstances it becomes interesting to know what Randolph's opinion of Mary really was before she left France. Randolph writes to Cecil, *August* 9th, referring to Mary's preparations for departure, "That will be a stout adventure for a sick, *crazed* woman."

Mary's application to Elizabeth for a safe conduct had been publicly refused in so unseemly and discourteous a manner as to create some scandal at the English court. Elizabeth fitly completed the insult by ordering her fleet to intercept and capture Mary. Throckmorton thus reports to Elizabeth herself the young Scotch Queen's reception of the refusal. "It seemeth," she said, "she maketh more account of the amity of my disobedient subjects than she doth of me their sovereign, who am her equal in degree, though inferior in wisdom and experience; her nearest kinswoman and her nearest neighbor. But, Mr. Ambassador, it will be thought very strange amongst all princes and countries that she should first animate my subjects against me; and second, being a widow, to impeach my going into my own country. I ask her nothing but friendship. I do not trouble her state, nor practice with her subjects. The Queen, your mistress, doth say that I am young and do lack experience; but I trust that my discretion shall not so fail me, that my passion shall move me to use other language of her than it becometh of a queen and my nearest kinswoman." A lesson more complete and dignified on honesty and decent conduct Elizabeth probably never received. Mary concluded by saying that she trusted that the wind might prove favorable; but if not, she might be driven on the English shore and placed in Elizabeth's power. "And if," continued Mary, "she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end, she then may do her pleasure. Peradventure that might be better for me than to live." Her foreboding was prophetic.

Even for a sea voyage, Mr. Froude continues to prefer a microscope to a telescope. The consequence is, that out of an escort of Mary's three uncles, all her ladies, including the four Marys, more than a hundred French noblemen, the Mareschal d'Amville, Brantôme the historian, and other distinguished men, a doctor of theology, two physicians, and all her household retinue, he can discern no one but Chatelar, who was, as a retainer of d'Amville, in that nobleman's suite. And so we read, "With adieu, belle France, sentimental verses, and a passionate Chatelar sighing at her feet in melodious music, she sailed away over the summer seas." We must in candor admit this to be a sweetly pretty passage, although open to some objections; for even if Chatelar were on the vessel, which is more than doubtful, the historians of the period have made no record of his sighing, and there was positively no music but the sound of Mary Stuart's sobbing and weeping.

But in the next paragraph Mr. Froude puts away sentimentality, means business, and throws a bright light on a previous line: "Elizabeth could feel like a man an unselfish interest in a great cause." Here is the paragraph, admirable in every respect: —

> "The English fleet was on her track. There was no command to arrest her; yet there was the thought that 'she might be met withal;' and if the admiral had sent her ship with its freight to the bottom of the North Sea, 'being done unknown,' Elizabeth, and perhaps Catherine de Medicis as well, 'would have found it afterward well done.'" (vii. 370.)

Of course, if "done unknown" it would have been "well done;" because "in the deeper and nobler emotions Mary had neither share nor sympathy;" whereas Elizabeth and Catherine de Medicis had.

In the kindness of her heart, Mary Stuart's mother had made the great mistake of allowing James Stewart to accompany his little sister to France. James Stewart was brought up with the young Mary, and she looked confidingly to the playmate and friend of her happy, childish Scotch days. He was sufficiently young to enlist all her sisterly affection, and old enough (ten years her senior) to be her trusted friend and guide. We shall presently see him become "the stainless Murray" of Mr. Froude's pages. At twenty he was already the paid and pensioned spy of Elizabeth and the betrayer of his sister. Even Mignet admits that he was "not incapable of dissimulation and treachery." A dispatch of Throckmorton to Elizabeth (*not* referred to in Froude) reveals the nature of this "stainless" gentleman's doings in France: —

> "The Lord James came to my lodgings *secretly unto me*, and declared unto me at good length all that had passed between the Queen, his sister, and him, and between the Cardinal Lorraine

and him, the circumstances whereof he will declare to your majesty particularly when he cometh to your presence."

This business call of Lord James was made during Mary's preparations to leave France for Scotland. He followed it up with a confidential visit of some days to Elizabeth in London, although Mary had specially desired his escort to Scotland, and earnestly requested that he should not go by England. Unsuspicious of his treachery, Mary heaped honors and riches upon him, made him her first lord of council, and created him successively Earl of Mar and Earl of Murray.

CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

"It often seems to me as if History was like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please." — *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, p. 7.

THE undisputed record of Mary's arrival in Edinburgh is, that her surpassing beauty and charm of address, arising not so much from her courtly training as her kindly heart, created a profound impression on a people who already reverenced in her a descendant of the heroic Bruce, and the daughter of a popular king, and of one of the noblest and best of women. The young Queen soon won the hearts of the people of Edinburgh by her sweetness and grace.

The Scottish historian Robertson says, "The beauty and gracefulness of her person drew universal admiration; the elegance and politeness of her manners commanded general respect. To all the charms of her sex, she added many accomplishments of the other. The progress she had made in all the arts and sciences was far beyond what is commonly attained by princes."

Mr. Froude thus renders this record: "The dreaded harlot of Babylon seemed only a graceful and innocent girl." (vii. 374.) In common fairness, Mr. Froude should have given some adequate idea of the condition of the country this inexperienced young queen was called to rule. This he fails to do. It was such that the ablest sovereign, with full supply of money and of soldiers — and Mary Stuart had neither[1] — would have found its successful government almost impossible.

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[1] "While every head of a considerable family down to the humble land-

The power of the feudal aristocracy had declined in Europe everywhere but in Scotland; and everywhere but in Scotland royal power had been increased. For centuries the Scottish kings had striven to break down the power of the nobles, which overshadowed that of the crown. One of the results of this struggle is quaintly recorded in the opening entry of Birrel's "Diurnal of Occurrents": —

> "There has been in this realm of Scotland one hundred and five kings, of whilk there was slaine fyftie-six."

Another result was greater aristocratic power and increased anarchy. Robertson, indeed, pictures his country at that time as "in a state of pure anarchy," — "when the administration fell into the hands of a young queen, not nineteen years of age, unacquainted with the manners and laws of her country, a stranger to her subjects, without experience, without allies, and without a friend." The Scotch feudal nobles had never known what it was to be under the rule of law, and there was as yet no middle class to aid the sovereign. Among their recognized practices and privileges were private war and armed conspiracy; and the established means of ridding themselves of personal or public enemies was assassination.

This insubordination of the Scotch aristocracy was of itself sufficient to render any royal rule a task of stupendous difficulty. Unfortunately for this young girl queen, two other causes combined therewith made it simply impossible: these were, first, the jealous enmity of the English government, which, with men, money, spies, and plots never ceased its work; and, second, the most potent and dangerous, because the least tangible, the religious hatred born of the Reformation.

Of itself, either of these causes might have been suffi-

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owner, had some regular armed following, the crown alone had none. . . . . All Mary's efforts to establish a royal guard were sternly resisted." — Burton, *History of Scotland*, vol. iv. p. 174.

cient. Combined, — and they were combined with skill, judgment, and rancorous fervor of ferocity, — the result was simply a question of time. And short the time was. Mary landed in Scotland in August, 1561, and in June, 1567, was a dethroned prisoner at Lochleven.

In all history we find few bands of worse men than those who surrounded the throne of Mary Stuart. Cruelty, treachery, and cunning were their leading characteristics. Some of them were Protestants in their own peculiar way, and, as John Knox says, referring to the disposition of the church lands, "for their own commoditie."

Personally, they are thus described by Burton, the latest historian of Scotland, a bitter opponent of Mary Stuart: —

> "Their dress was that of the camp or stable; they were dirty in person, and abrupt and disrespectful in manner, carrying on their disputes, and even fighting out their fierce quarrels, in the presence of royalty."

Mary came to reign over a country virtually in the power of a band of violent and rapacious lords, long in rebellion against their king. Of the five royal Jameses, three had perished, victims of aristocratic anarchy. The personal piety of these rebellious lords was infinitesimal; but they had an enormous appreciation of Henry VIII.'s plunder of the monasteries and division of the church lands among the nobles, and desired to see Scotland submitted to the same regimen — they, of course, becoming ardent Reformers.

In view of the picturesque statement that Mary Stuart went to Scotland with a "resolution as fixed as the stars to trample down the Reformation," her first public acts are of great interest. Mr. Froude states them so imperfectly (vii. 374) that they make but slight impression. The friends of her mother and the Catholic nobles expected to be called into her councils. Instead of them, "to the surprise of all men," says Mr. Froude, she selected the Lord James (her half-brother) and Maitland as her chief ministers, with a large majority of Protestant lords in her council. She threw herself upon the loyalty of her people, and issued a proclamation forbidding any attempt to interfere with the Protestant religion which she found established in her realm. She did not plead, as is stated, that she might have her own service in the royal chapel, but claimed it as a right expressly guaranteed. "The Lord Lindsay might croak out texts that the idolater should die the death." (vii. 375.)

That was a truly energetic "croak"! Listen to it (not in Froude). When service in the Queen's chapel was about to begin, Lindsay, clad in full armor and brandishing his sword, rushed forward shouting, "The idolater priest shall die the death!" The almoner, fortunately for himself, heard the "croak," took refuge, and after the service was protected to his home by two lords; "and then," says Knox, "the godly departed with great grief of heart."

The interview between the young Queen and John Knox is narrated by Mr. Froude in such a manner as to tone down the coarseness of Knox's conduct, and lessen the brilliancy of the dialectic victory of the young Scotch girl over the old priest and minister. She first inquired about his "Blast against the Regiment of Women," in which he declares, —

> "This monstriferous empire of women, among all the enormities that do this day abound upon the face of the whole earth, is most detestable and damnable. Even men subject to the counsel or empire of their wives are unworthy of all public office."

Mr. Froude describes Knox as saying, "Daniel and St. Paul." He ought to know that a Scotch Puritan could not have said *Saint* Paul. "Daniel and St. Paul were not of the religion of Nebuchadnezzar and Nero." (vii. 376.) Incorrect. Knox having first modestly likened himself unto Plato, thus states his own language: "I shall be alse weall content to lyve under your grace as Paull was to lyve under Nero." It is hard to say which is greater, the man's vanity in comparing himself to St. Paul, or his intolerable insolence in likening, to her face, the young Queen to the bloodiest of all Roman tyrants. William Cobbett, a writer of sturdy and unadulterated English, in referring to some such performance as this on the part of Knox, calls him "the Ruffian of the Reformation." We strongly suspect, though, that Knox did not use language so grossly offensive, although Mr. Burton refers to the "relentless bigotry of the narrator." (iv. 180.) His account of the interview was written years afterward. He was self-complacent and boastful, and in other places says that he caused the Queen to weep so bitterly that a page could scarce get her enough handkerchiefs to dry her eyes. Randolph might well write to Cecil, "She is patient to bear, and beareth much;" and Lethington might truthfully declare, "Surely, in her comporting with him, she doth declare a wisdom far exceeding her years." Before Mary, Knox claimed that Daniel and his fellows, although subjects to Nebuchadnezzar and to Darius, would not yet be of the religion of the one nor the other. Mary was ready with her answer, and retorted, "Yea; but none of these men raised the sword against their princes." Mr. Froude, of course, reports this reply in such a manner as to spoil it; adding, "But Knox answered merely that 'God had not given them the power.'" Not so; for Knox strove by logical play, which he himself records, to show that resistance and non-compliance were one and the same thing. "Throughout the whole dialogue," says Burton, "he does not yield the faintest shred of liberty of conscience." But Mary kept him to his text, repeating, "But yet they resisted not with the sword." And then, this young woman, who, we are assured, came to Scotland with "spells to weave conspiracies," "to control herself and to hide her purpose," bursts into tears and blunderingly tells Knox that she believed "the Church of Rome was the true Church of God."

An interview between the Queen and Knox in December, 1562, in which Mr. Froude describes Knox's rudeness as "sound northern courtesy" (vii. 543), is passed over by him with commendable rapidity. And of yet another interview he says not a word. We will relate it.

Under the statute of 1560 proceedings were taken in 1563 against Mary's subjects in the west of Scotland for attending mass.

The wilds of Ayrshire, in later years the resort of persecuted Presbyterians, were the resort of persecuted Catholics. "On the bleak moorlands or beneath the shelter of some friendly roof," says Mr. Hosack,[1] "they worshipped in secret according to the faith of their fathers." Zealous Reformers waited not for form of law to attack and disperse the "idolaters," when they found them thus engaged. Mary remonstrated with Knox against these lawless proceedings, and argued for freedom of worship, or, as Knox himself states it, "no to pitt haunds to punish ony man for using himsel in his religion as he pleases." But the Scotch Reformer applauded the outrage, and even asserted that private individuals might even "slay with their own hands idolaters and enemies of the true religion," quoting Scripture to prove his assertions.[2] Shortly afterward forty-eight

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[1] *Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers.* Embracing a narrative of events from the death of James V., in 1542, until the death of the Regent Murray, in 1570. By John Hosack, Barrister-at-law. An admirable work in every respect. No more valuable contribution to the history of Mary Stuart and her period has been made. The author, a native Scot, is entirely at home in the customs, localities, laws, and history of his country, and throws light on many interesting points heretofore left in obscurity by English historians. He has also discovered several valuable original documents, now for the first time published. The work is written in a tone of calm legal discussion, and with historical dignity. Its important aid in the preparation of this book is hereby cheerfully acknowledged.

[2] He had previously denounced his sovereign from the pulpit as an incorrigible idolatress, and an enemy whose death would be a public blessing. Randolph writes to Cecil, February, 1564, "They pray that God will either turn her heart or send her a short life;" adding, "Of what charity or spirit this proceedeth, I leave to be discussed by the great divines."

Catholics were arraigned before the High Court of Justiciary for assisting at mass, and punished by imprisonment.

At page 384 (vii.) we are told by Mr. Froude that the Protestant mob drove the priest from the altar (royal chapel), "with broken head and bloody ears;" and at page 418, that "the measure of virtue in the Scotch ministers was the audacity with which they would reproach the Queen." "Maitland protested that theirs was not language for subjects to use to their sovereign," and there really appears to be something in the suggestion; but Mr. Froude is of the opinion that "essentially, after all, Knox was right,"[1] clinching it with — "He suspected that Mary Stuart meant mischief to the Reformation, and she did mean mischief." And this is the key to Mr. Froude's main argument throughout this history. Whoever and whatever favors the Reformation is essentially good; whoever and whatever opposes it is essentially vile. And the end (the Reformation) justifies the means.

Far be it from us to gainsay the perfect propriety of an occasional supply of sacerdotal broken heads and bloody ears, if a Protestant mob sees fit to fancy such an amusement; or to question the measure of virtue in the Scotch ministers; or to approve of the absurd protest of Maitland; or, least of all, not swiftly to recognize that "essentially" Knox was right. But we really must be excused for venturing to suggest — merely to suggest — that, in the first place, if we assume such a line of argument, we deprive ourselves of weapons wherewith to assail the cruelties of such men as Alva and Philip of Spain. Surely, the right does not essentially go with the power to persecute! And in the second place, that this was rather rough treatment for a young and inexperienced girl, against whom thus far nothing has been shown. But here, confidently met with "Harlot of Babylon," we are again silenced. In his sermons, Knox openly denounced Mary, not only as an incorrigible idolatress, but as an enemy whose death would be a public boon. In equally savage style he fulminated against the amusements of the court, and dwelt especially on the deadly sin of dancing. And yet Knox — we must in candor admit it — was not totally indifferent to some social amenities, for he was then paying his addresses to a young girl of sixteen, whom he afterward married.

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[1] He is elsewhere (v. 440) of the opinion that "Knox was not always just," and instances his outrageous falsehoods concerning Gardiner and the Marquis of Winchester.

Maitland absurdly hinted to Knox that if he had a grievance he should complain of it modestly, and was very properly hooted at by Knox in reply. And thereupon comes a fine passage admirably exemplifying the psychological treatment of history (vii. 419): —

> "Could she but secure first the object on which her heart was fixed, she could indemnify herself afterward at her leisure. The preachers might rail, the fierce lords might conspire; a little danger gave piquancy to life, and the air-drawn crowns which floated before her imagination would pay for it all."

We do not know how this may affect other people, but "air-drawn crowns" did the business for us, and we proceed to make it the text for a lesson in historical writing.

Mr. Froude may or may not have transferred the contempt and hatred of France of the sixteenth century, which throughout his book he loses no opportunity of manifesting, to France of the nineteenth century; but we venture to suggest to him that he can find across the channel models and principles of historical treatment which he might study with signal profit. Specially would we commend to his lection and serious perpension the following pithy passage from the very latest published volume of French history. We refer to Lanfrey's "Histoire de Napoleon I." The author describes the meeting of Napoleon and Alexander at Tilsit, and, referring to the absurd attempt made by some writers to explain the motives which actuated the French and Russian emperors at their private interview on the Niemen, makes this sensible reflection:

"Il est toujours dangereux et souvent puéril de vouloir interpréter les sentiments secrets des personnages historiques."[1] Our English historian's attention to this teaching would rapidly suppress "air-drawn crowns" and such like trashy stage properties, so freely used by him for dramatic effect.

On Mary's arrival in Scotland, every one was surprised that she should select for her chief state councilor her half-brother, the Lord James, instead of the Earl of Huntly. No one knew that Mary had been craftily persuaded by James that Huntly was not loyal. The plan of her brother was as wicked as it was deep. It was at once to deprive Mary of a loyal adviser and a powerful friend, and to raise his own fortunes on Huntly's ruin. It is curious to see how all this affair is ingeniously misrepresented by Mr. Froude. Yielding to James's solicitations, begun years before, Mary, after creating him Earl of Mar, created him Earl of Murray. But this latter title he did not wish to assert until he could obtain the lands appertaining to the title, which he had procured while living in ostensible friendship with the man he had doomed to ruin. The lands were in Huntly's possession, and Murray made up his mind to have them. "But Huntly," says Mr. Froude, "had refused to part with them." Astounding! Refuse to part with what was his own? Who was Huntly? He was earl chancellor of the kingdom, a man aged fifty-two, a powerful Catholic nobleman, with no stain on his escutcheon who could bring twenty thousand spears into the field. He had done good service for Mary's mother against the English. English gold had not stained his palm. He was a man marked for saying that he liked not the "manner of Henry VIII.'s wooing." He had wanted Mary to land at Aberdeen, was at the head of the loyal party on Mary's arrival, and had sought to warn her of her brother's craft and ambition. Mr. Froude thus describes him (vii. 454) : —

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[1] "The attempt to make one's self the interpreter of the secret sentiments of historical personages is always dangerous and frequently ridiculous." — *Lanfrey*, vol. iv. 403, Paris, 1870.

> "Of all the reactionary noblemen in Scotland the most powerful and dangerous [1] was notoriously the Earl of Huntly. It was Huntly who had proposed the landing at Aberdeen. In his own house the chief of the house of Gordon had never so much as affected to comply with the change of religion," etc.

What depravity! Would not change his religion, nor even have the decency *to affect to comply!* Positively an atrocious character! It is evident that the lands of such a wretch as Huntly ought to be given to one so "God-fearing" as Murray. "A number of causes combined at this moment to draw attention to Huntly." But, all counted, the number is just two — one of them utterly frivolous, and the other, "he had refused to give up the lands." Mr. Froude is now candid, and tells us that Murray "resolved to anticipate attack (none was dreamed of), to carry the Queen with him to visit the recusant lord in his own stronghold, and either to drive him into a premature rebellion or force him to submit to the existing government."

"Murray's reasons for such a step," continues Mr. Froude, "are intelligible." Perfectly. "It is less easy," he continues, "to understand why Mary Stuart consented to it." And then Mr. Froude proceeds to wonder over it with John Knox's guesses, and his own "if," "perhaps," and "may be." Less easy, indeed! It is utterly impossible, unless one consents to look at Mary Stuart as she was — a young woman easily influenced through her affections, and with a sincere sisterly attachment for the man in whom she failed to recognize her worst enemy. Difficult indeed to understand the suicidal measure of ruining the most powerful Catholic nobleman in Scotland, and strengthening the hands of the most powerful Protestant leader.

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[1] Mr. Froude, by "reactionary," means that he was not a disciple of John Knox ; by "dangerous," that he was a man who would defend his religion.

Mr. Burton, too, tells us with a grave face, "that the Queen should have dealt so hardly with Huntly has been felt as one of the mysteries of history." Anything which, properly explained, puts Mary Stuart in a true light, is to Mr. Burton "mysterious," while everything stated to her disadvantage is a matter so clear as to admit of no discussion.

We leave these historians to speculate on the malicious motive Mary Stuart must have had for thus lopping off her right hand, a loyal subject, and true friend, whose services would have been invaluable in the calamities soon to come upon her.

"Huntly's family," says Mr. Froude, "affirmed that the trouble which happened to the Gordons was for the sincere and loyal affection which they had to the Queen's preservation." (vii. 456.) And they were right.

Murray now managed to draw the Queen and her attendants over moor and mountain two hundred and fifty miles to Tarnway, within the lands of the earldom of Murray. She was entirely guided by him, and he used her authority to compass his personal ends and weaken her throne.

Alexander Gordon at first refused to open the gates of Inverness Castle to the Queen, but complied the next day, on the order of Huntly. Murray had Gordon immediately hung, and his head set on the castle wall. Mr. Froude describes this brutal murder as "strangling a wolf-cub in the heart of the den" (vii. 457), all that Murray does being of course lovely. Mary was now surrounded by Murray and his friends, who poisoned her mind against the Huntlys with stories that the earl meant to force her into a marriage with his son, and had other designs against her person and royal authority; and Mary believed them. "Whereupon," writes Randolph to Cecil, — for Murray had brought his English friend, Elizabeth's servant, along with him, — "whereupon there was good pastime."

Truly most excellent pastime for Murray, at one stroke to destroy his adversary, enrich himself, and undermine his sister's throne. The passage is highly characteristic of Randolph, in the whole of whose correspondence there is not a trait of manly straightforwardness or elevated sentiment.

Huntly yielded all that was demanded of him. His castles and houses were seized, plundered, stripped, and he was a ruined man. Lady Huntly spoke sad truth when, leading Murray's messenger into the chapel of the house, she said to him before the altar, "Good friend, you see here the envy that is borne unto my husband; would he have forsaken God and his religion, as those that are now about the Queen, my husband would never have been put as he now is." (vii. 458.) Mr. Froude reports this incident, and very properly spoils its effect by the statement that Lady Huntly was "reported by the Protestants to be a witch." Huntly was driven to take up arms.

"Swift as lightning," says Mr. Froude, with yellow-cover tinge of phrase, "Murray was on his track." And now "swift as lightning" — sure sign of mischief meant — the historian moves on with his narrative, omitting essential facts, but not omitting a characteristic piece of handiwork. News came from the south that Bothwell had escaped out of Edinburgh Castle; "not," glides in our philosophic historian, — "not, it was supposed, without the Queen's knowledge." (vii. 459.) After a wonderful victory of his two thousand men over Huntly's five hundred, — a mere slaughter, — Murray brought the Queen certain letters of the Earl of Sutherland, found, he said, in the pockets of the dead Earl of Huntly, and showing treasonable correspondence. They were forgeries; but they answered his purpose.

"Lord John (Huntly's son), after a full confession, was beheaded in the market-place at Aberdeen." (vii. 459.) There was no confession but that which *Murray told the Queen* he made, and Mr. Froude forgets to tell us that Murray caused young Gordon's scaffold to be erected in front of the Queen's lodging, and had her placed in a chair of state at an open window, deluding her with some specious reason as to the necessity of her presence.

When the noble young man was brought out to die, Mary burst into a flood of tears; and when the headsman did his work, she swooned and was borne off insensible. These cruel scenes deeply shocked her gentle nature. All remarked her sadness; and we learn from Knox: "For many days she bare no better countenance, whereby it might have been evidently espied that she rejoiced not greatly at the success of the matter." Here is Mr. Froude's short version of these facts: "Her brother read her a cruel lesson by compelling her to be present at the execution." Mr. Froude also forgets to tell us that Murray had six gentlemen of the house of Gordon hung at Aberdeen on the same day. But a few pages further on, he has the incredible coolness to tell us of a prize that Mary "trusted to have purchased with Huntly's blood!" (vii. 463.) After all, you thus perceive that it was not Murray, but Mary, who wrought all this ruin; and to show more clearly how deep must be her guilt in thus allowing herself to be duped and injured, Mr. Froude closes his chapter by quoting John Knox to prove that "she (Mary) neither did or would have forever one good thought of God or of his true religion."

Throughout all this portion of his history, Mr. Froude labors to represent Elizabeth as the soul of honor and delicacy, and a much-injured woman, in treaty with the young Scotch Queen, whose every word and movement is tortuous and hypocritical. Meanwhile Elizabeth's constant violation of the commonest honesty is treated euphuistically, thus: "Truth and right in her mind were never wholly separated from advantage." "She seemed more careful of her own interests than of the interests of religion." "She drove hard bargains, and occasionally overreached herself by excess of shrewdness."

During all this time, in all matters save her own personal conduct and integrity, Mary Stuart, youthful and inexperienced, is a mere puppet in the hands of Murray, in whom — for her great calamity — she confided with all the depth of her noble nature and her sisterly affection. We have seen that when in France she was influenced by the Guises. This was so well understood in England, that as late as June, 1562, Sir Nicholas Bacon, in the English Privy Council, "assumed as certain that Mary Stuart was under the direction of the House of Guise." So says Mr. Froude, vii. 421. But our historian's devices are of no avail in so plain a case as that of the Earl of Huntly, and the truth comes out, when by deception and falsehood Murray prevails upon his sister to commit an act which, at once a stain upon her name as a sovereign and a woman, was also a death wound to her power.

CHAPTER VI.

"Mary Stuart was an admirable actress; rarely, perhaps, on the world's stage has there been a more skilful player." — FROUDE'S *History of England*, viii. 367.

IN all statements concerning Mary Stuart there is a general absence of harmony between Mr. Froude's texts and the authorities cited by him in their support.

Thus we read (vii. 542): —

> "Knox rose in the pulpit at St. Giles's and told them all that whenever they, professing the Lord Jesus, consented that a Papist should be head of their sovereign, they did as far as in them lay to banish Christ from the realm; they would bring God's vengeance on their country, a plague on themselves, and perchance small comfort to their sovereign."

But Knox himself gives the passage thus: speaking of the Queen's marriage: —

> "Dukes, brethren, to emperors and kings, strive all for the best game; but this, my lords, will I say, note the day and bear witness, after whensoever the nobility of Scotland, professing the Lord Jesus, consents that one infidel — and all Papists are infidels — shall be head to your Sovereign, ye do so far in ye lieth to banish Jesus Christ from this realm," etc.

Knox also records what the historian neglects to tell us, that his language and manner were "deemed intolerable. Papists and Protestants were both offended, yea, his most familiars disclaimed him for that speaking." Suppressing all this, and putting Mary forward as alone offended, it is represented that "she gave her anger its course."[1] It is not enough that Mary's enemy, Knox, has the relation of all this matter to himself in his account of the interview, written years afterward when she was a prisoner at Lochleven, Mr. Froude gives his own version thus: —

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[1] Robertson thus speaks of Mary at this time: "Her gentle administration of two years had secured the hearts of her subjects." "She was the most amiable woman of the age."

> "In imagination Queen of Scotland, England, Ireland, Spain, Flanders, Naples, and the Indies — in the full tide of hope, and with the prize almost in her hands, she was in no humor to let a heretic preacher step between her and the soaring flights of her ambition. She sent for Knox, and, her voice shaking between tears and passion, she said" —

Now Knox knew what the Queen said to him, but did not know what was passing in her mind. The living actors in the touching drama of Mary Stuart's life went groping about in the comparative darkness of events that took place before their very eyes. The power of reading her thoughts was reserved for a later age.

So far as Knox is concerned, we of course fully recognize the fact that a Catholic sovereign could not possibly have any rights which a Protestant subject was bound to respect, and that when he insulted her in private and held her up to scorn in public,[1] it was merely what Mr. Froude styles his "sound northern courtesy!"

When Knox says Mary was "in a vehement fume," we object to this rendition, — "her voice shaking between tears and passion;" and when we hear from that man of God that the Queen sobbed so violently, that "scarcely could her chalmer boy get napkins to hold her eyes dry for the tears; and the *owling*, besides womanly weeping, stayed her speech," we pronounce the "admirable actress" a wretched failure.

Is this the woman brought to Scotland prepared, "when scarcely more than a girl," with consummate art and hypocrisy, "falsehood and deceit," "to weave the fibres of a conspiracy," "prepared to wait, to control herself," "to hide her purpose till the moment came," "with a purpose fixed as the stars."?

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[1] "Regardless of the distinctions of rank or character, he uttered his admonitions with an acrimony and vehemence more apt to irritate than reclaim. This often betrayed him into indecent and undutiful expressions with respect to the Queen's person and conduct." — *Robertson.*

Is this the finished pupil of Catherine de Medicis, the inscrutable conspirator, the superior of Elizabeth in stony-hearted indifference? She blurts out to Knox that the Church of Rome is the true Church of God, and when her feelings are hurt she bursts into tears. Candor compels us to decide that this leading actress is a decided *fiasco.*

One would think it no very difficult task for a man of age and experience to see through an impulsive girl of nineteen, whose face mirrored her soul. And yet we are informed triumphantly, three several times, that "Knox had looked Mary through and through." In this connection we have one of our historian's best efforts, to which we ask special attention.

In introducing Knox's sermon just described, our historian represents Knox as unsupported by the Scotch nobles, Murray in particular having been estranged from him through Mary Stuart's cunning wiles. Mr. Froude's explanation of the cause of the coolness and estrangement between Knox and Murray is commended to the reader's serious attention. He thus states it: —

> "Knox had labored to save Murray from the spell which his sister had flung over him; but Murray had only been angry at his interference, and, 'they spake not familiarly for more than a year and a half.'"[1] (vii. 542.)

Pray notice the cause of this estrangement. It is very explicitly stated. Look at it. This innocent Murray is under a spell. All heart himself, he saw no guile in his sister. But Knox warned him against the sorceress, Murray resented his interference, *and that was the cause of the coolness between them.*

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[1] Mr. Froude's reference for this citation is Knox's *History of the Reformation*, which is somewhat too general. The reader is advised to look for it in vol. ii. p. 382.

The testimony of John Knox is invoked by our historian to prove these statements. On this point there can be no mistake, and we now propose to place John Knox on the stand and with his eyes to look Mr. Froude "through and through." In the Parliament of 1563, Murray had the "Act of Oblivion" passed, in which he managed to reserve for himself and his friends the power to say who should or should not profit by its provisions. With this Act he was dangerous to all who opposed him, and consequently all-powerful. Under these circumstances, John Knox pressed Murray, now that he had the power, to establish the religion, namely, pass in a constitutional manner the informal Act of 1560, and legalize the confession of faith as the doctrine of the Church of Scotland.

Now call the witness, John Knox: —

> "But the erledom of Murray needed confirmation, and many things were to be ratified that concerned the help of friends and servants — *and the matter fell so hote betwix the Erle of Murray and John Knox, that familiarlie after that time they spack nott together more than a year and a half.*"[1]

Thus, if we may believe Knox himself, it was Murray's preference for his own "singular commoditie" over the interests of the kirk of God which caused that "they spake not familiarly together for more than a year and a half." Of "spell," "enchantress," or Mary Stuart, no word.

Mr. Burton's ("History of Scotland," iv. 224) version of "the cause of the coolness" runs thus: —

> "The proceedings of this Parliament filled up the cup of Knox's gathering wrath against the Protestant lords, on their lukewarmness in the great cause and over anxiety about their worldly interests. *He signified his displeasure on the occasion by solemnly breaking with Murray.*

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[1] We regret that we have not room for the short discourse Knox made to Murray on the occasion of their parting.

> "It is very significantly suggested in Knox's History that Murray wanted the estates and honors which he *had obtained through the ruin of the Gordons* (*Huntly*) effectually secured."

Mr. Burton then quotes: "The matter fell so hot," etc., "that familiarly after that time they spake not together more than a year and a half."

Even the French writer Mignet appears to understand John Knox's English better than Mr. Froude, and says Knox accused Murray of abandoning God for his worldly advantage. Murray, wounded by his reproaches, broke with him. Their former friendship ceased, and for eighteen months they scarcely exchanged a word.[1]

In looking at our English historian's portraiture of the Scottish Queen, and in witnessing his efforts to paint her as "sensual," the reader can well understand how desirable must be for him some incident in her career which might furnish him the material for a tableau in which she should be made to figure as a Cleopatra.

As such an incident never had any existence in Mary's life, our author is seriously embarrassed; but emerges from his trouble with a noteworthy effort. Referring to the interview with Knox at which she wept so abundantly that a page could hardly supply her with napkins to dry her tears; Mr. Froude relates that, —

> "Soon after this conversation Randolph brought Elizabeth's message. In his account of the interview he gives a noticeable sketch of Mary's personal habits. Active and energetic when occasion required, this all-accomplished woman abandoned herself to intervals of graceful self-indulgence. Without illness, or imagination of it, she would lounge for days in bed, rising only at night for dancing or music; and there she reclined with some light delicate French robe carelessly draped about her, surrounded by her ladies, her council, and her courtiers, receiving ambassadors and transacting business of state. It was in this condition that Randolph found her." (viii. 544.)

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[1] Mignet, vol. i. p. 142.

Randolph's dispatch giving this very "noticeable sketch" is cited thus: "*Randolph to Cecil, Sept.* 4. *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*"

There is no such sketch or description in the dispatch. The time assigned is "soon after this conversation" (with Knox), which was in the spring of 1563. September 4 is not "soon after." "Randolph brought Elizabeth's message" signifies that he came from London, and this could not have occurred at any time between March and September. Early in June the young Queen made her arrangements for a progress in the Highlands, and Randolph then took his farewell audience, having received two months' leave of absence. He might have left on the 13th, but he would not go until he saw Lethington, and Lethington did not return until the 26th. We know that he was in London August 20th, for on that day he received from Elizabeth a memorial of certain matters "written in the first person as he would speak it to the Queen of Scotland."

Returned to Edinburgh in the beginning of September, Randolph "spoke his piece," and on the 4th September reports to Cecil that he had a dinner with the nobles, an honorable reception by the Queen, who frequently interrupted his address, and that he thought the Queen "more Spanish than Imperial;" *but the Cleopatra sketch is absent.*

Since attention has been drawn to this matter of Mary's "graceful self-indulgence," we have thought it worth while to ascertain from their own testimony what really were the impressions of English ambassadors and others at the court of Scotland, as to Mary's occupation of her time.

In April, 1562, Randolph writes to Cecil: "She readeth daily after dinner, instructed by a learned man, Mr. Geo. Buchanan, somewhat in Livy."

A few months earlier Throckmorton writes: "The next day I was sent for into the council chamber, where she herself ordinarily sitteth the most part of her time, sewing some work or other."

March 8, 1564, Randolph writes Cecil: "For expedicion of poor men's causes the Queen hath ordered three dayes a week, augmenting the judges' stipends for their attendance, *and sitting herself for more equitie oftentimes.*"

Even John Knox says "she showed a becoming gravity in council."

Sir James Melville says, — and he wrote this long after Mary's dethronement, — "She behaved herself so princely, so honorably, and so discreetly, that her reputation spread in all countries, and (she) was determined and inclined so to continue in that kind of comeliness unto the end of her life, desiring to hold none in her company but such as were of the best qualities and conversation, abhorring all vices and vicious persons, whether they were men or women."

Malcolm Laing, in insisting upon the credibility of the depositions of Bothwell's servants, lays great stress on the fact that the distinguished legalist and incorruptible judge, Sir Thomas Craig, was one of the bench of judges when they were tried and sentenced. With this indorsement of Sir Thomas Craig by an enemy of Mary Stuart, his testimony is important. He speaks from personal observation: "I have often heard the most serene Princess, Mary Queen of Scotland, discourse so appositely and rationally in all affairs which were brought before the Privy Council, that she was admired by all; and when most of the councilors were silent, being astonished, or straight declared themselves to be of her opinion, she rebuked them sharply, and exhorted them to speak freely, as became unprejudiced councilors, against her opinion, that the best reasons might decide their determinations. And truly her reasonings were so strong and clear that she could turn their hearts to what side she pleased. She had not studied law; yet by the natural light of her judgment, when she reasoned of matters of equity and justice, she ofttimes had the advantage of the ablest lawyers. Her other discourses and actions were suitable to her great judgment. As for her liberality and other virtues, they were well known."

Miss Strickland, in her thorough and admirable "Life of Mary," has traced her almost day by day from her cradle to her grave, and in speaking of her life at the period of Mr. Froude's Randolph dispatch, says that there is nothing in the reports of any of the ambassadors resident at the court of Scotland to justify the belief that Mary Stuart could forget the dignity of a queen, or the decorum of a gentlewoman. "As for oaths and profane or vulgar expletives, in mirth or in anger, such as were familiar as household words with the mighty Elizabeth, nothing of the kind has ever been chronicled as defiling the lips of Mary Stuart."

As Mr. Froude may have made a mistake in citing his Cleopatra dispatch, we will give him the benefit of some subsequent dispatches of Randolph, who made another short absence from Edinburgh during the autumn of the same year.

On his return, Randolph could not at first see the Queen, who was ill. He so informs Cecil, December 13: "For the space of two months this Queen hath been divers times in great melancholies. Her grief is marvelous secret. Many times she weepeth when there is little appearance of occasion."

This we presume to be the "graceful self-indulgence." Again, Randolph to Cecil December 21: "Her disease — whereof it proceedeth I know not — daily increaseth. Her pain is in her right side. Men judge it to proceed of melancholy. She hath taken divers medicines of late, but findeth herself little the better." And it is from such reports as these that Mr. Froude finds that Mary was "without illness, or imagination of it!"

CHAPTER VII.

DAVID RICCIO.

"C'était un homme adroit, d'un esprit plus cultivé qu'on ne l'avait dans cette cour un peu sauvage." — MIGNET.

THE introduction of Riccio by Mr. Froude (viii. 120) is a good specimen of his best art. There is an accusation in every line, an insinuation in every word; yet when he is through, the reader is left in total ignorance of the Italian's real position. Mr. Froude calls him Ritzio, which is not purism but a piece of affectation. The name has heretofore been written Rizzio and Riccio. Ritzio, to the English eye, it is true, very nearly represents the Italian pronunciation of Rizzio. The man's name was Riccio, as is well determined by one letter of his, and two of his brother Joseph, all still in existence and perfectly accessible.[1]

His age, variously stated from thirty to forty, is never put at less than thirty. Mr. Froude gives no figure, and calls him "the youth;" by which you may, if you choose, understand eighteen or twenty. His real employment is concealed, and (viii. 247) he is called "a wandering musician." Riccio was a man of solid acquirements, able and accomplished. He had served several distinguished personages, ambassadors and others, as secretary, and was intrusted with the preparation of their most important dispatches "in more elegant Tuscan than they could themselves command." Mignet may well credit him with "un esprit plus cultivé qu'on ne l'avait dans cette cour un peu sauvage." He succeeded to the post formerly held by Raulet, — that of secretary for the Queen's French correspondence, — and was thoroughly versed in the languages as well as in the troubled politics of the day. He was, moreover, devotedly loyal, and inspired Mary with entire confidence in his integrity.

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[1] Mr. Froude might have more successfully and usefully distinguished himself as a purist by lending his aid to bring into use the name Moray, instead of its vulgar substitute Murray, by which he designates James Stewart, Earl of Moray. In order to avoid confusion, we follow him; and write Murray for Moray. The question as to this name is thus clearly explained in Keith's *Affairs of Church and State in Scotland:* "Murray was the patronymic or family name of four noble and of a number of ancient and distinguished Scottish families. Moray was always the title of the Earldom, as it has invariably been of the County of Moray or Elgin; and the Earls of Moray, the lineal descendants of the Regent, never were addressed nor signed themselves *Murray.*"

With an admirable common sense, far in advance of her period, she asks the nobles who sought his dimissal (Labanoff, vol. vii. p. 297), "if they are to monopolize all the power in the state, whether they inherit the virtues of their ancestors or not?" and with a liberality far in advance of her age, she adds: "If the sovereign finds a man in humble condition and poor in worldly goods, but of a generous spirit and faithful heart, and capable of serving the state, must he be debarred from all advancement?" Sir Walter Scott ("History of Scotland") says that a person like him, "skilled in languages and in business," was essential to the Queen, and adds, "No such agent was likely to be found in Scotland, unless she had chosen a Catholic priest, which would have given more offense to her Protestant subjects," etc.

"The Queen," says Knox, "usit him for secretary in things that appertainit to her secret affairs in France and elsewhere."

"That he was old, deformed, and strikingly ugly, has been generally accepted by historians," says Burton.

Having, it appears, no access to these three Scotch historians, Mr. Froude is thrown on his own resources, and evolves, "He became a favorite of Mary — he was an accomplished musician; he soothed her hours of solitude with love songs," etc.

The truth is, that, as Mignet hints but fears to say plainly, in all that makes the scholar, the cultivated gentleman, and the man of honor, the Scotch nobles about Mary were far the inferiors of David Riccio. The modern sneer is easy, but the fact remains that he was more than their peer. The stories of his pride and arrogance rest solely on the authority of his assassins and of the men who repeat their stories.

From the beginning to the end of his "history," Mr. Froude so accustoms his readers to accept testimony which, on the plainest rules of evidence, would be thrust out of the obscurest rural court, that they are never safe unless they scrutinize all the proof he offers. As to Riccio's conduct, we have the testimony of an unbiased witness, — Melville, a stanch Protestant nobleman, then resident at court. In his "Memoirs" he makes no mention whatever of the conduct imputed to Riccio, although aware of the hatred borne him by the nobles, but he does speak in the plainest terms of their insulting and brutal behavior to him. "It is easy to say that it was indiscreet to repose such confidence in this friendless foreigner: it is less easy to point out among her turbulent and treacherous nobles a single man whom she could trust." (Hosack, p. 122.)

At page 132, vol. viii., we have what young lady novel-readers would call "this splendid passage:" —

> "Suddenly, unlooked for and uninvited, the evil spirit of the storm, the Earl of Bothwell, reappeared at Mary's court. She disclaimed all share in his return;[1] he was still attainted; yet there he stood — none daring to lift a hand against him — proud, insolent, and dangerous."

This is extremely fine writing, and the passage is really dramatic, but without a word of truth except in the naked fact that Bothwell returned "unlooked for and uninvited." On the very same page with this glittering extract, Mr.

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[1] This is a delicately artistic touch.

Froude quotes Randolph's letter to Cecil, March, 15, 1565, but totally fails to see in it these words: —

> "The Queen misliketh Bothwell's coming home, and has summoned him to undergo the law or be proclaimed a rebel. He is charged to have spoken dishonorably of the Queen." [1]

Bothwell was not at court, and his proud insolent attitude consisted in seeking refuge among his vassals in Liddesdale.

Leaving his "evil spirit of the storm" to fructify in the mind of an imaginative reader, our historian abstains from the subject for twenty pages, and, without hint of Randolph's information that the Queen had already summoned Bothwell to undergo the law, states the matter thus: "The Earl of Murray, at the expense of forfeiting the last remains of his influence over his sister, had summoned Bothwell to answer at Edinburgh a charge of high treason." All this is ingenious, — the concealment as to who ordered the trial, — the pure disinterestedness of Murray, and the ever present insinuation against Mary. Bothwell came to Edinburgh, brought by the summons, to stand his trial; but on the approach of Murray with a train of 5,000 armed followers, he found, he said, the jury entirely too numerous, and fled, sending a deputy to explain his absence and "his willingness to meet the charge if prosecuted according to the regular forms of justice without such manifest danger to his life."

Rather lamely concludes Mr. Froude: "Bothwell would have defied him had he dared; but Murray appeared accompanied by Argyll and 7,000 men on the day fixed for the trial; and the Hepburn was once more obliged to fly." "The Hepburn!"

As usual, our historian has something to conceal. Murray's opposition to Mary's marriage with Darnley was bitter. His ascendency in her councils had culminated in his proposition to have himself legitimated, and that the Queen should lease the crown to him and Argyll. Mary's marriage to any one would end all such hopes, and Darnley, moreover, was personally obnoxious to Murray because he had been heard to say, looking at a map of Scotland, that Murray had "too much for a subject." Elizabeth's instructions precisely tallied with Murray's inclinations and interest.

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[1] Randolph (January 22, 1563), calls Bothwell "a blasphemous and irreverent speaker, both of his own sovereign and the Queen my mistress."

It was at this time that, with aid of Elizabeth and Cecil, Murray was straining every nerve to prevent Mary's marriage. He did his utmost to prevail upon her Protestant subjects to revolt against her, had matured a plan to take Lennox and Darnley prisoners; and this show of armed force was really not meant for Bothwell, but for the Queen. Mr. Froude is correct when he says that Mary accused him of seeking to set the crown on his own head. Even Mignet can see that "Murray justifia en partie les défiances de sa sœur par l'hostilité de ses démarches," which were more than enough to justify her suspicions. The interest of Murray and Argyll in pursuing Bothwell was very clear. His condemnation procured, they were to share his titles and estates.

We would, in a friendly manner, suggest to Mr. Froude that the same page (viii. 132) which records the return of Bothwell, "the evil spirit of the storm," needs radical revision. On it appears this startling intelligence: "Lennox had gathered about him a knot of wild and desperate youths — Cassilis, Eglinton, Montgomery, and Bothwell — the worst and fiercest of all."

If our historian would but read the dispatches upon which he professes to base his statements, he would see that Randolph speaks of all these men, not as the friends of Lennox, but, on the contrary, as the strongest dependence of Murray and Argyll *against* Lennox. He would further see that Eglinton and Montgomery are one and the same person, and that the real satellites of Lennox were Ruthven, Caithness, Athol, Hume, and Lord Robert Stuart, "a man full of all evil."

Our English historian should really be more circumspect and not thus go carelessly about, trampling under foot his own and the stainless Murray's best friends.[1]

Meanwhile, Mary has been waiting Elizabeth's good pleasure as to whom she shall marry. A succession of royal offers had been declined by the widowed Queen. The King of Denmark, several Italian princes, the Archduke Charles of Austria, the Prince of Condé, Don Carlos the Infanta of Spain, and Eric King of Sweden, had all sought her hand.

Elizabeth interfered at every step under pretext of sisterly affection or without pretext whatever.

The possibility of a match with the Archduke specially affected her. Mr. Froude tells us (vii. 510), "She warned her sister not to be abused by foolishness." "If she tried that way she would come to no good," etc., etc., — the sum of it all being that "she might take a husband where she pleased," provided it was some one of Elizabeth's own choice. The indecent insolence of the proceeding is apparent even to Mr. Froude, who takes unphilosophic refuge in "What right, it has been asked impatiently, had Elizabeth to interfere with Mary Stuart's marriage? As much right, it may be answered, as Mary Stuart had to pretend to the succession to the English crown." *Pretend!* Elizabeth then suggested that an English nobleman would be the proper person, and that "she would be content to give her one whom perchance it could hardly be thought she could agree unto," — meaning her own lover Leicester, a corrupt villain and the murderer of his wife. Mr. Froude thus states Elizabeth's touchingly generous offer: —

> "Lord Robert Dudley was, perhaps, the most worthless of her subjects; but in the loving eyes of his mistress he was the knight *sans peur et sans reproche;* and she took a melancholy pride in offering her sister her choicest jewel." (viii. 74.)

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[1] M. Wiesener.

But he spoils the "melancholy pride" at the next page by telling us that Elizabeth "was so capable of falsehood that her own expressions would have been an insufficient guarantee for her sincerity,"—and that "Cecil approved the choice to rid his mistress of a companion *whose presence about her person was a disgrace to her.*"

And now comes the plot of Murray and his friends to seize Darnley and his father (Lennox), deliver them to Elizabeth's agents, or slay them if they made resistance, and imprison the Queen at Lochleven. In a note (viii. 278), Mr. Froude, with a touching melancholy, says, "A sad and singular horoscope had already been cast for Darnley." The magician of this horoscope was Randolph, who fears that "Darnley can have no long life amongst this people." Certainly not, if Mr. Randolph understands himself;[1] for his letters of that period are full of the details of a plot to stir up an insurrection in Scotland, place Murray at the head of it, kill Darnley and his father, and imprison the Queen at Lochleven. Elizabeth sent Murray £7,000 for the nerve of the insurrection, and her letters to Bedford instructing him to furnish Murray with money and soldiers are in existence. The programme was at last carried out eighteen months later, when Darnley was killed and Mary a prisoner.

In February, 1565, the young and handsome Henry Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, came to Edinburgh. It was soon rumored that he too was a suitor for Mary's hand, and, it soon became evident, a successful one. Elizabeth stormed and raged, arrested Darnley's mother, Lady Margaret Lennox, and threw her into the Tower. Murray broke out in open rebellion with Elizabeth's aid, as we shall see. Randolph behaved with his usual impertinence, and to aid him in remonstrance against the marriage, Elizabeth sent one Tamworth, an insolent puppy, who was ordered back to the Border.

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[1] Mary was fully advised that Randolph, Elizabeth's ambassador, was an ill-natured, sarcastic spy upon all her actions, and active in alienating the loyalty of her nobles. She desired to be rid of his presence, but was dissuaded from it by Murray's wily counsel. Murray knew his friends.

On the 20th July, 1565, the Queen was publicly married to Lord Darnley at Holyrood.

A letter from Randolph is misquoted (viii. 161), and made to say concerning Mary Stuart what cannot be found in the original. Twenty pages further on, Randolph's statement in this letter is referred to as warranting this invention, — "in mind and body she was said to be swollen and disfigured by the tumultuous workings of her passions." The passage is merely the result of the tumultuous workings of Mr. Froude's imagination.

The alleged participation of Mary in the so-called Catholic League has always been one of the most serious accusations against her. Tytler regards it "as one of the most fatal errors of her life," and "to it," says Robertson, "may be imputed all her subsequent calamities." Mr. Froude has means of information which were not accessible when these historians wrote, and yet states the matter thus: "A copy of the bond had been sent across to Scotland, which Randolph ascertained that Mary Stuart had signed." And on this positive assertion he perseveres to the end. We have already had occasion to see that in any question touching Mary Stuart, there is unrelenting war between Mr. Froude and respectable historical authority. In this case the result obtained from examination of the authorities is that: *First*, Mary Stuart never signed the League. *Second*, She distinctly refused to sign it.

Our English historian's sole authority is Randolph. It would, doubtless, have been gratifying to him to have been able to cite Camden, De Thou, or Holinshed, or even Knox or Buchanan, but they are all silent on this point. Failing these, he says that he quotes Randolph. But he misquotes him. Randolph did not say that he had ascertained that Mary had signed. He said, she has signed, "*as I hear.*"

His dispatch is dated February 7, 1566, and it is contradicted by a later one from Bedford, of the 14th. It was not then signed, and there is no pretense that she signed it afterwards.

The historians of the period state distinctly what sovereigns signed the League, and the name of the Queen of Scots is not mentioned. Moreover, on the 16th March, 1567, after Darnley's death, the Bishop of Mondovi, the papal legate to Scotland, wrote (original in the Medici Archives): "If the Queen had done as was proposed and urged on her (in regard to the League), with the promise of all succor necessary for her objects, she would at this time have found herself wholly mistress of her kingdom, in a position to establish fully the Holy Catholic faith. *But she would never listen to it*, though the Bishop of Dunblane and Father Edmond (Jesuit) were sent to determine her to embrace this most wise enterprise."

> "By refusing to join the Catholic League, she maintained her solemn promises to her Protestant subjects — the chief of whom, we shall find hereafter, remained her stanchest friends in the days of her misfortune — she averted the demon of religious discord from her dominions, and posterity will applaud the wisdom as well as the magnitude of the sacrifice which she made at this momentous crisis." (Hosack, p. 129.)

Randolph, strangely enough, finds fault with Mary for her toleration in religious matters. "Her will to continue papistry, and *her desire to have all men live as they list*, so offendeth the godly men's consciences, that it is continually feared that these matters will break out to some great mischief." And lo! the mischief did break out. The Assembly of the Kirk presented, under the singular garb of a "supplication," a remonstrance to the Queen, in which they declare that "the practice of idolatry" could not be tolerated in the sovereign any more than in the subject, and that the "papistical and blasphemous mass" should be wholly abolished. To whom the Queen: —

"Where it was desired that the mass should be suppressed and abolished, as well in her majesty's own person and family as amongst her subjects, her highness did answer for herself, that she was noways persuaded that there was any impiety in the mass, and trusted her subjects would not press her to act against her conscience; for not to dissemble, but to deal plainly with them, she neither might nor would forsake the religion wherein she had been educated and brought up, believing the same to be the true religion, and grounded on the word of God. Her loving subjects should know that she, neither in times past, nor yet in time coming, did intend to force the conscience of any person, but to permit every one to serve God in such manner as they are persuaded to be the best, that they likewise would not urge her to anything that stood not with the quietness of her mind."

"Nothing," remarks Mr. Hosack, "could exceed the savage rudeness of the language of the Assembly; nothing could exceed the dignity and moderation of the Queen's reply." *Of all this, in Mr. Froude's pages, not one word!* Indeed, he at all times religiously keeps out of sight all Mary says or writes, admitting rarely a few words under prudent censorship and liberal expurgation. Sweetly comparing the Assembly to "the children of Israel on their entrance into Canaan," he dissimulates their savage rudeness, and adds, that Murray, though he was present, "no longer raised his voice in opposition." Randolph fully confirms what Throckmorton reported four years before, — that she neither desired to change her own religion nor to interfere with that of her subjects. Mary told Knox the same thing when she routed him, by his own admission, in profane history, and his own citations from the Old Testament. Where she obtained her familiarity with the Scriptures we cannot imagine, if Mr. Froude tells the truth about her "French education." "A Catholic sovereign sincerely pleading to a Protestant assembly for liberty of conscience, might have been a lesson to the bigotry of mankind" (viii. 182); "but," adds Mr. Froude, "Mary Stuart was not sincere." When this gentleman says Mary Stuart is intolerant, we show him, by a standard universally recognized, her words and actions, all always consistent with each other and with themselves, that she was eminently tolerant and liberal. But when he gives us his personal and unsupported opinion that "she was not sincere," he passes beyond the bounds of historical argument into a realm where we cannot follow him.

Still greater than Mr. Froude's difficulty of quoting Mary at all, is his difficulty of quoting her correctly when he pretends to. Randolph comes to Mary with a dictatorial message from Elizabeth, that she shall not take up arms against the lords in insurrection. Our historian calls it a request that she would do no injury to the Protestant lords, who were her good subjects. Mary replied, according to Froude (viii. 188), "that Elizabeth might call them 'good subjects;' she had found them bad subjects, and as such she meant to treat them." Mary really said: —

> "For those whom your mistress calls 'my *best* subjects,' I cannot esteem them so, nor so do they deserve to be accounted of that that they will not obey my commands; and therefore my good sister ought not to be offended if I do that against them as they deserve."

The truth is, Mary's unvarying queenly dignity and womanly gentleness in all she speaks and writes is a source of profound unhappiness to her English historian, refuting as it does his theory of her character. Consequently it is his aim to vulgarize it down to a standard in vogue elsewhere.

Mr. Froude is most felicitous when he disguises Mary, as he frequently does, with Elizabeth's tortuous drapery. Thus: —

> "Open and straightforward conduct did not suit the complexion of Mary Stuart's genius; she breathed more freely, and she used her abilities with better effect, in the uncertain twilight of conspiracy."

"Uncertain twilight" is pretty. But where were Mary's conspiracies? Had she Randolphs at Elizabeth's court, and Drurys on the Border, plotting, intriguing, and bribing English noblemen? Had she two thirds of Elizabeth's council of state pensioned as paid spies? Had she salaried officials to pick up or invent English court scandal for her amusement? Truly it is refreshing to turn from Mary's twilight conspiracies to the open and honest transactions of Elizabeth, Cecil, and Randolph.

But of the malicious gossip of Elizabeth's spies one might not so much complain, if the historian had the fairness to give their reports without embroidery of rhetoric and imagination. Thus, when Randolph writes, "There is a *silly story* afloat that the Queen *sometimes* carries a pistol," Mr. Froude considers himself authorized to say, "She carried pistols in hand and pistols at her saddle-bow;" and, as usual, reading her thoughts, goes on to tell us that "her one peculiar hope was to destroy her brother, against whom she bore an especial and unexplained animosity." The personal intimacy between Randolph and Murray more than sufficiently explains the source of the information given in Randolph's letter of October 13th. (viii. 196.) Mr. Froude in a moment of weakness says that the intimacy between the Queen and Riccio was so confidential as to provoke calumny. That anything said of Mary Stuart could possibly be calumny is an admission only less amazing than his other statement that "she was warm and true in her friendships." The Queen's indignation against Murray is sufficiently accounted for by the existence of the calumnies, and the fact that Murray's treasons sent him at this time a fugitive to his mistress Elizabeth. A few pages further on, we have Mary riding "in steel bonnet and corselet, with a dagg at her saddle-bow" (viii. 213), for which Randolph is quoted as authority. But Randolph wrote, "*If what I have heard be true*, she rode," etc., — questionable hearsay where Mary Stuart is concerned answering somewhat better than fact.

After the armed rebellion of Murray and his friends, popularly known in Scotland as "The Runabout Raid," we have Mary "breathing nothing but anger and defiance. The affection of a sister for a brother was curdled into a hatred the more malignant because it was more unnatural. Her whole passion was concentrated on Murray." (viii. 198.)

It must be clear to every one how reprehensible Mary was for showing any feeling at all in defense of her crown, her liberty, and her life; and with Mr. Froude's premises and logic, Murray gave a signal proof of affection for his sister in arraying himself against her legitimate authority as the head of an insurrection. Mr. Froude can see, in the just indignation of the Queen against domestic traitors in league with a foreign power, nothing but the violence of a vengeful fury. His anxiety to possess his readers of the same view has brought him into a serious difficulty, which has been exposed by M. Wiesener in his articles on "Marie Stuart."[1] Mr. Froude quotes a letter (viii. 211) of Randolph to Cecil of October 5th, "in Rolls House," by which he means Record Office, to show that Mary "was deaf to advice as she had been to menace," and "she said *she would have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head.*" This letter appears to be visible to nobody but Mr. Froude; and we have the authority of Mr. Joseph Stevenson, who is more at home among the MSS. of the Record Office than Mr. Froude, and who, when he uses them, has the merit of citing them in their integrity, for stating that this letter of the 5th October, referred to by Mr. Froude, *is not in the Record Office.*[2] But there is a letter there from Randolph to Cecil of the 4th October, in which Randolph represents Mary "not only uncertain as to what she should do, but inclined to clement measures, and so undecided as to hope that matters could be arranged!"

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[1] These articles appeared in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* in 1868. They are exceedingly able, and we take great pleasure in recording our obligations to Professor Wiesener for the aid afforded by them in the preparation of this work.

[2] See *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Scotland, preserved in the State Paper Department of her Majesty's Public Record Office.* 2 vols. quarto. London, 1858. Copy in Astor Library. This calendar gives the date and abstract of the contents of each document. There is no record of any letter of Randolph to Cecil of October 5th, 1565, but there is one of October 4th.

This does not sound like "deaf to advice," and Mr. Froude can arrange this little difficulty with the dates and Mr. Stevenson at his leisure. Meantime, we anxiously wait to hear from Mr. Froude where he found his authority for stating that Mary said she would have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head.

Referring to this insurrection of Murray, it is curious and to some extent amusing to see with what ingenuity Mr. Froude contrives to throw a halo of virtue and patriotism around his repeated attempts to dethrone his sister by plots, treachery, armed rebellion, and the aid of a foreign power. As already remarked, our historian is the personal friend or open enemy of all his historical characters. For him, the same act is criminal in the one but virtuous in the other. In Reginald Pole it is damnable; in Murray it is virtue and patriotism combined. At an early stage of his history he is decidedly of the opinion that "for a subject to invite a foreign power to invade his country is the darkest form of treason" (iii. 40), and by a piece of syllogistic play he finds Reginald Pole clearly guilty of such treason for merely writing to a friend a letter susceptible of two or three constructions not necessarily involving any such intention.

But at the same time he can perceive nothing that is not lovely in Murray's infamy — for which this provident provision is made: "A distinct religious obligation might convert the traitor into a patriot," — the religious obligation of course requiring Mr. Froude's approval by his own standard, and not that of the individual acting under the obligation.

Mary marched against the rebels with eighteen thousand men. As she approached, they fled into England, and the rebellion was over.

"The Queen of Scots, following in hot pursuit, glared across the frontier at her escaping prey." (viii. 214.) Our author's precise information as to the expression of Mary Stuart's eyes is really remarkable. Here her eyes "glare;" elsewhere (viii. 365), there is an "odd glitter in her eyes;" while at page 161, they are "flashing pride and defiance."

It is this imaginative power and talent for pictorial embellishment which lend to Mr. Froude's work such peculiar attraction for the general reader. And to give expression to this natural appreciation, such testimonials as the following are seriously produced as evidences of its merit.

"What a wonderful history it is!" says Mrs. Mulock Craik; "and wonderful indeed is it, with its vivid pictures of scenes and persons long passed away; its broad charity, its tender human sympathy, its ever present dignity, its outbursts of truest pathos."

All this is in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. This excellent lady, a somewhat successful writer of novels, expresses herself in all sincerity. Her admiration is genuine. It is that of a pupil for her master, and she ingenuously admires one who has attained excellence in his art. Doubtless many will repeat after her, "What a wonderful history it is!"

CHAPTER VIII.

AN EXPLANATION FROM MR. FROUDE.

"Mr. Froude does not seem to have fully grasped the nature of inverted commas." — *London Saturday Review.*

In the New York "Tribune" of October 15, 1870, the following article appeared editorially: —

"In the eighth volume of Mr. Froude's 'History,' he quotes an important letter which he states was written by Randolph to Sir W. Cecil. A writer in a recent number of 'The Catholic World' asserts that he has been informed by Mr. Stevenson of the Record Office (where Mr. Froude says he found it) that there is no such letter in that office at all. The impression conveyed by the very positive statement in 'The Catholic World,' on the authority of Mr. Stevenson (who is a Catholic), is that Froude forged the letter. On reading the article in the American periodical Mr. Froude wrote to the Foreign Office, and discovered that there has been, either by himself or a compositor, a clerical error in giving the name of the writer of the letter. It was the Earl of Bedford, instead of Randolph, who wrote the letter, though, owing to the fact that Randolph was at that time about the court, and in connection with Bedford, the latter could only have written on the authority of Randolph. However that may be, the impression produced by the statement of the critic in 'The Catholic World' is erroneous. In the letter he is right, in the spirit false. He says there is no such letter in the Public Record Office. We copy below the reply that Froude has received from that office. The date, letter, etc., are given in this reply *verbatim*, as they are contained in the 'History,' the only difference absolutely being that, by the clerical error mentioned, Randolph is given as the writer instead of Bedford, an error that does not in the slightest degree affect the moral or historical weight of the extract: 'The letter referred to in Mr. Froude's note to Sir Thomas Hardy is from the Earl of Bedford to Sir W. Cecil, dated Alnwick, 5 Oct., 1565 (Scotland, Elix. vol. xi. No. 60 A). The words are as follows: "Ther is no talke of peace with that Q. but that she will first have a heade of the Duke or of the Erle of Murrey." The volume of "Foreign State Papers, 1564–1565, p. 480, No. 1558," about to be published, also contains this letter.

"'W. NOEL SAINSBURY.

"'PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, 12 *Aug.*, 1870.'"

To this the following reply was published in the "Tribune" of October 24: —

"THE FROUDE CONTROVERSY.

"*To the Editor of the 'Tribune':* —

"SIR, — A paragraph in your issue of the 15th inst., under the heading 'Literary Notes,' endeavors to explain away one of the many serious errors committed by Mr. Froude in his 'History of England.' At page 211, vol. viii., he makes a grievous accusation against Mary Stuart, based on a letter from Randolph (Queen Elizabeth's ambassador in Scotland) to Cecil (the English Prime Minister), which letter is thus cited: 'Randolph to Cecil, October 5, Scotch MSS. Rolls House.' In an article reviewing Mr. Froude's work, published in the August number of 'The Catholic World,' this accusation was commented upon, and the assertion was made, on indisputable authority, that 'this letter of 5th October, referred to by Mr. Froude, is not in the Record Office;' and it now appears from Mr. Froude's attempted defense that the assertion is correct, and that there is no such letter there. But the benefit of a mistake, 'either by himself or a compositor,' is claimed for Mr. Froude, and it is said that there *is* a letter in the Record Office from the Duke of Bedford to Cecil, 'the only difference absolutely being that by the clerical error mentioned Randolph is given as the writer instead of Bedford — an error that does not in the slightest degree affect the moral or historical weight of the extract.' Upon this assertion the writer of the Froude review in 'The Catholic World' takes direct issue with the author of the 'Tribune' paragraph, whether he be Mr. Froude himself, or some one speaking for him, and in the proper place, namely, the closing article of his series on Mr. Froude's work he pledges himself to show that in this matter he is right, not only 'in the letter,' but also 'in the spirit,' and that the Bedford letter falls deplorably short of what is claimed for it.

"M.

"NEW YORK, *Oct.* 19, 1870."

Not stopping to comment upon some objectionable points in the "Tribune" paragraph, one of which is the singular appeal to Protestant prejudice in pointing out Mr. Stevenson as a Catholic,[1] we pass to the discussion of the strictly historical question involved.

And, at the outset, we decline to be at all accountable for the proposition that "the impression conveyed by the very positive statement in 'The Catholic World' is that Froude forged the letter." *Forged* is a gross and serious term. We neither used the word nor any expression equivalent to it. Mr. Froude could not be charged with forging a letter he did not produce. He cited, with the usual quotation marks which convey the assurance to the reader that the words are original, a short passage which he said was in a certain designated letter. At page 211, vol. viii., he makes Mary Stuart say "*she could have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head*," and gave as his authority a letter of "Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 5, Scotch MSS. Rolls House." We asserted (August No. "Catholic World," p. 587) "this letter of 5th October referred to by Mr. Froude *is not in the Record Office*." But our "statement was very positive," says the "Tribune" paragraph. It was. And we now repeat it yet more positively, since Mr. Froude admits that the Randolph letter cited by him has no existence. On that point, the controversy may be considered as closed.

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[1] It appears that Mr. Stevenson was written to in his official capacity, and the question asked him, Is there in the Record Office such a document as a letter from Randolph to Cecil, dated October 5, 1565? — to which Mr. Stevenson replied that there was not. Now, neither the propriety of his replying nor the truth of his answer is at all questioned, but — "Mr. Stevenson is a Catholic" — ah!

We freely accept the explanation given, according to which Mr. Froude meant to cite a letter from the Duke of Bedford to Cecil, "the only difference absolutely being that, by the clerical error mentioned, Randolph is given as the writer instead of Bedford."

Then, according to this explanation, it was Bedford who wrote, "She said she could have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head?" But it appears that, "in the letter referred to in Mr. Froude's note to Sir Thomas Hardy," the Earl of Bedford wrote no such thing, and we still wait to hear from Mr. Froude where he found his authority for stating that Mary Stuart used the words he has put in her mouth.

We do not want amiable supposition and inference and a general good-natured wish to help a worthy gentleman out of a serious difficulty of his own making. We desire, and have the clearest right to demand, proper documentary evidence that Mary Stuart used the precise language attributed to her by Mr. Froude. The explanation offered by the "Tribune" paragraph does not supply such evidence, and we have good reasons for doubting Mr. Froude's ability to produce it.

If Mr. Froude meant to cite the words "there is no talk of peace," etc., as proving the malignant hatred of Mary Stuart for her bastard half-brother Murray, why did he not quote the express language of the letter? By what right does he substitute other words, conveying a very different meaning? We know of no school of history or morality whose teachings warrant a historian in giving as an original authority his own interpretation, in his own words, of the meaning of that authority. The writing of history, with aid of such processes, would soon become what to too great extent it unfortunately is — the composition of romance.

The singular explanation is given that, "owing to the fact that Randolph was at that time about the court and in connection with Bedford, the latter could only have written on the authority of Randolph." The natural inference from this statement is that Randolph, "who was about the court," must have authorized Bedford to write the letter, thus leading us to suppose that Bedford was his subordinate, and also "about the court."

Very far from it. Randolph was not then, and never was in a position to be the personal equal or the official superior of Bedford. An English earl writing under the authority of Mr. Randall?[1]

Truly, the man who in the year of grace 1565 should have intimated to Francis, the second Earl of Bedford, that he was Randolph's subordinate, would have passed what our French friends call a *mauvais quart d'heure*. Independently of other all-sufficient considerations, such as rank and title, their relative positions toward their sovereign should settle this question. Randolph's written communications were, as a general rule, strictly official and addressed to Cecil, Elizabeth's minister.[2]

But Bedford, whenever he thought it necessary, addressed Elizabeth directly and in person, and she answered him with her own hand.[3] And this could not well be otherwise, considering the delicate nature of the subjects treated between them. Of one letter of Bedford to Elizabeth, Mr. Froude says (viii. 214), "Bedford wrote in plain, stern terms to the Queen herself."

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[1] This was his real name, although he was usually called Randolph.

[2] Speaking of a certain negotiation, Mr. Froude says (xi. 71), "Randolph, who was not admitted to his mistress's secrets, could not understand what she was about."

[3] In the short space of five weeks, the following correspondence took place: September 12, 1565, Elizabeth to Bedford. (This is the letter in which she instructs him secretly to furnish Murray with money and soldiers, taking care not to let her be detected.) September 19, 1565, Bedford to Elizabeth. September 28, Bedford to Elizabeth. October 13, Bedford to Elizabeth. October 20, Elizabeth to Bedford. October 20, receipt by the Earl of Murray to Bedford (for the Queen of England) of £7,000, "to be emploit in the common cause and action now in hands within this realm of Scotland, enterprisit by the nobilitie thereof for mainteynance of the true religion." Dumfries, 1st October, 1565 (signed) James Stewart.

"About the court?" Are we to understand that Randolph was a guest, a spy, or a hanger-on at the Scottish court? "In connection with Bedford!" What is meant by this strange ambiguity! There is no occasion for any mystery. Randolph was the diplomatic representative of Elizabeth at the court of Scotland, and having, by virtue of his position, frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing Mary Stuart, his testimony as to her sayings and doings is valuable in so far as it is that of a person who might possibly have heard her say "she could have no peace," etc. — provided she ever said so. On this account, the citation, "Randolph to Cecil," was important to Mr. Froude. But Randolph did not so report her, and we are asked to suppose that Bedford did, on the authority of Randolph. But here a serious difficulty arises. Although Randolph was at the time "about the court," the Earl of Bedford was not. He was not "about the court." He was not at Holyrood. He was not in Edinburgh. In short, he was not even in Scotland. As marshal or governor of Berwick, in command of the Border, Bedford was then in England, where Mr. Froude represents him a few days later as "confined by his orders at Carlisle." (viii. 214.)

Although, as Mr. Froude says (viii. 113), "Bedford was a determined man, with the prejudices of a Protestant and the resolution of an English statesman;" although he was Elizabeth's ready tool in an infamous piece of treachery with the Scotch rebels in the insurrection against the Scottish Queen, which Mr. Froude expressly admits (viii. 214) as "undertaken at Elizabeth's instigation and mainly in Elizabeth's interests," and although he offered to reënact the villainy of Admiral Winter, proposing to Elizabeth that she should "play over again the part which she had played with Winter; he would himself enter Scotland with the

Berwick garrison, and her majesty could afterward seem to blame him for attempting such things as with the help of others he could bring about," he may, nevertheless, have written in good faith to Cecil, "There is no talk of peace with that Queen," etc. *Talk with* signifies the discourse of at least two persons.

Talk by whom? When? Where? We take his communication to Cecil to mean that people thought it useless to talk or think of peace — that is to say, the end of the rebellion, until Murray and Chatelherault, its leaders, were punished; and this was the most natural view in the world for an Englishman or a Scotchman of that day to take. Under Henry and under Elizabeth, no man who arrayed himself against regal authority ever escaped confiscation, the block, and the axe, except by exile, and even then was not always safe from treacherous English vengeance. Mary Stuart was then at the beginning of her career, and was not yet known for that kindness of heart and horror of bloodshed which made her reign one of "plots and pardons," and sacrificed her crown and her life.

The punishment of Murray and Chatelherault for their crime was at that day looked upon as a matter of course.

The Bedford letter is dated *Alnwick* (England). Whence came Bedford's information, "There is no talk of peace?" Is Mr. Froude in possession of a letter of Randolph to Bedford upon the subject? Did Bedford, in England, receive any communication at all from Randolph, who was "about the court?" If Randolph knew that Mary Stuart had said "she could have no peace," etc., he was seriously derelict in duty in not reporting it to Cecil. We know full well the envious avidity of Elizabeth for the most trifling details concerning Mary Stuart's movements, even when they had not the slightest connection with affairs of state; we also know the industry with which Randolph ministered to her desire. But here was a serious matter, a question of open war, and it was important that Elizabeth should be advised as to Mary's plans concerning the rebellion, which, as we have seen, Elizabeth herself, aided by Murray, had set in motion. Randolph was not a fool, but he would have been weak indeed if he had failed to keep his mistress advised in so important a crisis as this. He made no such failure. He carefully watched Mary, and had her watched, for he had spies in Holyrood. And now having information which it was important that Elizabeth, through Cecil, should be possessed of, are we to suppose that he did not send it to London, but to Bedford at Carlisle or at Alnwick? The proposition is too absurd to discuss, and we are answered by the facts. On the 4th of October, the day previous to the date of Bedford's Alnwick letter, Randolph writes to Cecil, representing Mary as "*not only uncertain as to what she should do, but inclined to clement measures, and so undecided as to hope that matters could be arranged.*" Does this sound like "deaf to advice" and "breathing vengeance"? If Mr. Froude had any wish to represent Mary Stuart according to the evidence before him, he would not have thrust aside and ignored this letter of Randolph. It is the testimony of an enemy of Mary Stuart, speaking of his personal knowledge and in the line of his duty. But such testimony does not suit our historian. It does not support his Mary Stuart theory. He passes it over in silence, goes to England to be informed of what has taken place in Scotland, and gives us after all a vague statement, a mere *on-dit*, from which he evolves words which he asserts were spoken by the Queen of Scots. His entire account of the events between the 1st and the 15th of October, 1565, is not history, but its caricature. Cecil writing "a private letter of advice" to Mary Stuart! Cockburn, an English spy, speaking "his mind freely to her!" De Mauvissière, the agent of Catherine de Medicis, her bitterest enemy after Elizabeth and Cecil, "entreating" and expostulating with her!

There is another letter in this connection as invisible to

Mr. Froude as the Randolph letter of October 4. Mr. Froude's narrative, defective in dates, is so confused as to conceal the important fact that Mary Stuart did all in her power to maintain peace, and that on the 5th of October, so far from having commenced hostilities, she was still in Edinburgh, and did not leave Holyrood until the 8th of October, when she addressed an admirable letter to Elizabeth, which we regret our limits will not allow us to insert here.

In closing, we must express our surprise that Mr. Froude should have selected for reclamation or protest a matter so comparatively unimportant Our readers must not suppose that the case discussed is an isolated one. In our previous articles, we have pointed out scores of more serious errors. Mr. Froude's insanity for the romantic and picturesque would, as we have already remarked, wreck a far better historian; and the imaginative power and talent for pictorial embellishment which make his work so attractive to the young and inexperienced inevitably involve him in serious difficulty the moment a true historic test is applied to any of his flowery pages. Will Mr. Froude seriously apply such a test, and explain to us, for instance, his manipulation of Mary Stuart's letter of April 4, 1566, and give us the original language of the passages which we have denounced as unauthorized? Will he explain his remarkable arrangement of the members of the phrase at his page 261, vol. viii., "It will be known hereafter," etc.? Will he throw some light on the *peine forte et dure* — but no, we will not ask that. We acquit Mr. Froude of any intention to misrepresent in that instance. It was merely a blunder arising from a strange ignorance of the laws of England. Will he clear up the misleading paucity of dates in the Jedburgh story? Will he find some authority less untrustworthy than Buchanan for the poisoning story, and for a hundred other statements repudiated by all respectable historians? Will he show us how it is that "*he feared for his life*," is the English translation of "Il prend une peur de recevoir une honte," and how it is that the meanings given in his text of numerous Spanish and French passages, which he avoids translating, are so often at daggers drawn with the language of the originals? How it is that he describes a letter from Mary to Elizabeth as one "*she wrote with her own hand*, fierce, dauntless, and haughty," when, in the letter, Mary expressly excuses herself to Elizabeth for *not* writing with her own hand? How it is that he coolly substitutes "fled from" for *departed*, "lords" for *ladies*, "four thousand ruffians" for *four thousand gentlemen*? How it is that — but space fails.

In these cases, we wish to be distinctly understood that we do not charge Mr. Froude with forgery. Heaven forbid! We readily, and with reason, find a more charitable explanation.

There are persons whose sense of sound, or color, or light, or integrity, or morality, is either obtuse or totally absent. We have known people who could not distinguish "Mary in heaven" from "Boyne Water;" we have heard of others to whom, from color blindness, white and scarlet were identical; of others who, in lying, believed they spoke the truth; and others who, like Mr. Froude, could not, for their lives, repeat or correctly quote the words of third persons; whose minds, in short, "had not yet succeeded in grasping the nature of inverted commas."

For the last time, we ask Mr. Froude for some contemporary proof that the Earl of Bedford, or any one else, wrote to Cecil, speaking of Mary Stuart, "She said she could have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head."

We have now obtained from the English Record Office a certified copy of the Bedford letter in question, and ask for it the reader's special attention: —

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE COPY.

State Papers Foreign. Elizabeth, 1565. *Vol.* 80, *No.* 1231.

STAMP.
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RECORDS.

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After my hartie com̄endac̃ons, I have sent the money to the Lords as moche as the Q. pleas^{r} was they should have Cap^{ne} Brickwell I sent w^{t} the same, and therew^{t}all to understande thoroughely them and their estate he is now retourned and bringeth me from the Erle of Murrey the most courteous and frendely lr̃e that eṽ I receyved in my liffe From any other of the Lords he brought none, nor nothing els but most hartie thanks, he founde them all very pensive and dismaied men desperate altogether of their weldoing, or of any good successe in this matter. They are so farre entred into the bryers and seeing so litell helpe come, as knowe not otherwise how to deale or drifte for themselves then by retyring towards Englande and therof also they do not all agree for the Duke wold into Germany or Italia and other otherwhere and being but a fewe in nombre they are allmost of so many sundry opinions, all mislike moche themselves for trusting so moche to o^{r} aide, and do not a litell mervaile what should be the cause that Melvyn cometh not awaye with one answere or other. The Duke was talkd w^{t} all by Cap^{ne} Brickwell, and spake very slenderly of o^{r} dealings, and as I must saye truely to you not wisely. Therle of Murrey maketh Englande his last ankerholde, and as he hathe so written to me meaneth to come, and that even shortely, for they are no company and will still growe fewer, so as notw^{t}standing o^{r} aide of men alredy to them y^{ei} shall never be hable nor meane not to encountre w^{t} the Q. His coming cannot be kept secrete, for thoughe he bring not many yet will he not come alone, I meane not at o^{r} meeting to talke w^{t} him privately but in open place. The money he onely receyved w^{ch} came in verie good tyme for els had they bene scattered ere nowe. The Countesse his wiffe is as I gess by this tyme upon her coming to Barwick, there as I have written to be delyverd of childe. There is no talke of peace w^{t} that Q. but that she will first have a heade of the Duke or of the Erle of Murrey. In this hard and pitieful case stand things then and towards them most like to growe worsse and worsse, and all they saye is for trusting so moche upon us.

The Liddesdale men I meane the Elwoods, hold out well and work still for us all that they maye, wherin the L. Warden here hathe traveled very moche to cause them so to do, he kepeth them together at a place called the Hermitage, and notw^{t}standing the working of the Erle of Bothewell all that he can to the contrary.

I assure you my L. Warden here, deserveth great thanks for his traveling in this sorte w^{t} them. It were well done that he were encouraged to contynew his well doing by some gentle lr̃e thence. And so praieng you to hasten annswere of all matters heretofore now lately written, w^{t} most hartie thanks I ende and byd you as my selfe Farewell From Anwick this 5th of Octobere 1565

yo^{rs} right assured
F. BEDFORD.

I feare me that the M^{r} Maxewill is not sure and stedfast in this matter to them there, I shall lerne more and shall shewe you by my next

(INDORSED)

5^{t} octob 1565
Erle of Bedford
to W. C.

(ADDRESSED)

To the Honorable my verie good
Frende S^{r} Wilm̃ Cecill Knight
Principall Secretary to the Q. Ma^{tie}
and one of her H. Privie Counsell.

I certify that the foregoing is a true and authentic copy.

H. J. THARPE,
Assist. Keeper of Public Records.

4th February, 1871.

It will be perceived the letter is mainly taken up with the Earl of Bedford's statement as to the report made to him by Captain Brickwell, an officer under his command, of what the latter saw and heard in the rebel camp, and concerning the condition of Murray and the other rebel lords. Captain Brickwell found them "very pensive and dismaied men, desperate altogether of their weldoing." They murmur at the "litell helpe" Elizabeth has sent them. Murray is downcast, Chatelherault is angry, and from them Brickwell receives his information that "There is no talke of peace with that Q." etc. They have been instigated to undertake this rebellion by Elizabeth, and by her promises to aid them. They have been disappointed, and now "spake very slenderly of our dealings." In short, they make, in vulgar phrase, "a poor mouth," in order, by their losses and supposed risk of life, to strengthen their claim upon Elizabeth's sympathies and treasury — two very unexpansive institutions.

We are, therefore, really at a loss to understand how it is that Mr. Froude, after his attention had been called to this letter, could make the extraordinary statement that Bedford "could only have written on the authority of Randolph."

"There is no talke of peace with that Q.," clearly comes directly from the rebel lords, being of their own invention and by them put in Mary Stuart's mouth. Mr. Froude understands this as well as any one, and yet he makes this passage his authority for the statements that "at least she would not lose the chance of revenge upon her brother," and for the highly wrought psychological passage already cited.[1]

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[1] *Ante*, p. 10.

CHAPTER IX.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE EARL OF MURRAY.

"Through her whole reign she was a dissembler, a pretender, a hypocrite." — LORD BROUGHAM.

"FOR his own commoditie," as John Knox has it, Murray had, with aid of English gold and Elizabeth's ambassador, spun his web of treason in the dark, and when he thought it could be done successfully, had rebelled against his sovereign. His effort failing, he fled to England, as we have seen, and Elizabeth had a very unwelcome guest within her gates. Here is Mr. Froude's version of these facts: "To save England from a Catholic revolution, and to save England's Queen from the machinations of a dangerous rival, the Earl of Murray had taken arms against his sovereign." The result was that "he found himself a fugitive and an outlaw," and "Elizabeth had to encounter from Murray himself the most inconvenient remonstrances," for "Murray, a noble gentleman of stainless honor, was not a person to sit down patiently as the dupe of timidity and fraud." We shall presently see in Murray's whipt-spaniel performance in presence of Elizabeth, to what extent he could "sit down patiently."

"Mary Stuart," continues our historian, "having failed to take or kill Murray, was avenging herself on his wife; and the first news which Murray heard after reaching England was that Lady Murray had been driven from her home, was wandering shelterless in the woods," etc. (viii. 216.)

The riddle of this story should be read together with this other (viii. 251), although the two are so far apart that no connection between them would at first be suspected. Mary "called Randolph before the Council, charged him with holding intercourse with her rebels, and bade him begone." Here is the explanation. In February, Randolph had sent Elizabeth's little contribution in aid of the rebellion, — three sealed bags, each containing 3,000 crowns, — to be delivered to Murray's wife. (Here we see England's Queen suffering from "the machinations of a dangerous rival.") The messenger was one Johnstone, a confidential agent of Murray, who, being "noble and stainless," had a delicacy in personally appearing in such a transaction. His wife took the post of danger, received the money, and assumed the responsibility of treason by giving a writing to the effect that the bags of coin had been delivered. The agent Johnstone revealed the transaction, and Lady Murray did not wander about the woods, but leisurely took comfortable refuge with her English friends at Berwick. Mary immediately summoned Randolph before her Council, and reproached him with abusing his official position by fomenting discord and supplying her rebel subjects with money to war against her. Randolph denied the charge, but was immediately confronted with Johnstone, silenced, and ordered to be conducted under guard to the frontier. "The opportunity was ill-selected," pronounces Mr. Froude, who throughout his work appears to labor under the impression that Mary was the vassal of Elizabeth. One might suppose that when an ambassador is guilty of such an outrage as that of Randolph, the precise moment to dismiss him is when he is detected in his villainy. But this is not our historian's meaning. It must be constantly borne in mind by the reader, that with Mr. Froude everything done by an enemy of Mary Stuart is well done, and infamy becomes virtue.

Randolph's insolent attitude towards Mary is explained by his letter to Leicester and his certainty of the execution of the plot to assassinate Riccio. Although ordered to depart by Mary, he sought to evade the mandate and to dally until the perpetration of the murder, and would not stir until a guard was at his door to show him the road to England. This is why Mr. Froude finds the moment "ill-selected" for his dismissal.[1]

Here is a roseate sketch of bribery, falsehood, and treason:—

> "Elizabeth had been for some time recovering her firmness; she had sent Murray money *for his private necessities;*[2] in the middle of February she had so far overcome both her economy and timidity that she supplied him with a thousand pounds, 'to be employed in the common cause and maintenance of religion,' and before she had heard of the treatment of Randolph, she had taken courage to write with something of her old manner to the Queen herself." (viii. 251.)

And here a few words as to Elizabeth's connection with this rebellion. The historian Lingard truly states the case: "She shrank from the infamy of being the aggressor in a war which the rest of Europe would not fail to attribute to female pique and unjustifiable resentment." He might have added that in avoiding that infamy she rushed into a score of others, if possible, worse. Even Mr. Froude speaks of Elizabeth's conduct in these terms: "Elizabeth had given her word, but it was an imperfect security," shows her "struggling with her ignominy, only to flounder deeper into distraction and dishonor," and tells us "she stooped to a deliberate lie. De Foix had heard of the £3,000,[3] and had ascertained beyond doubt that it had been sent from the treasury; yet, when he questioned Elizabeth about it, she took refuge behind Bedford, *and swore she had sent*

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[1] Lodge describes Randolph as "of a dark, intriguing spirit, full of cunning, and void of conscience," and adds, "There is little doubt that the unhappy divisions in Scotland were chiefly fomented by this man's artifices for more than twenty years together."—Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, vol. i. p. 431.

[2] Here we obtain a glimpse of Johnstone's three sealed bags of specie.

[3] Another sum sent to Murray.

no money to the lords at all." Further, "her policy was pursued at the expense of her honor," and so on — *usque ad nauseam* — up to the time when, on Murray's arrival in London after the failure of his foul treachery, Elizabeth sent for him, "and arranged in a private interview the comedy which she was about to enact." (viii. 219.) This comedy was his appearance, next day, before Elizabeth, who, in the presence of two foreign ambassadors, delivered a long harangue on the enormity of his offense in rebelling against his sovereign — a rebellion gotten up at her instigation, and for which she had paid him in money! A more stupendous budget of mendacity it would be difficult to find anywhere recorded, even taking Mr. Froude's account of it. (viii. 222–224.) Elizabeth fitly crowned this performance by writing to Mary with her own hand: —

> "I have communicated fully to Randolph all that passed at my interview with one of your subjects, which I hope will satisfy you, wishing that your ears had heard the honor and affection which I manifested toward you, to the complete disproof of what is said that I supported your rebel subjects against you — which will ever be very far from my heart, being too great an ignominy for a princess to tolerate, much more to do."

Just as we finish transcribing these lines, our eye accidentally falls on a passage in Mr. Froude's eleventh volume, page 20, in which, speaking of Elizabeth's portraits, he says she was sometimes represented "as the Christian Regina Cœli, whose nativity fell close to her own birthday, and whose functions, as the virgin of Protestantism, she was supposed to supersede."

We must here thank the historian for a prolonged and hearty laugh whose ripples will, we fear, disturb our work for hours to come.

A few pages back we are told of Elizabeth's mendacity, dishonor, and ignominy. Does the reader suppose that by "recovering her firmness," is meant that she would leave off lying and subornation of treason? Not at all. It is only when she blunders in her mendacity or is clumsy in her villainy that her historian becomes anxious.

Elizabeth "recovers her firmness" when her plots promise success. Meantime Mary, as is admitted in a moment of forgetfulness, was "all unconscious of the deadly coil which was gathering round her." But Cecil, Leicester, and Elizabeth were fully aware of it. Nearly a month before the murder Randolph writes to Leicester, for Elizabeth's eye: —

> "I know that there are practices in hand, contrived between father and son (Lennox and Darnley), to come to the crown against her (Mary Stuart's) will. I know that if that take effect which is intended, David (Riccio), with the consent of the king, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things grievouser and worse than these are brought to my ears; *yea, of things intended against her own person*, which, because I think better to keep secret than to write to Mr. Secretary, I speak of them but now to your lordship."

Warning of common humanity there was none. The result to Mary was most certainly to be the loss of her crown, and, most probably, the lives of herself and her unborn babe. This is clear from Randolph's letter. (viii. 254.)

The details were all in London before the blow was struck. *Murray's name was first on the bond* for the "slaughter of David." Generally, the objects of the conspirators were the establishment and maintenance of religion, the return of Murray and the other rebel lords, the deposition of the Queen, and the elevation of Darnley, "with crown matrimonial," to the vacant throne, where the "idiot" would be a puppet in their hands, to keep there or break as best might suit them. Riccio had been Darnley's personal friend, and had done everything in his power to promote his marriage with the Queen, but could not be brought over to Darnley's views for obtaining the crown. Conceiving Riccio to be the only obstacle in his way, he was ready to be rid of him. Darnley's father, Lennox, deep in the conspiracy, rode to Newcastle with the bonds (Mr. Froude says they were "carried by swift messengers," and cannot see Lennox) for signature of Murray and his friends, and, authorized by Elizabeth (note that he was then outlawed in England), went on to London.

Parliament was to meet in the first week of March. The attainder of Murray and the other rebel lords would then be passed *and their estates forfeited.* Here was at once their motive and their spur to prompt action. Mr. Froude says that Morton signed "in a paroxysm of anger" (viii. 250), but does not say that his price was the patrimony of the earldom of Angus. Riccio was to be killed in presence of the Queen. He could have been "dispatched" anywhere else, but the conspirators preferred it thus. It suits Mr. Froude's purpose to accept Ruthven's statement that the suggestion came from Darnley. It came from a man of more intelligence than Darnley. The Queen was then in the sixth month of her pregnancy. Armed men were suddenly to rush into her presence and slay a human being before her eyes, and *there was a probability she might not survive it.*

Elizabeth, imitating her father in a similar transaction, would, of course, find herself "obliged to look at facts as they were rather than through conventional forms," and the bond provided that "failing of succession of our sovereign lady, the just title of "the said noble prince (Darnley) to the crown of Scotland should be maintained."

> "Ritzio's name was not mentioned; there was nothing in them (the bonds) to show that more was intended than a forcible revolution on the meeting of Parliament; and such as they were, they were promptly signed by Murray and his friends." (viii. 250.)

Only "a forcible revolution" — a mere trifle, you see. "Such as they were," for we could never consent to have a stainless Murray sign a bond for assassination. But five lines further on we learn: "It need not be supposed that the further secret was unknown to any of them, but it was undesirable to commit the darker features of the plot to formal writing." It is admitted (p. 250) that the English government had been informed a month beforehand of the formation of the plot. On the 6th of March, Bedford and Randolph write to Cecil repeating all the details of a conspiracy designed with diabolical ingennity for the destruction, not only of Riccio, but of the Queen, her offspring, and her husband.

A general fast had been ordered by the Kirk at Edinburgh, which drew crowds of disaffected zealots even from distant parts of the country. It was noted that during the week the sermons were on such lessons and texts from the Old Testament as might be supposed to warrant the slaughter of the idolater, and God's sudden judgments on the enemies of his chosen people.

Several well known members of John Knox's congregation were in the conspiracy and present at the murder. It is not necessary to enter into the disputed question of John Knox's participation in the deed. Suffice it to say, that he disappeared from Edinburgh, with the conspirators, and has himself recorded his hearty approved of Riccio's assassination.

In his statement of the circumstances of the plot for the murder, Mr. Froude dwells on every injurious insinuation against Mary Stuart. Referring to a calumnious invention, falsely attributed to Darnley (viii. 248), he is of opinion that "Darnley's word was not a good one; he was capable of inventing such a story;" that "Mary's treatment of him went, it is likely, no further than coldness or contempt;" but nevertheless he strives to convey the worst impression against her. And this too in spite of his own admission and the positive manner in which the invention is rejected even by Mary Stuart's enemies.

Malcolm Laing, one of the most unscrupulous of them, says: "I inquire not in Rizzio's familiarity with Mary; of that there is no proof now, but her husband's suspicions."

Tytler says: "Darnley had the folly to become the dupe of a more absurd delusion; he became jealous of the Italian secretary."

Hume speaks of the belief as "unreasonable, if not absurd."

Burton is of the opinion that "further than this (fascinating Rizzio as she did all men) she is not likely to have gone." (Vol. iv. p. 300.)

Even John Knox says not a word to intimate guilty relations between Mary and Riccio. Buchanan alone brought it forward. De Thou and others copy him.

The question is not seriously controverted.

Robertson says: "Of all our historians, Buchanan alone avowedly accuses Mary of a criminal love for Rizzio."

Sir Walter Scott treats "the gross impeachment" as "a fiction of later date," and declares the Queen's name untainted with reproach till it was connected with that of Bothwell.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop Keith ("Affairs of Church and State in Scotland") says: "The vile aspersion of the Queen's honor, as entertaining a criminal familiarity with the ugly, ill-favored Rizzio, deserves not to be regarded." (Vol. ii. p. 396.)

If Mr. Froude has a "vivid pen," he also has a light one. He glides delicately over the character of the conspiracy to kill Riccio, and manages to veil the real motives,[1] which were political, and industriously works up notorious inventions aimed at Mary Stuart's character.

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[1] "In this conspiracy," says the Scotch historian Robertson, "there is one circumstance which, though somewhat detached, deserves not to be forgotten. In the confederacy between the king and the conspirators, the real intention of which was assassination, the preserving of the Reformed Church is, nevertheless, one of the most considerable articles." (Vol. i. p. 373.)

CHAPTER X.

"What a wonderful history it is! and wonderful indeed is it, with its vivid pictures," etc. — MRS. MULOCH CRAIK.

"On the 9th of March, Riccio was murdered in the presence of the Queen, who was made a prisoner in her own palace." — W. EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.

Too many persons, nowadays, prefer history so written as to be as "interesting as a novel." For such readers, looking at it as a mere work of art, and without reference to the facts, the murder scene is admirably described by Mr. Froude. (viii. 257, *et seq.*) One serious drawback is his insatiable desire for embellishment. For the mere purpose of description none is needed. The subject is full to overflowing of the finest dramatic material. The result of his narration is very remarkable. He skillfully manages to centre the reader's sympathy and admiration on the assassin Ruthven, and, with device of phrase and glamour of type, places the sufferer and victim of an infamous brutality in the light of a woman who is merely undergoing some well-merited chastisement.[1] The whole scene as pictured rests on the testimony of the leading assassin (Ruthven), which, in defiance of the plainest rules of evidence, is boldly accepted as perfectly authentic. And even this testimony is garbled before it reaches the historian, for Chalmers shows (ii. 352) that the account given as by Ruthven and Morton, dated April 30th, is the revised and corrected copy of what they sent to Cecil on the 2d of April, asking him to make such changes as he saw fit before circulating it in Scotland and England. Their note of April 2d still exists; but Mr. Froude does not allude to it.

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[1] "We recoil from the brutality, alike of him who planned and of those who calmly undertook to execute an action so brutal and unmanly." — *Sir Walter Scott.*

Thus we have the story from the chief murderer, amended and edited by Cecil and embellished by Mr. Froude, who, while admitting that " the recollection of a person who had just been concerned in so tremendous a scene was not likely to be very exact" (viii. 261), nevertheless adopts the version of that person in preference to all others. But if we must perforce have Ruthven's (Cecil's),[1] why not give it as it is, sparing us such inventions as " turning on Darnley as on a snake," and " could she have trampled him into dust upon the spot, she would have done it." Mr. Froude is all himself here, and continues: —

> " Catching sight of the empty scabbard at his side, she asked him where his dagger was. He said he did not know. '*It will be known hereafter; it shall be dear blood to some of you if David's be spilt.*' "

This is a specimen of able workmanship. According to Keith, Mary's answer was, " It will be known hereafter."[2] According to Ellis, Mary had *previously* said to Ruthven, " Well, sayeth she," speaking to Ruthven, " it shall be deare blude to some of you." (Ellis, vol. ii. p. 212.) Now, let the reader observe that Mr. Froude takes these two phrases, found in two different authorities, addressed separately to two different persons, reverses the order in which they are spoken, and puts them into one sentence, which he makes Mary address to Darnley! Do you see why so much industry and ingenuity should be exerted? *Because in this form the phrase is a threat of murder;* and thus the foundation is laid broad and deep in the reader's mind for the belief that, from that moment, Mary has a design upon Darnley's life.[1]

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[1] " Ruthven's narrative " of the murder is a pamphlet written by Cecil, published " from an original manuscript," at London, in 1699. Cecil being himself an accessary before the murder, naturally took a deep interest in its history. It is on the strength of this " narrative " that Ruthven is included by Horace Walpole in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, but the narrative is not in the speech of Ruthven. It is the careful phrase of Cecil.

[2] " The Queen inquired at the King where his dagger was? who answered that he wist not well. ' Well,' said the Queen, ' it will be known hereafter.' " — *Keith*, vol. iii. p. 273.

The artist of this mosaic of malice chooses not to see that the real threat meaning mischief to Darnley, and afterwards actually carried out, was the menace of Ruthven, who, breaking into anger at what he feared was duplicity on Darnley's part, told him that "what should follow and what blood should be shed should come on his head and that of his posterity, not on theirs."

As to Mary's threat, Mr. Burton is of opinion (with Mr. Froude's version before him) that, "*if better vouched*," it would be formidable evidence of her intention. (iv. 313, note.)

One thing Mr. Froude does state correctly. We mean Mary's words when told that Riccio was dead. In her fright, anguish, and horror, she ejaculated, "Poor David! good and faithful servant! May God have mercy on your soul!" To those who know the human heart, this involuntary description of the precise place poor David occupied in Mary's esteem is more than answer to the historian's indecent note at page 261, and his malevolent insinuations on all his pages. Mary struggled to the window to speak to armed citizens who had flocked to her assistance. "Sit down!" cried one of the ruffian lords to her. "If you stir, you shall be cut into collops, and flung over the walls." A prisoner in the hands of these brutal assassins, after the unspeakable outrages to which she had been subjected, Mr. Froude yet has the perverse art of placing her before his readers in the light of a wicked woman deprived of her liberty for her own good. When night came Ruthven called Darnley away, and the Queen was left to her rest in the scene of the late tragedy; and, adds our historian with perfect equanimity, "The ladies of her court were forbidden to enter, and Mary Stuart was locked alone into her room, amidst the traces of the fray, to seek such repose as she could find." This is true, and in that blood-stained place she passed the night alone.[1]

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[1] The reader may see (viii. 376) where he tells of the murder of Darnley, how effectually Mr. Froude cites his own invention as a historical fact: "So at last came Sunday, eleven months exactly from the day of Ritzio's murder; and Mary Stuart's words, that she would never rest until that dark business was revenged, were about to be fulfilled."

"They had caged their bird," goes festively on our historian, his style never so sparkling with bright enjoyment as when recounting some insult or outrage to Mary Stuart; but they "knew little of the temper which they had undertaken to control. ("Undertaken to control," is here positively delicious!) "Behind that grace of form there lay a nature like a panther's, merciless and beautiful." She is first a snake, then a bird, now a panther. (viii. 265.) We have seen a panther's skin admired, but we never before heard that the animal had a beautiful nature. Such are the reflections suggested to Mr. Froude's sympathetic mind by the horrible scenes he has just described. One instinctively trembles for those lambs, the lords, with such a panther near them. All this time Mr. Froude takes no further notice of Mary's physical condition than to treat the necessary results, which, almost miraculously, were not fatal, as "trick and policy." (viii. 266.) The Queen was then in the sixth month of her pregnancy, and the possible consequences of the horrible tragedy thus thrust suddenly before her eyes were not unforeseen. The conspirators in their bonds had *expressly provided for the contingency of her death.*[1]

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[1] The following criticism has been thrust upon us touching this passage: "No, he was not killed in that room but outside." Our volunteer friend is perhaps ignorant of the fact that George Douglas stabbed Riccio in the Queen's presence, and that Ker of Faudonside held a pistol to her breast. These two were, therefore, exempted from the pardon extended to the other murderers. He is also probably not aware that when the "slaughter of Davie" was finished, Ruthven again intruded himself into the Queen's presence, this time with garments stained with the blood, not only of Riccio, but of his own associates, who in their blind fury had stabbed each other as well as their victim. He can now probably understand why we speak of "that blood-stained place." We would also remind him that serious historical scholars really look upon Henry VIII. as something of a tyrant, and have long ceased to designate Mary Tudor as "Bloody Mary." The epithet is in vogue in the "lower form."

And now we are shown Mary forming the wicked design of escaping, of actually eloping with her husband! She is described as playing, and "working upon him," and even appealing to him "through the child — his child." Mr. Froude further charges that the Queen had wormed the secret from Darnley, who told her who were in the plot; that she then "played upon him like an instrument," — "she showed him that if he remained with the lords he would be a tool in their hands."

Really one stands appalled at the revelation of such wickedness. But there is worse to come. "As the dusk closed in, a troop of horse appeared on the road from Dunbar. In a few moments more the Earl of Murray was at the gate." (viii. 267.) He had ridden, not from Dunbar, but from Newcastle, where, like a less distinguished politician of modern times, he had been "watching and waiting just over the Border" for the signal of success in the murder, and from which place he wrote to Cecil, just before starting (March 8), that he and the rest of his company were "summoned home for the weal of religion."

Murray was the real head of this murder plot, and the negotiator between the assassins and the English government. Bedford and Randolph, writing from Scotland to the English Privy Council (March 27, 1566), transmit a full list of the conspirators, and add, "My Lord of Murray, by a special servant sent unto us, desireth your honour's favor for these nobill men as *his dear friends and such as for his sake hath given this adventure.*"

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[1] "For she being big with child," says Melville, who was then at Holyrood, "it appeared to be done to destroy both her and her child; for they might have killed the said Riccio in any other part at any time they pleased." — *Memoirs*, p. 66.

And the letter is marked as "touching the death of David Rizzio and Murray's privity thereto." Mr. Froude is too hasty in his narrative here, and neglects to tell us that on entering the city from the road to Dunbar, Murray rode with his troop straight to the parliament house. It was the day he was summoned to appear there or suffer attainder. That was part of his business in Edinburgh; and he expressed great surprise on hearing that Darnley, without any authority, had prorogued the Parliament, and that Riccio had been killed.

Then, Mary is "the accomplished actress;" but Murray has "a free and generous nature." "The depth of her fall touched him, and he shed tears." Who is acting here? We might give some facts as stated by Mary Stuart in a letter written at this time, but as Mr. Froude warns us that such a letter is a "suspected source," we refrain. Ruthven, stained with the blood of the Laird of Kincleugh, whom he had slain to prevent his gaining the favorable decision of the judges in a lawsuit, dripping with the slaughter of Riccio, and disgraced by his foul outrage on a lady and his sovereign, is, on the contrary, for Mr. Froude, a perfectly competent and credible witness. That night there was a conclave of the assassins, and on the question of Mary's life or death, *Murray voted for her death*, "otherwise there could be no security for religion if she were restored to regal authority." (Blackwood's "Life of Mary," Maitland Club edition.) By religion he meant the church lands they had appropriated. Murray, "free and generous," further said that delays were dangerous, and "there was no time to dally."

"*Some measure of this sort*" (death or imprisonment), says Mr. Froude, philosophically, "*had been implied in the very nature of their enterprise*" (viii. 268); but it appears that, "fool and coward as they knew Darnley to be, they had not fathomed the depth of his imbecility and baseness."

And now Mary escapes from the hands of her would-be assassins, leaving Mr. Froude utterly inconsolable, but for the fact that her midnight ride gives him (viii. 270) the opportunity of executing (*tempo agitato*) a spirited fantasia on his historic lyre in the description of the gallop of the fleeing cavalcade.[1] It sounds like a faint echo of Bürger's "Lenore." Then he gives credit without stint to Mary's iron fortitude and intellectual address. He is entirely too liberal in this regard. Instead of riding "away, away, past Seton," she stopped there for refreshments and the escort of two hundred armed cavaliers under Lord Seton, who was advised of her coming. Then, too, the letter she "*wrote with her own hand*, fierce, dauntless, and haughty," to Elizabeth, and which Mr. Froude so minutely describes — "The strokes thick, and slightly uneven from excitement, but strong, firm, and without sign of trembling!" This insanity for the picturesque and romantic would wreck a far better historian. The prosaic fact is, that although, as Mr. Froude states, the letter may be seen in the Rolls House, *Mary Stuart did not write it.* It was written by an amanuensis, the salutation and signature alone being in her hand. This question was, in 1869, the subject of some controversy, in Paris and London, and M. Wiesener, a distinguished French historical writer, requested Messrs. Joseph Stevenson and A. Crosby, of the Record Office, to examine the letter and give their opinion. Their reply was, "The body of the document is most certainly not in Mary's handwriting."

But, after all, there was no occasion for controversy, and still less for Mr. Froude's blunder. If he had ever read the letter (three printed octavo pages, Labanoff,[1] vol. i. p. 335), he would have seen that Mary said, —

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[1] "The moon was clear and full." "The Queen with incredible animosity was mounted *en croup* behind Sir Arthur Erskine, upon a beautiful English double gelding," "the King on a courser of Naples;" and "then away, away — past Restalriug, past Arthur's Seat, across the bridge and across the field of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as their horses could speed;" "six in all — their majesties, Erskine, Traquair, and a chamberer of the Queen." "In two hours the heavy gates of Dunbar had closed behind them, and Mary Stuart was safe."

> “We thought to have written you this letter with our own hand, that thereby you might have better understood all our meaning and taken more familiarly therewith; but of truth we are so tired and ill at ease, what through riding of twenty miles in five hours of the night as with the frequent sickness and indisposition by occasion of our child, that we could not at this time, as we were willing to have done.”

“Twenty miles in two hours,” says Mr. Froude. Twenty miles in five hours, modestly writes Mary Stuart. Fortunately, we have been warned by Mr. Froude against testimony from that “suspected source” — Mary Stuart's letters.

An interesting example of curious historical handicraft occurs but a few pages after the letter which the Queen did *not* write from Dunbar. Our historian professes to give the substance of a letter of Mary Stuart written to Elizabeth after her return to Edinburgh.

Here is the letter, side by side with Mr. Froude's version of it.[2] We select this out of numerous cases, for the reason that Labanoff is more readily accessible than other authorities treated in like manner by Mr. Froude.

MR. FROUDE'S STATEMENT	TRANSLATION OF THE ORIGINAL LETTER.
Of the contents of a letter of April 4th, 1566, *from Mary Stuart to Queen Elizabeth.* (See vol. viii. p. 282.)	“EDINBURGH, *April* 4, 1566.” (The opening paragraph is of formal salutation and compliment and acknowledged reception of Elizabeth's “favorable dispatch” by Melville.)[3]
“In an autograph letter of passionate gratitude, Mary Stuart placed herself, as it were, under her sister's protection; she told her that, in tracing the history	“When Melville arrived, he found me but lately escaped from the hands of the greatest

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[1] See Appendix No. 5.

[2] Labanoff, vol. vii. p. 300.

[3] Sir Robert Melville, Mary's ambassador to Elizabeth. She could not have made a more imprudent choice. He was one of the worst traitors about her, and in reality the agent of the conspirators and of Murray.

of the late conspiracy, she had found that the lords had intended to imprison her for life; and if England or France came to her assistance, they had meant to kill her. She implored Elizabeth *to shut her ears to the calumnies which they would spread against her, and with engaging frankness she begged that the past might be forgotten;* she had experienced too deeply the ingratitude of those by whom she was surrounded *to allow herself to be tempted any more into dangerous enterprises;* for her own part, she was *resolved never to give offense to her good sister again; nothing should be wanting* to restore the happy relations which had once existed between them; and should she recover safely from her confinement, she hoped that in the summer Elizabeth would make a progress to the north, and that at last she might have an opportunity of thanking her in person for her kindness and *forbearance.*

"This letter was sent by the hands of a certain Thornton, a confidential agent of Mary Stuart, who had been employed on messages to Rome. 'A very evil and naughty person, whom I pray you not to believe,' was Bedford's credential for him in a letter of the 1st of April to Cecil. He was on his way to Rome again on this present occasion.

traitors on earth, in the manner in which the bearer will communicate, with a true account of their most secret plot, which was, that even in case the escaped lords and other nobles, aided by you or by any other prince, undertook to rescue me, they would cut me in pieces and throw me over the wall. Judge for yourself the cruel undertakings of subjects against her who can sincerely boast that she never did them harm. Since then, however, our good subjects have counseled with us, ready to offer their lives in support of justice; and we have, therefore, returned to this city to chastise some of its people guilty of this great crime.

"Meantime, we remain in this castle, as our messenger will more fully give you to understand.

"*Above all other things,* I would especially pray you carefully to see that your agents on the Border comply with your good intentions towards me, and, abiding by our treaty of peace, expel those who have sought my life from their territory, where the leaders in this noted act are as well received as if your intention were the worst possible (*la pire du monde*), and the very reverse of what I know it to be.

"I have also heard that the Count (Earl) of Morton is with

"The public in Scotland supposed that he was sent to consult the pope on the possibility of divorcing Darnley, and it is remarkable that the Queen of Scots at the close of her own letter desired Elizabeth to give credit to him on some *secret* matter which he would communicate to her. She perhaps hoped that Elizabeth would now assist her in the dissolution of a marriage which she had been so anxious to prevent."

you. I beg of you to arrest and send him to me, or at least compel him to return to Scotland, by depriving him of safeguard in England. Doubtless he will not fail to make false statements to excuse himself; statements which you will find neither true nor probable. I ask of you, my good sister, to oblige me in all these matters, with the assurance that I have experienced so much ingratitude from my own people that *I* shall never offend by a similar fault. And to fully affirm our original friendship, I would ask of you in any event (*quoique Dieu m'envoie*) to add the favor of standing as godmother for my child. I moreover hope that, if I should recover by the month of July, and you should make your progress as near to my territory as I am informed you will, to go, if agreeable, and thank you myself, which above all things I desire to do. (Then follow apologies for bad writing, for which, she says, her condition must excuse her, the usual compliments in closing a letter, and wishes for Elizabeth's health and prosperity.)

"Postscript. I beseech your kindness in a matter I have charged the bearer to ask you for me; and furthermore, I will soon write you specially (*et au reste je vous depécherai bientôt ex-*

> *près*), to thank you and to know your intention, if it pleases you, to send me some other minister, whom I may receive as resident, who would be more desirous of promoting our friendship than Randall[1] has been found to be."

We leave the reader to form his own estimate of this method of writing history. Instead of a letter of "passionate gratitude," written spontaneously, as insinuated, it turns out to be the answer to a dispatch just received from Elizabeth. Mary's attitude and language are dignified and independent, and the missive, so far from having any prayer for forbearance in its tone, is plainly one of complaint and warning to Elizabeth, couched, it is true, in terms of politeness. The main subject, "above all other things," is the hospitable reception accorded to Riccio's murderers in England, and Elizabeth is delicately but emphatically reminded of her duty and of the violation of it by her border agents. The passages of Mr. Froude's version marked in italics *have no existence* in Mary's letter, and are of his own invention. Mary Stuart says that she has experienced so much ingratitude from her own (people) that *she* would never offend any one by similarly sinning. (*J'ai tant eprouvé l'ingratitude des miens que je n'offenserai jamais de semblable péché.*) Mr. Froude makes of this the strange translation that she had experienced too deeply the ingratitude, etc., "to *allow herself to be tempted any more into dangerous enterprises.*" What dangerous enterprises? The murder of Riccio? Was she guilty of that too? Was it her midnight escape? Mr. Froude alone has the secret! And then the postscript? Randolph had not only offended, but deeply injured her, and she wishes Elizabeth to understand that he must not be sent back to Scotland.

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[1] His name was Randall — not Randolph, as he was, and is usually called.

It is found "remarkable" that Mary, in her postscript, desires Elizabeth to receive communication of some verbal matter (*not secret*, as stated) from the messenger. But the same request occurs twice in the body of the letter. Mr. Froude is, of course, accurately informed as to the hidden meaning of the postscript, and settles the matter with what "public opinion supposed," and his usual "perhaps."

This is also an invention of the historian. He supposes the supposition! Then, too, his "evil and naughty person" is uncalled for; for we know that it was Bedford's business, as it is this historian's calling, to judge any messenger of Mary Stuart to be "evil and naughty." In all this, the intelligent reader will see that, as Mr. Froude (viii. 261) lays the foundation of a plan of revenge by Mary against Darnley, so he here strives to fasten upon her the resolution of obtaining a divorce, all going to make cumulative evidence to be used when we come to the Darnley murder. "Deep, sir; deep!"

But there is a more serious aspect to this matter. For three centuries this Mary Stuart question has been a vexed one among historians, and the never-ending theme of acrimonious controversy. What prospect is there of reaching any solution if the subject continues to be treated as we find it in the work before us? So far from settling any question in dispute, or even solving any of the numerous secondary problems underlying the main issue, Mr. Froude, by his violent partisanship, tortured citation, paltering with the sense while tampering with the text of authorities, attribution of false motives, and a scandalous wealth of abusive epithets, greatly grieves the most judicious of those who condemn Mary Stuart, inspires with renewed confidence those who believe that she was a woman more sinned against than sinning, and begets the conviction that the cause must be bad indeed which needs such handling.

The murder of Black, a Catholic priest, in the city of Edinburgh on the same night that Riccio was killed, is but seldom alluded to by historians, probably for the reason that it indicated the participation of the zealots of the Kirk in the conspiracy, and was not, moreover, necessarily connected with the history of Mary Stuart. But Mr. Froude, unfortunately for himself, has seized on the incident, and with his peculiar handling made a page or two quite good enough for a novel. What matter? Why should not readers have an interesting narrative? The truth of the affair is buried in a musty old folio and an almost unknown state paper.

The substance of our historian's story is that Black was killed because he was a bad, immoral man, and had violated some domestic sanctuary, and he really tells his story very well.

The truth is that Black — well known for his polemic zeal — during the summer preceding the murder of Riccio had distinguished himself in open debate with Willock the Reformer. The debate was for years afterward remembered in Edinburgh as having lasted two long hot summer days in the public square. Shortly after, Black was waylaid and assaulted in the streets of Edinburgh by four men, who were arrested and tried for the offense. Mr. Froude has seen the record in Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials." These same four men were all engaged in the murder of Riccio, and outlawed for it. Not yet recovered from his wounds received months before, Black was slain in his bed on the night Riccio was killed. Now, with those facts before him, Mr. Froude tells us, —

> "A citizen encountered him a little before Christmas in some room or passage where he should not have been. He received 'two or three blows with a cudgel and one with a dagger,' and had been since unable to leave his bed. While Edinburgh was shuddering over the scene in the palace, a brother or husband who had matter against the chaplain — *the same, perhaps,* who had stabbed him — finished his work, and murdered the wounded wretch where he lay."

"Some room or passage where he should not have been," and "a brother or husband who had matter against the chaplain," are inventions of Mr. Froude, who has read the dispatch of Bedford to Cecil (March 18. State Paper Office, vol. xii. p. 545), in which he says:—

> "David, as I wrote to you in my last letter, is slayne, and at the same tyme was left slayne *by like order* one Friar Black, a ranke Papist."

So that the murderers of Riccio, as would appear from the official information of one of their friends deep in their secrets, were also the murderers of Black, and not, "*perhaps*," "a brother or husband."

But why is this "Black" incident introduced by the English historian? The man's name was never mentioned before, and he has no necessary connection with the history of matters at the court of Scotland. We can see no reason but a sort of cuttle-fish motive of discoloring all that surrounds it.

After portraying Black as a man of immoral life banished to England, our historian adds: "But it is to be supposed that he had merit of some kind, for Mary Stuart took him into favor and appointed him one of the court preachers." (viii. 264.) Clever!

The fact that the death of Black was rejoiced over as the removal of a troublesome theological opponent, is made certain by the correspondence of that day, both in Scotland and England. Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, advises Bullinger (Reformed Church of Zurich) in terms at once shocking and puerile: "Fraterculus quidam, nomine Black (niger Visularius), Papistarum antesignanus, eodem tempore in Aula occiditur: Sic niger hic nebulo, nigra quoque; morte peremptus, invitus nigrum subito descendit in Orcum."[1]

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[1] Burnet, *History of the Reformation*, Lond. ed. vol. iii. part 2, p. 406.

CHAPTER XI.

JEDBURGH AND CRAIGMILLAR.

"The historian, we are told, must not leave his readers to themselves. He must not only lay the facts before them: he must tell them what he himself thinks about those facts. *In my opinion, that is precisely what he ought not to do.*" — JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, in *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, p. 34.

MURRAY, meanwhile, had become omnipotent, but our historian fails to see it. As the period of Mary's confinement approached, Murray and the Earl of Mar took exclusive command of the castle; and neither Huntly, Bothwell, nor Athol were permitted to sleep within its walls. Mary was still in deep mental suffering from the exposure made of Darnley's treachery and falsehood. "So many great sighs she would give," says Melville, "that it was a pity to hear her." Sick at heart, she seriously designed leaving Scotland for France, and intended to name a regency of five nobles to govern her kingdom during her absence.

As long as Buchanan was believed, Mary's ride from Jedburgh was the strong point relied on to show her guilty complicity with Bothwell during Darnley's life. Referring to the fact that Bothwell was lying wounded at the Hermitage, the accusation ran thus in Buchanan's "Detection," and in the Book of Articles preferred by Murray against his sister: —

> "When news hereof was brought to Borthwick to the Queen, she flingeth away in haste like a mad woman, by great journeys in post, in the sharp time of winter, first to Melrose and then to Jedburgh. There, though she heard sure news of his life, yet her affection, impatient of delay, could not temper itself, but needs she must bewray her outrageous lust; and in an inconven-

ient time of the year, despising all discommodities of the way and weather, and all dangers of thieves, she betook herself headlong to her journey, with such a company as no man of any honest degree would have adventured his life and his goods among them."

This makes a journey of sixty miles. Robertson repeats the story, remarking that "she flew thither with an impatience which marks the anxiety of a lover." Although this absurd fable, so far as it reflects on the Queen, is long since exploded, and nothing of it is left but a short ride for a praiseworthy motive, Mr. Froude yet manages to give a version of it which, if less gross in terms than that of Buchanan, is to the full as malicious in spirit. Mr. Burton, with more prudence, wisely abstains from any struggle with the facts of the case and takes refuge in insinuation. Mr. Froude states (viii. 349) that the Queen of Scots in September —

> "Proposed to go in person to Jedburgh, and hear the complaints of Elizabeth's wardens. The Earl of Bothwell had taken command of the North Marches; he had gone down to prepare the way for the Queen's appearance, and *on her arrival she was greeted* with the news that he had been shot through the thigh in a scuffle, and was lying wounded in Hermitage Castle. The earl had been her companion throughout the summer; her relations with him at this time — whether innocent or not — were of the closest intimacy; and she had taken into her household a certain Lady Reres, who had once been his mistress.
>
> "She heard of his wound with the most alarmed anxiety: on every ground she could ill afford to lose him; and careless at all times of bodily fatigue or danger, she rode on the 15th of October twenty-five miles over the moors to see him. The earl's state proved to be more painful than dangerous, and after remaining two hours at his bedside, she returned the same day to Jedburgh."

We propose to dissect this singular passage, that our readers may see the writer's process, and with what manner of materials he constructs history.

It is not true that in September Mary proposed as here stated.[1] Her journey to Jedburgh for the purpose of holding an assize was resolved upon by the advice of her ministers at Alloa, as far back as the 28th of July, as shown by the record of the Privy Council. Not true that Bothwell "had gone down to prepare the way," etc. Not true that he "had taken command," etc. Bothwell had for many years been Warden of the Marches, having been appointed by Mary's mother, and "had gone down" — not to Jedburgh, but into Liddesdale — to arrest certain daring freebooters. Not true, finally, that "on her arrival she was greeted," etc. Mary arrived at Jedburgh October 7, and first heard on the day following of Bothwell's being wounded. Our historian carefully gives no date here, neither stating when Bothwell was wounded nor when the Queen arrived; but he tells us that *she heard* of his wound, *and rode* on the 15th October to see him. This leaves the inference that *as soon as she heard of Bothwell's wound she started* The facts are, that although the Queen knew of the wounding on the 8th, she remained at Jedburgh with her council, presiding and attending to the business of the assize until it adjourned on the 15th of October, and even then did not leave Jedburgh until the following day. From Mr. Froude's account, she would appear to have taken the ride without any escort. But Buchanan, whose work, we are assured, "is without a serious error," states that she went "with such a company as no man of any honest degree would have ventured his life and his goods among them;" in other words, that she went escorted by thieves and murderers. Now, in thus describing Mary's escort, does Buchanan tell the truth, or does he lie?

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[1] "After the strange appearance of Darnley in September at the Council of Edinburgh," Mr. Froude has it. A characteristically clever stroke to connect the supposed failing affection for Darnley with the attributed "intimacy" with Bothwell. Here again, as usual, Mr. Froude is in open hostility with a mass of reliable testimony. We have Bedford's letter to Cecil as far back as August 3, announcing the Queen's notice "to keep a justice-court at Jedworth, the Queen's proclamation from her lying-in chamber, ordering an assize at Jedburgh for August 13, and the fact that owing to representations that the assize would interfere with the harvest, it was postponed, and proclamation issued, September 24, for holding it on the 8th of October."

A serious dilemma for our writer, who finds his safety in "sinking" the escort, which consisted of the "stainless" Murray, Lethington, and several members of her Council. Were these persons the approvers and accomplices of such a journey as he would have his readers believe it to have been? In their presence the Queen thanked Bothwell for his good service, and expressed sympathy for his dangerous condition. That the Queen did not remain that night at the *Armitage* (arsenal of Liddesdale, of which Hermitage is a corruption) is a source of positive unhappiness to Messrs. Froude, Buchanan, and Mignet. The first consoles himself in all his succeeding statements, and Buchanan finds satisfaction in saying that she hurried back in order to make preparations for Bothwell's removal there. Just here let us relieve the tedium of our dry work by a pleasant story which exemplifies how some histories are written. On the day following Mary's return to Jedburgh, a quantity of writs, summons, and other documents were dispatched to Bothwell in his official capacity as Lieutenant of the Marches, and the Treasurer's accounts of the day certify the payment of six shillings for sending "ane boy" passing from Jedburgh, October 17, with "*ane mass of writings* of our sovereign to the Earl of Bothwell." Chalmers, in recording this, adds ironically, "love-letters, of course." Whereupon M. Mignet, unfamiliar with "sarcastical" English, takes it for a serious statement, and tells his readers that Mary hurried back to Jedburgh in order that she might write a long letter that night!

Bothwell was wounded "in a scuffle." A scuffle may be a drunken brawl. But his "scuffle" was this. He was seeking officially[1] to arrest John Elliot of Park, a desperate outlaw and the leader of a formidable band of insurgents.[1] Coming up with him on the 7th October, Elliott fled, and Bothwell, without counting the risk or waiting for his escort, pursued him alone. Overtaking him, a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued,[2] in which he killed Elliott, but was himself covered with wounds and left for dead upon the moor. His attendants coming up took him to the arsenal. This fierce death-struggle is Mr. Froude's "scuffle."[3]

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[1] "To compel certen unbrydlit insolent thevis to shaw their obedience to

"The Earl had been her companion throughout the summer." How, when, and where, we are not told, for Bothwell's name does not once appear in his history from page 272 (viii.), where he rallies to the Queen's standard with hundreds of the Scottish nobility, to page 303, where we have no facts, but insinuating suggestion and evil supposition.

We now propose to follow separately the Queen and Bothwell "throughout the summer," and show how some histories are written. The Queen was within three months

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hir; but they according to their unrewlie custume dispysit him and his commissioun, in sik sort as they invadit him fearcelie and hurt him in dyverse pairties of his bodie and heid, that hardlie he escapit with saiftie of his lyfe, and this act was done be the hand is of Johne Ellot of the Park, whome the said Erle slew at the conflict." — Contemporary MS., published by the Bannalyne Club, Edinburgh, 1835.

[1] One of the results of the apologetic controversy raised by Mr. Froude touching a letter of Randolph to Cecil of October 5, 1565, from Scotland (but which, having no existence, turned out to be a letter from Bedford to Cecil, written in England), is the interesting revelation that these "unbrydlit insolent thevis" — the Elliotts (Elwoods) — were a band of Scotch outlaws in Queen Elizabeth's pay. From courtly and highborn traitors in Holyrood down to robbers on the highway, any allies appear to have been for the English Queen good enough to attain her ends against Mary Stuart.

[2] Sir Walter Scott's admirable picture of the death-struggle between Roderick Dhu and Fitz James is in Scotland generally understood to have been taken from a description of this fight.

[3] In a document put forth by Henry VIII. to palliate the robbery and desecration of the shrine of Canterbury, the ghastly murder of the venerable Thomas à Becket by a band of mailed assassins, is described as a "scuffle." — *Froude*, iii. 278.

of her confinement when Riccio was murdered in her presence (March 9). After her escape from the murderers, she returned to Edinburgh, and, entering her sick room in the castle, she never left it until the following July. Her child was born on the 19th June. But it is absolutely necessary for the success of Mr. Froude's theory that guilty love should exist between her and Bothwell previous to the incidents of Jedburgh and Craigmillar, which, otherwise, would not be available for desired manipulation; and therefore, setting at defiance psychology, physiology, decency, and the historic record, he selects this period. We will presently speak of Mary's lately-discovered last will and testament, made just before the birth of her child, which event, it was feared, she might not survive.[1] Bothwell, it must be borne in mind, was, with the entire approbation of the Queen, married to Lady Jane Gordon, a sister of the Earl of Huntly, on the previous 16th February, and there is no evidence that Mary ever saw him from the day she returned to Edinburgh in March to the angry interview between him and Murray in her presence in August. It is true that (viii. 302) Mr. Froude seeks to create the impression that Bothwell was at the castle with the Queen on the 24th of June, by a garbled citation from a letter of Killigrew to Cecil: "Bothwell's credit with the Queen was more than all the rest together." Here is what Killigrew really wrote: —

> "The Earls of Argyll, Moray, Mar, and Crawford, *presently in court* be now linked together; and Huntly and Bothwell with their friends on the other side. *The Earl of Bothwell and Mr. Maxwell be both upon the borders of Scotland;* but the truth is, the Earl of Bothwell would not gladly be in danger of the four above-named, which all lie in the castle; and *it is thought and said* that Bothwell's credit with the Queen is more than all the rest together," etc.

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[1] Mr. Burton gives a very remarkable reason for Mary's alleged passion for Bothwell: "Mary was evidently one of those to whom at that time a great affair of the heart was a necessity of life"!

From this it would appear that Argyll, Murray, Mar, and Crawford, rather than Bothwell, were the Queen's companions, for they "did lie in the castle," while he was "on the borders," and that Bothwell's "credit with the Queen" was rather political than personal, and after all a mere *on-dit* — people "thought and said." And why did people so think and say? In the admirable words of a living Scotch author,[1] —

> "Bothwell was the only one of the great nobles of Scotland who, from first to last, had remained faithful both to her mother and herself, ... and whatever may have been his follies or his crimes, no man could say that James Hepburn was either a hypocrite or a traitor. Though stanch to the religion (Protestant) which he professed, he never made it a cloak for his ambition; though driven into exile and reduced to extreme poverty by the malice of his enemies, he never, so far as we know, accepted of a foreign bribe. In an age when political fidelity was the rarest of virtues, we need not be surprised that his sovereign at this time trusted and rewarded him."

A laborious effort is made to transfer the origin of the enmity of Murray and his friends to Bothwell to a much later period and to far different causes. But their ill-will to him was that of traitors to a faithful subject. Although perfectly at home in the "Rolls House," and thoroughly familiar with the diplomatic correspondence of the period, Mr. Froude does not appear to have seen the letter of Bedford to Cecil, written as far back as August 2: —

> "I have heard that there is a device working for the Earl of Bothwell, the particulars whereof I might have heard, but because such dealings like me not, I desire to hear no further thereof. *Bothwell has grown of late so hated, that he cannot long continue.*"

"Of late" takes us back weeks and months, and "device" and "such dealings" simply mean assassination or murder.

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[1] *Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers*, by John Hosack.

The Castle of Alloa story (viii 304) forms part of the foundation for an assertion of companionship throughout the summer. This Alloa story is a wretched fable of Buchanan's invention. The historian Burton, to whom our English historian must always bow, passes it over in contemptuous silence; and in his history, Bishop Keith says that "the malignancy of the narrative is obvious," and that "the reader need hardly be reminded that all this is gratuitous fiction, having no foundation in fact." Nevertheless, for a partisan writer, this rubbish is good historic material. A letter of Mary Stuart written at Alloa, and but lately discovered in the charter-chest of the Laird of Abercairnie, shows that she passed at least a portion of her time there in pleading the cause of the widow and the orphan. The letter is given in Miss Strickland's admirable life of Mary Stuart: —

"*To our Traist Friend, Robert Murray of Abercearne:* —

"TRAIST FRIEND, — Forasmeikle as it is heavily moaned and piteously complained by this puir woman, that ye have violently ejected her, with ane company of puir bairnies, forth of her kindly home, ever willing to pay you duty thankfully; therefore, in respect that if ye be so extreme as to *depauperate* the puir woman and her bairns, we will desire you to show some favor, and accept them in their *steeting* (?), as ye have done in times bygone; the which we doubt not but ye will do for this our request, and as ye shall respect our thanks and pleasure for the same.

"At *Alway* (Alloa) the penult of July 1566.

MARIE R."

A part of the Alloa story was that Mary was "inexorable" to her husband; and Mr. Froude, representing Darnley's conduct as arising from his fear of Mary, so mangles Bedford's dispatches to Cecil (viii. 304) as to leave the reader to suppose that Bothwell was the cause of the angry scenes between Mary and Darnley, when it was in fact the dispute concerning Lethington's (Maitland) pardon for the Riccio murder, solicited by Murray and Athol, and so fiercely remonstrated against by Darnley. All Darnley's vacillation, trepidation, and strange behavior arose from his fear of the revenge that would be visited upon him by the leading Riccio assassins whom he had betrayed to the Queen. He was the cause of Morton's exile, for, as Mr. Froude says, "his complicity was unsuspected until revealed by Darnley," and he full well knew what might be expected from the resentment of such men, even if Ruthven had not threatened him with it on the night of the murder. Even that writer cannot help seeing and admitting that "in the restoration to favor of the nobles whom he had invited to revenge *his own imagined wrongs*, and had thus deserted and betrayed, the miserable King read his own doom." Most true: and the doom overtook him at Kirk-a-field. Here, in a moment of forgetfulness, the truth is told as to Darnley's "wrongs," which were "imagined," thus contradicting the historian's purient insolence in saying, "whether she had lost in Ritzio a favored lover, or whether," etc., which he again contradicts by another calumny, "The affection of the Queen of Scots for Bothwell is the best evidence of her innocence with Ritzio" (viii. 304). And so passes away our summer of 1566, and no Bothwell appears. He was not at Alloa at all, and in Edinburgh but a day, to protest in audience against the return to Lethington of his forfeited lands. Murray, all-powerful, menaced Bothwell in the Queen's presence in language insulting to her, and Bothwell, who, as Killigrew wrote to Cecil, "would not gladly be in danger of Murray and his friends," perfectly understanding that his life was not safe there, immediately left the court. The Lady Reres' story is, like that of Alloa, "pure Buchanan." From the statement made one might suppose that no one but Lady Reres accompanied Mary to Jedburgh. The probability is that Lady Reres was not there at all. The certainty is that Mary was accompanied by a large retinue of ladies, among whom was Murray's wife; and Burton says that according to Lord Scrope, who sent the news to Cecil, "she had with her, as official documents show, Murray, Huntley, Athol, Rothes, and Caithness, with three bishops and the judges and officers of the court."

Now if, as asserted, Mary Stuart "spent her days upon the sea or at Alloa with her cavalier," if Bothwell had been her companion during the summer, if she rode twenty-five miles over the moor as soon as she heard of Bothwell's wound, such conduct would have inevitably shocked and scandalized all about her, and the result must have been the utter destruction of respect for her person and her authority. Unfortunately for our writer, his assertions concerning Mary Stuart at this time fall within that very large category of his facts which the historians of that period have totally forgotten to chronicle. Nay, still more unfortunately for him, it so happens that the precise condition of public sentiment at this time concerning Mary Stuart has been recorded by an authority not to be gainsayed by our English historian. An incorrect translation and a malicious signification are given (viii. 350), to the honest reflection of the French Ambassador[1] that Bothwell's death would have been no small loss to the Queen, but he fails to see in the very same dispatch this passage: "*I never saw her majesty so much beloved, esteemed, and honored,* nor so great a harmony amongst all her subjects, as at the present is *by her wise conduct.*" Think you the performances described by our author would have been held to be wise conduct by on-lookers at whose head was the "stainless" Murray?

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[1] Maitland's statement is on the same page quite as roughly handled. He wrote: "The Queen's sickness, so far as I can understand, is caused of thought and displeasure, and, I trow, by what I could wring further of her own declaration, the root of it is the king, for she has done him so great honor without the advice of her friends, and contrary to the advice of her subjects; and he, on the other hand, has recompensed her with such ingratitude," etc. Mr. Froude's energetic abbreviation of this passage is "'thought and displeasure,' which, as she herself told Maitland, 'had their root in the king,' had already affected both her health and spirits." (viii. 350.)

In cheerful tones, the historian says a few characteristic words as to Mary's deadly illness at Jedburgh. The passage is a fit forerunner of the brutality of his subsequent picture of her execution. But, bad as it is, we can yet congratulate him on his failure to follow Buchanan to the end. He does not appear to have sunk so low as to dare mention what Buchanan says as to the cause of the Queen's illness. We have no comment to make on the intimation that the bearing of Mary Stuart on what she and all around her supposed to be her dying bed was "theatrical," nor on the vulgar fling at her piety.

We now come the great incident at Craigmillar, which is thus related (viii. 354). One morning Murray and Maitland (let the reader here follow Murray's movements) come to Argyll "still in bed." They want to counsel as to the means of obtaining Morton's pardon for the Riccio murder. Maitland suggests that the best way is to promise the Queen to find means to divorce her from Darnley. Argyll does not see how it can be done. Maitland says, "We shall find the means." These three next see Huntly and Bothwell, who fall in; and all five go to the Queen, who, Mr. Froude — on his own authority — says, "was craving for release." Thus far, our historian adheres with, for him, wonderful fidelity to the only authority[1] we have for an account of this interview, but, as usual, the moment Mary Stuart appears, the historian and his authorities are arrayed in open hostility. Maitland suggested to the Queen that *if she would consent to pardon Morton and his companions in exile*, means might be found to obtain a divorce between her and Darnley. Huntly and Argyll represent Mary as saying "that if a lawful divorce might be obtained without prejudice to her son, she might be induced to consent to it." Of this, the very free translation is made, "She said generally she would do what they required." Then came the question where the King should reside, which is met by the Queen's suggestion that instead of seeking a divorce, she herself should retire a while to France (she had entertained the same project upon the birth of her child); but it was warmly opposed by Maitland in these very significant words: "Do not imagine, madame, that we, the principal nobility of the realm, shall not find the means of ridding your majesty of him without prejudice to your son," etc. — the rest, substantially, as in Froude as to Murray's "looking through his fingers and saying nothing." This is at page 356, and the average reader is already supplied at page 349 with the theory Mr. Froude desires to apply to the Jedburgh and Craigmillar incidents.

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[1] See Protestation of Huntly and Argyll in Keith, vol. iii. p. 290. The Earls of Huntly and Argyll were both Protestant lords, the latter the brother-in-law of Murray.

"But Mary herself," dramatically exclaims our writer, "how did she receive the dark suggestion?" "This part of the story rests on the evidence of her own friends" — reader being supposed by Mr. Froude to be ignorant of the fact that *every part* of the story rests on the same testimony,[1] that of Huntly and Argyll. She said, he continues, and we ask especial attention to this, — she said she "would do nothing to touch her honor and conscience;" "*they had better leave it alone;*" "meaning to do her good, it might turn to her hurt and displeasure." This is an ingenious piece of work. "They had better leave it alone," is one of Mr. Froude's inventions, and these broken sentences are so marshaled as to present to the reader the picture of a guilty person who receives a criminal suggestion and replies somewhat incoherently but so as to convey this idea: There, there, we understand each other perfectly; go and do the deed. Such is the impression inevitably conveyed, and intended by the writer to be conveyed.

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[1] The latest historian of Scotland, Mr. Burton, who, although an enemy of Mary Stuart, shows in citation some respect for the integrity of historical documents, says, "There is reason to believe that this conversation is pretty accurately reported." — Vol. iv. p. 334.

The "Saturday Review" states his offense with mild sarcasm by saying that "Mr. Froude does not seem to have fully grasped the nature of inverted commas." Of course Mary Stuart never spoke the words thus put in her mouth. Here, "according to Argyll and Huntly," is her reply to Maitland, — a reply in perfect harmony with her habitual elevation of sentiment and dignity of bearing: —

"*I will that you do nothing through which any spot may be laid on my honor or conscience; and, therefore, I pray you rather let the matter be in the state that it is, abiding till God of his goodness put remedy thereto.*"

Judge ye!

The historian then follows up his remarkable citation with a pregnant "may be," two "perhaps," both prolific, and a line or two of poetry, all of which are supposed to convict Mary Stuart of asking the gentlemen in her presence to oblige her by murdering Darnley. To confirm his accusation, he says, "The secret was ill kept, and reached the ears of the Spanish Ambassador," and cites a passage from De Silva's letter, which he abstains from translating. The prudence is not ill-timed, for his citation, so far from confirming, flatly contradicts his statement. We translate it:[1] —

> "I have heard that some persons, seeing the antipathy between the King and Queen, had offered to the Queen to do something against her husband, and that she had not consented to it. Although I had this information from a good source, it seemed to me to be a matter which was not credible that any such overture should be made to the Queen."

The historian is mistaken in assuming that this De Silva letter of January 18 refers to the Craigmillar interview. It is utterly inconsistent with all we know of De Silva's habit of prompt report to his sovereign, that he should wait until January 18 to report an occurrence of the previous November. His information from Scotland was always early, for as we shall presently see, he heard of the forged casket letters almost as soon as Elizabeth, and this advice of January 18 refers, doubtless, not to the Craigmillar accident, but to the message sent about the 10th of January to Morton at Whittingham by Maitland and Bothwell as to the failure to obtain a warrant for Darnley's arrest. But here is something better. Mr. Froude exposes Mary Stuart's crime of entertaining a "dark suggestion" to murder Darnley. Very good. But whatever "dark suggestion" there was in the case *came from Murray*,[1] and was made to Mary Stuart in his name — Maitland speaking for him [2] — and in his presence. Must we believe that this saintly man coolly proposed, approvingly listened to, and silently acquiesced in the horrible plot? The historian is seriously embarrassed here, but relying, as usual, on the imbecility of his reader, explains Murray's innocence by saying, — it is almost incredible, but he has written it down (viii. 355): "The words were scarcely ambiguous, yet Murray said nothing. Such subjects are not usually discussed in too loud a tone, and HE MAY NOT HAVE HEARD THEM DISTINCTLY." The rooms at Craigmillar were small, and Mr. Froude, in his last volume, describes Mary Stuart's voice on the scaffold of Fotheringay, after twenty-one years of suffering and sickness, as one of "powerful, deep-chested tones." And yet Murray did not hear her!

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[1] Original Spanish (viii. 356, note).

Our historian here plays for a high stake. His object is to impress upon the reader the idea that this conversation constituted the so-called Craigmillar bond for the murder of Darnley. The Queen must be implicated in the plot to which, from this moment, he assumes she is party, even at the risk of compromising Murray. Hence the ingenious "*he may not have heard distinctly.*" That Murray was perfectly well acquainted with the ulterior designs of the men with whom he went to the Queen, there can be no doubt; but that any "dark suggestion," as it is melo-dramatically expressed, was made in the Queen's presence is by himself most emphatically denied. It is to us a matter of no moment what he denies or what he affirms, but his statement effectually crushes out Mr. Froude's "dark suggestion." Upon his oath Murray declares: —

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[1] "His ambition," says Robertson, "was immoderate. His treatment of the Queen, to whose bounty he was so much indebted, was unbrotherly and ungrateful. The dependence upon Elizabeth under which he brought Scotland was disgraceful to the nation. He deceived and betrayed Norfolk with a baseness unworthy of a man of honor."

[2] "And albeit that my Lord of Murray here present be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your grace is for a Papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings, saying nothing to the same."

> "In case any man will say and affirm that ever I was present when any purposes was holden at Craigmillar in my audience, tending to any unlawful or dishonorable end, I avow that they speak wickedly and untruly, which I will maintain against them as becomes an honest man to the end of my life."

Maitland's answer to the Queen is, of course, omitted by our author. It was, "Madame, let us guide the business among us, and your grace shall see nothing but *good, and approved by Parliament.*" They certainly did not expect murder to be approved by Parliament. Mr. Froude does not tell his readers of this, because it is fatal to his "ill-kept" secret and his "dark suggestion." What was really meant was impeachment, to which Darnley was liable for dismissing, by usurped authority, the three Estates of Scotland in Parliament.

The schemes attributed to Mary by her traducers for the destruction of Darnley are not half so remarkable for their wickedness as for their clumsiness and stupidity. If Mary Stuart desired at this or at any time to be rid of Darnley, he could have been legally convicted and sent to the scaffold on half-a-dozen charges, not to mention the crime of heading the conspiracy to murder Riccio in the Queen's presence. This fact was fully confirmed by the "Instructions of the Scottish Nobles and Prelates," September 12, 1858 (Goodal, vol. ii. p. 359): —

> "They (the Lords) offered 'to git him convict of treason because he consented to hir Grace's retention in ward,' quhilk altogedder hir Grace refusit, as is manifestlie knawin, so that it may be clearly considered hir Grace, having the commoditie to find the means to be separate and yet would not consent thereto, that hir Grace wold never have consentit to his murthour, having sic other likelie means to have been quit of him be the Lords' own device."

Mr. Froude presents this reflection (viii. 349): —

> "Had Darnley been stabbed in a scuffle or helped to death by a dose of arsenic in his bed, the fair fame of the Queen of Scots would have suffered little."

Very sensibly put. And if "the keenest-witted woman living," as she is described, had really been the instigator of the crime, is it to be supposed she selected the means of murder, of all others best calculated to "challenge the attention of the civilized world" with the thunder-clap and lightning-flash of its perpetration?

A word or a nod from her would have been sufficient to have disposed of Darnley quietly and effectually. But she clung to him with all the strength of her much-abused love, and a late discovery[1] has brought to light a touching proof of her attachment to him during this very summer of 1566, the period of those asserted peculiar "relations" with Bothwell. Although made in 1854, this fresh and important testimony appears not yet to have been heard of by Mr.

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[1] Mr. Hosack gives the fac-simile of a page of Mary's will made just before the birth of her child in June, 1566. It was discovered in the Register House, Edinburgh. She bequeaths to Darnley her choicest jewels — far more of them than to any one else. There are as many as twenty-six valuable bequests to her husband of watches, diamonds, rubies, pearls, turquoises, a "St. Michael," containing fourteen diamonds, a chain of gold of two hundred links with two diamonds to each link, and lastly, a diamond ring enameled in red, as to which the Queen writes: "It was with this I was married; I leave it to the King who gave it to me."

Froude. What De Silva refers to in his letter is the proposed impeachment, and he speaks still more plainly in another dispatch not cited by the English writer: "Many had sought to engage her in a conspiracy against her husband, but she gave a negative to every point." And yet our historian has the hardihood to represent as an entire success this utter failure of Murray and his colleagues to draw the Queen into a plot against Darnley. If a success, why was not Morton forthwith pardoned, for that was the immediate advantage the nobles were to gain from the Queen? Failing with her, the conspirators resolved on the murder of Darnley, and a bond was drawn up to get rid of the "young fool and proud tyrant." It was prepared by Sir James Balfour, an able lawyer and thorough-paced villain. Murray, —

"The head of many a felon plot,
But never once the arm!"[1] —

declares he did not sign it. Possibly he did not, his colleagues being satisfied with his promise that he "would look through his fingers and say nothing."

We have thus dissected Mr. Froude's singular presentation of the facts connected with Mary's presence at Alloa, Jedburgh, and Craigmillar, partly to expose his system of writing history, and partly to draw attention to the dilemma in which he finds himself. Were he really a historian, he would recount the facts attending Mary Stuart's career, leaving readers to draw their own conclusions. And indeed, as a general proposition, he appears to have some dim perception that such a course would be the true one. At page 485, vol. iv., he says: "To draw conclusions is the business of the reader; it has been mine to search for the facts." Again, at page 92, vol. i.: "It is not for the historian to balance advantages. His duty is with facts." But he starts out with the assumption of Mary Stuart's guilt, and hastens to announce it while describing her as an infant in her cradle,[1] entirely forgetting his very sensible reflection (ii. 451), "We cannot say what is probable or what is improbable, except that the guilt of every person is improbable antecedent to evidence;" making of her a fiend incarnate in the teeth of his own declared doctrine (i. 172), that "some natural explanation can usually be given of the actions of human beings in this world without supposing them to have been possessed by extraordinary wickedness;" setting at defiance his principle that a given historical subject "is one on which rhetoric and rumor are alike unprofitable" (ii. 448); and elaborating such a monstrous portraiture of the Queen of Scots as can be "credible" (we borrow the writer's words) "only to those who form opinions by their wills, and believe or disbelieve as they choose." A reader of good memory who has just completed the perusal of this historian's account of Mary Stuart must involuntarily recall his prophetic words (iv. 496): "We all know how such fabrics are built together, commenced by levity or malice, carried on, repeated, magnified, till calumny has made a cloud appear like a mountain."

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[1] Aytoun.

Here is the dilemma. Mary Stuart's guilt cannot possibly be proven unless we accept the forged casket-letters as genuine. If they are admitted, we have no choice but to look upon the Queen of Scots as a most wicked and depraved woman. Now, as we will show in the proper place, our historian not only utterly breaks down in attempting to establish the casket-letters, but makes a deplorably feeble failure in meeting the question at all. Hence, for him, the absolute necessity of proof *aliunde*. But we have seen of what this proof is made. His great effort is to lead captive the reader's judgment, and impress him with the belief of Mary's guilt before the casket-letters are reached. If he can but obtain even a hesitating faith in them, he is safe, the fair fame of this woman is blasted, and people may, if their taste that way incline, do as he does, and in joyous phrase execrate her memory and call her foul names.

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[1] *Ante*, p. 22.

We would not, though, have our readers suppose Mr. Froude incapable of pity. By no means. He relates how Anne Boleyn was justly and legally convicted of fornication, adultery, and incest, and exclaims: "Let us feel our very utmost commiseration for this unhappy woman: if she was guilty, it is the more reason that we should pity her." (ii. 458.) Amen! say we, with all our heart. And to this amen we find in all Mr. Froude's pages the response, Yes, pity for her — for any one but Mary Stuart. Hence, we witness efforts, by means and appliances heretofore unknown to serious writers of history, to show Mary Stuart's guilt as manifested in her determination to be divorced from Darnley, the threat to take his life, and in the plot to murder him. We have shown that the threat to take Darnley's life is simply an invention of Mr. Froude;[1] that the determined divorce[2] is also an invention; and that the plot was — so far as Mary is concerned — what we have just exposed.

The occasion of the baptism of the infant prince (17th December) was seized to press the petition for the pardon of Morton and his associates. Murray, Athol, and Bothwell, all joined in solicitation, but the most powerful influence came from Queen Elizabeth and her envoy Bedford.[3] From the pardon were excepted George Douglas, who had stabbed Riccio over the Queen's shoulder, and Ker of Faudonside, who held a pistol to her breast. Why Darnley should dread the return of Morton and his friends is very plain. They looked upon him as equally guilty with themselves in the Riccio murder, and to this he had added the (in their eyes) infamy of betraying them and perpetuating their exile. The historian may well record that "it could only have been with terror . . . . that he should meet Morton." Quite reason enough for sudden departure from Stirling.

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[1] *Ante*, p. 99.

[2] *Ante*, p. 109.

[3] See Elizabeth to Throckmorton (Keith, 428), and Bedford to Cecil, January 9, 1566.

CHAPTER XII.

DARNLEY.

"If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing from him in opinion, ... take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence, distinct from his word, compelleth you to believe."

RICHARD BAXTER.

THERE are whole pages of the history in question in which blunder and invention strive for the mastery, and alternately obtain it in every line.[1] Thus: "The poor boy might have yet been saved, etc. He muttered only some feeble apology, however, and fled from the court 'very grieved.' He could not bear, some one wrote, 'that the Queen should use familiarity with man or woman, especially the lords of Argyll and Murray, which kept most company with her.'" "Some one wrote"—it matters not who, "some one's" text being here no more respected than any one's text. What "some one" really wrote was, "The king *departed* very grieved." For "departed" our historian here *substitutes* "fled from." The word "ladies" is *altered* to "*lords*," one of the ladies of the original[2] being dropped by him in the process. These ladies were the ladies of Argyll, Murray, and Mar, respectively the sister, the wife, and the aunt of Murray! It does not suit the author's purpose that the reader should see that these ladies, and not Lady Reres, were the "constant companions" of the Queen during the summer, and that the Murray — not the Bothwell — interest was in the ascendant at court. Mr. Froude is curiously infelicitous in his translations from the French and Spanish. He quotes Du Croc, "In a sort of desperation," and "he [Darnley] had no hope in Scotland, and he feared for his life." (viii. 307.) THERE IS NOT A SYLLABLE OF THIS IN DU CROC, who wrote, "*Je ne vois que deux choses qui le desespèrent.*" These two things, he goes on to explain, are: *First*, The reconciliation between the lords and the Queen rendering him jealous of their influence with her. *Second*, That Elizabeth's minister, coming to the baptism of the young prince, was instructed not to recognize Darnley as king. "*Il prend une peur de recevoir une honte,*" adds Du Croc. That is to say, he feared this public slight, and therefore was not present at the baptism. And of this Mr. Froude makes not only the abuse of the false translation, "*He feared for his life,*" but conceals the true cause of Darnley's absence from the baptismal ceremonies, and tells his too confiding readers, —

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[1] The paragraph of twenty-one lines beginning at "The next morning the council met" (viii. 307), contains numerous serious errors, the least of which is that Mr. Froude names Bothwell as one of the lords who were "all Catholics." Bothwell! than whom there was not in all Scotland a more uncompromising Protestant. At the baptism of the prince, he refused to be present at that "popish ceremony." Mr. Froude says (viii. 358), "Three of the Scottish noblemen were present at the ceremony. The rest stood outside the door." Reader necessarily supposes "the rest" to signify a large crowd. "The rest" were Bothwell, Murray, and Huntly, who, as the Scotch Puritan *Diurnal of Occurrents* records, "came not within the said chapel, because it was done against the points of their religion."

[2] Which reads, "He cannot beare that the queene should use familiaritie either with men or women, and especially the ladies of Arguille, Moray, and Marre, who kepe most company with her."

> "It boded ill for the supposed reconciliation that the prince's father, though in the castle at the time, remained in his own room, *either* still brooding over his wrongs and afraid that some insult should be passed upon him, *or else* forbidden by the Queen to appear."[1] (viii. 358.)

"Either" — "or else" — Mr. Froude does not even pretend to know which. Reader may take his choice. Meantime, historian, aware of the true cause, knows positively it was neither. Admire, as you pass, "*his wrongs.*" Darnley's wrongs! Lennox "neglected" is excellent and mirth-compelling. If Mary had been an Elizabeth, this miserable old sinner Lennox would long before have been sent to the block for his repeated treasons. He was an irreclaimable traitor, and his son's mad and perverse conduct was mainly due to his evil counsel. The only punishment inflicted upon him was banishment from Mary's presence. Thus was he *neglected.* Decidedly Mary was wrong. He should have been attended to. Chalmers has correctly described Mary's reign as a reign of *plots* and *pardons.* And so it was. The timely chopping off of a few traitors' heads would have saved to her her crown and her life.[1] Darnley is now the "poor boy." In these pages, every one, from Murray down to "blasphemous Balfour," is good, virtuous, or pious, just in proportion as they are useful to him against Mary Stuart; and Darnley begins from this moment to be more and more interesting, up to the scene where historical romance places him "lying dead in the garden under the stars," in the odor of sanctity, with the words of the Fifty-fifth Psalm expiring on his lips.

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[1] Cecil appears to have been of a different opinion, and writes to the English ambassador at Paris, September 1, 1565: "The young King is so insolent, as his father is weary of his government and is departed from the court."

Darnley was depised by the loyal for his treatment of his wife, while the disloyal had his foul treachery to avenge. Here is the estimate of his standing and character made by Scotch Protestant historians, —

Bishop Keith credits Darnley with some good natural qualifications, adding.

> "But then, to balance these, he was much addicted to intemperance, to base and unmanly pleasures; he was haughty and proud, and so very weak in mind as to be a prey to all that came about him," etc.

> "Addicted to drunkenness," says Roberston, "beyond what the manners of that age could bear, and indulging irregular passions

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[1] "To the philosophical student of history it is not a pleasing matter for reflection that, while the unexampled forbearance and humanity exhibited toward her rebellious subjects by Mary only encouraged them to fresh attacks upon her authority, the ruthless policy of her sister queen proved eventually successful." — *Hosack*, p. 509.

which even the licentiousness of youth could not excuse, he, by his indecent behavior, provoked the Queen to the utmost; and the passions which it occasioned often forced tears from her eyes, both in public and private." "A debauchee, a babbler, and a fool — universally hated and depised."

"Darnley was a fool, and a vicious and presumptuous fool. There is scarcely to be found in his character the vestige of a good quality." "He indulged in every vicious appetite — to the extent of his physical capacity — over-ate himself and drank hard. His amours were notorious and disgusting — he broke the seventh commandment with the most dissolute and degraded because they were on that account the most accessible of their sex." (Burton, vol. iv. 296.)

It will be remembered that, when Mary was disposed to pardon the principal conspirators in the Riccio murder, Darnley opposed it, and denounced some who until then had been unknown. They retaliated by accusing him of having instigated the plot, and laid the bonds for the murder before the Queen, who then, for the first time, saw through his duplicity. He was thus, in the expressive words of Mr. Tytler, the "principal conspirator against her, the defamer of her honor, the plotter against her liberty and her crown, the almost murderer of herself and her unborn babe." He was "convicted as a traitor and a liar, false to his own honor, false to her, false to his associates in crime."[1] Melville, Du Croc, and other eye-witnesses have given us vivid pictures of the keen suffering and poignant grief caused Mary by her disappointment in the handsome youth on whom she had lavished her affections[2] — grief a hundred-fold increased by the silence which love for Darnley and respect for herself imposed upon her.

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[1] Even Mr. Froude is not far wrong when he describes (viii. 284) Darnley as "left to wander alone about the country as if the curse of Cain was clinging to him."

[2] "That very power," says Robertson, "which with liberal and unsuspicious fondness she had conferred upon him, he had employed to insult her authority, to limit her prerogative, and to endanger her person."

"She is still sick," writes Du Croc in November, "and I believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow; nor can she, it seems, forget the same; again and again she says she wishes she were dead."

Again he writes after the baptism, of her exerting herself so much to entertain her company on that occasion, "that it made her forget in a good measure her former ailments." He found her "weeping sore." "I am much grieved at the many troubles and vexations she meets with." If Mary Stuart had been the woman portrayed by Mr. Froude, she would have made Scotland ring with her complaints of Darnley's misconduct. Instead of these, we see suppressed grief, sighs, melancholy, dark brooding sorrow, and illness that brought her to death's door.

It is matter of surprise that even our historian should have the weakness to adopt Buchanan's silly story of the poisoning of Darnley.[1] Nevertheless he does so with the solemn face of the teller of a ghost story who believes his fable. The abundant testimony as to the true nature of Darnley's illness should have warned him against so hazardous an experiment; — but Darnley poisoned is so much more interesting to this historian than Darnley down with the small-pox, that he cannot see the Bedford dispatch. Always inspired by Buchanan, but careful never to cite him, he substantially copies the charge that Darnley was poisoned, and was lying sick at Glasgow, but suppresses the passage "and yit all this quhyle the quene wuld not suffer sa mekle as ane Phisitioun anis to cum at him," because he well knows that Mary quickly sent her own skillful French surgeon, who rescued the patient from the hands of a Dr. Abernethy of the Lennox household, who was really poisoning him with antidotes. With dreadful sarcasm we are told of "a disease which the court and the friends of the court were pleased to call small-pox." And yet the Earl of Bedford, Elizabeth's minister, wrote to Cecil, January 9, 1566–7: "The King is now at Glasgow with his father, and there lyeth full of the smallpockes, to whom the Queen hath sent her phisician." Drury, the English agent on the Border, sends a dispatch of the same nature, and there is abundant other contemporary evidence to the same effect.

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[1] We regret that want of space will not permit copious citation from Buchanan's *Detection*. Here is a specimen of his method of proving Mary Stuart's guilt. "When he (Darnley) was preparing to depart for Glasgow, she caused poison to be given to him. You will ask: By whom? In what manner? What kind of poison? Where had she it? Ask you these questions? as though wicked princes ever wanted ministers of their wicked treacheries. But still you press me, perhaps, and still you ask me, Who be these ministers? If this cause were to be pleaded before grave Cato the Censor, all this were easy for us to prove before him that was persuaded that there is no adultress but the same is also a poisoner. Need we seek for a more substantial witness than Cato, every one of whose sentences antiquity esteemed as so many oracles? Shall we not in a manifest thing believe him whose credit hath in things doubtful so oft prevailed? Lo, here a man of singular uprightness, and of most notable faithfulness and credit, beareth witness against a woman burning in hatred of her husband," etc.

So far as Mary is personally concerned, all this portion of Mr. Froude's book is the echo or the amplification of Buchanan, who says that the Queen and Bothwell for months before the baptism of the prince were living in adultery in a manner so public and notorious, "*as they seemed to fear nothing more than lest their wickedness should be unknown*." This being the case, there ought to be no difficulty in producing abundant contemporary evidence to corroborate it. But not a tittle of proof exists that even reports of that nature were in circulation until after Darnley's death. During all the period referred to, the dispatches of the English and French ambassadors contain, almost day by day, the fullest accounts of everything — even matters of the most private nature — that took place at court; but the letters of neither Bedford nor Du Croc contain the slightest hint to aid Messrs. Buchanan and Froude. What is more significant, not a syllable of the kind can be found even in the reports made up by Drury on the Border out of all the gossip and scandal that came in a steady stream from his paid spies and from public rumor. In this connection it may be remarked that this criminal charge is made against a woman who from her position as a sovereign could never obtain the privacy and shelter from observation which are always at the command of persons in private life.

Such intercourse as is here referred to, even if it escaped public attention, the watchful eyes and ears of foreign and inimical ambassadors, discontented courtiers, and paid spies, could by no possibility elude the ever present and intimate observation of servants and domestics. We all know that in cases where such matters undergo legal investigation, the most direct testimony is always found in possession of this class, who, if females, are generally most severe towards their own sex, especially if of high social rank. The reflection has frequently been made, — and it is of value, — that of all the numerous household of Mary Stuart, Scotch, French, and English, men, women, girls, and boys, Protestants and Catholics, not a solitary witness was ever pretended to be produced against her, even when dethroned, powerless, and in prison. Does any one object the Paris paper? That worthless document owes its existence to the very fact here pointed out. Outside the Paris deposition and the casket-letters, not even the ingenuity of Mr. Froude can discover testimony except in Buchanan and his own imagination. From Darnley's conversation with Mary at Glasgow, it is evident that all her movements had been watched, and reported to him by those who were perfectly willing to tell rather more than less. Swiftly he would have known any report of the kind. It was precisely during the time referred to by Buchanan and Froude that Du Croc represents Mary as never standing higher in public estimation, and that Queen Elizabeth was deeply angered at finding the English Parliament of the same opinion, and on discovering from their address in November the evident strength of Mary's partisans in both houses. De Silva writes to Spain, "The Queen has so much credit with the good all over the realm, that the blame is chiefly laid on the Lord Darnley." (See Froude, viii. 318.) And in the same letter, "The question (in Parliament) will be forced in the Queen of Scots' interest, and with the best intentions. Her friends are very numerous," etc. "All England then bore her majesty great reverence," is Melville's report at the same time.

Our historian appears to be able to see but one event between Christmas (1566) and January 14 (1567), and that event is incorrectly dated. It is the meeting of Bothwell and Morton at "the hostelry of Whittingham." (viii. 360.) That Whittingham[1] should be turned into a "hostelry" is not of much consequence, but that we find no mention made of Maitland's presence there,[2] is important. It is well established by George Douglas' letter, and by a letter of Drury to Cecil (January 23d), "The Lord Morton lieth at the Lord of Whittingham's, where the Lord Bodwell and Ledington came of late to visit." We do not care to expose in detail the poor device to acquit Morton on his own confession of participation in the Darnley murder. If that confession is admitted by Mr. Froude, he must also accept Bothwell's confession.[3] The men were both so full of all evil that it might be difficult for some to choose between them, except that Bothwell never took English bribes, and had not, like Morton, on his soul anything so meanly black as the selling of the Duke of Northumberland. Morton's confession is worthless. He had entered into the bond for the murder before coming to Scotland.

Our historian says not a word of the reports concerning the plot of Darnley and his father, of Murray's warning the

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[1] It was a castle with valuable domains attached, the property of Morton, and the gift of the Queen to him two years before.

[2] See Appendix, vol. ii. p. 424, Robertson.

[3] See Appendix No. 13.

Queen that the plot threatened her life and her throne, of the meeting and action of the Privy Council of January 10, of the drawing of a warrant by Murray and Maitland for the arrest and imprisonment of Darnley, its presentation to Mary, and her refusal to sign it. The reports of the treasonable designs of Lennox and Darnley had been traced to two Glasgow men, Hiegate and Walcar, and the Queen had but to allow Murray and Maitland to act, and she would soon have been legally rid of Darnley. But she refused to believe the reports, had Hiegate and Walcar examined before the Council, cross-examined them herself, and did not rest until the whole matter was thoroughly sifted.

The plot to murder Darnley was entered into by the conspirators after the failure at Craigmillar to obtain Mary's consent to the divorce. So that they were but rid of him, it was immaterial to them as to the means, although they would, probably, have been satisfied to dispense with murder. Hence the attempt "to git him convict of treason because he consented to hir Grace's detention," etc. Meantime emissaries were industrious in sowing discord between Mary and her husband. One story ran that Mary was to be dethroned by Lennox and his son; another, that Darnley was to be imprisoned, which report was carried by Lord Minto to Lennox, who swiftly told his son. George Douglas (nephew of Morton) states that at Whittingham he was requested by Morton to accompany Bothwell and Maitland to Edinburgh and to return with such answer as they could obtain of her majesty, "which being given to me by the same persons, as God shall be my judge, was no other than the words, 'show to the Earl of Morton that the Queen will hear no speech of that matter appointed unto him.'" Now if this be true, the warrant which the Queen refused to sign, as already stated, is what is here referred to. If it was, as Mr. Froude strives to show, "a warrant" for Darnley's murder, Maitland could have told us of it. In any event, the best case made for Morton is that, perfectly apprised of the "bond" to murder Darnley, he stood by silent and motionless and saw it carried into effect. In making his "confession" he was asked by the ministers "if he did not counsel him (Bothwell) to the contrary," he coolly replied "I counseled him not to the contrary."

Walcar and Hiegate were servants of the Archbishop of Glasgow (then in Paris), to whom Mary reported their conduct. As she made complaint, it was necessary to explain the nature of their offense, and the statements made concerning the plots of Lennox and Darnley. "As for the King our husband," she says, —

> "God knows always our part towards him; and his behavior and thankfulness to us is equally well known to God and the world; specially our own indifferent (impartial) subjects see it, and in their hearts, we doubt not, condemn the same. Always we perceive him occupied and busy enough to have inquisition of our doings, which, God willing, shall ever be such as none shall have occasion to be offended with them, or to report of us anyways but honorably, however he, his father, and their fautors speak, which we know want no good-will to make us have ado, if their power were equivalent to their minds."

Of all these matters here is our historian's record: "On the 20th (January) she wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow at Paris, complaining of her husband's behavior to her, while the poor wretch was still lying on his sick-bed," etc. Note "the poor wretch" — a very clever stroke. But otherwise we cannot compliment the passage, which may be best described in Mr. Froude's own words as "turning history into a mere creation of the imaginative sympathies." Mr. Froude is evidently not strong in the philosophy nor in the rules of evidence. Such a performance as he describes is scarcely compatible with a design against a man so soon to be removed by murder. Mr. Froude never tires of telling us how clever Mary Stuart was. Would such a woman write a letter calculated to form ground of suspicion against her? So far as she does complain she does it in terms at once dignified and proper and with ample justice. Her ambassador at Paris was her most trusted friend and adviser, and, as we shall see, this letter was not specially written to complain of Darnley, but concerning numerous matters of importance. The Queen and Darnley were in correspondence at the time, and his letters, which were contrite, induced her visit to Glasgow. Even Crawford's deposition makes Mary ask "what is meant by the cruelty mentioned *in his letters*" (not "his letter"), and Darnley's reply is, "It is of you only that will not accept my offers and repentance." In Mr. Froude's account of this interview we find, as usual, his accomplished actress and keen-witted woman falling far short of the ability with which he seeks to endow her. Was it in the celebrated Mediceau-Machiavellic school she learned that flies were caught with vinegar? What a clumsy piece of work to begin by interrogating Darnley as to the unfavorable reports of his conduct? Was that "a seductive wile?" All her language, all her bearing here, is that of the sensible woman and the affectionate wife. Darnley's course had been simply outrageous.

Mary had everything to forgive, and the foolish young man appears to have at last taken a proper view of his conduct. Mary came to him in affection, but with well-merited reproaches. His outspoken and apparently sincere penitence, his affection, and his earnest desire again to be united to her, all tend to reconcile her. "I desire no other," said he, "but that we may be together as husband and wife; and if ye will not consent thereto, I desire never to rise forth from this bed." So Crawford states Darnley's language in his deposition; but Mr. Froude has a special version of his own, which materially changes its meaning. Crawford was the retainer and friend of the traitor Lennox, and his insolent demeanor to the Queen, who "bade him hold his peace," showed his enmity to her. What he represents as Darnley's doubt and suspicions were simply his own malicious suggestions. The "History" makes him say, "Why did she not take him (Darnley) to Holyrood." He really said, "If she desired his company, she would take him *to his own house at Edinburgh*," — at once artfully flattering Darnley's pride by styling the royal residence "*his house*," and reviving the old sore as to the "crown matrimonial."

CHAPTER XIII.

GLASGOW AND KIRK O' FIELD.

> "The prodigious lies which have been published in this age, in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, ... doth call men to take heed what history they believe," etc. — RICHARD BAXTER, Author of *A Call to the Unconverted.*

AT page 361, vol. viii., we find some philosophical reflections on the difficulties "the historian" has to encounter, and we are told, with some truth, "The so-called certainties of history are but probabilities in varying degrees." But when the historical narrative is resumed, the writer appears to have no conception of the corollary of his doctrine, namely, that things merely probable must not be stated as certain. It is at this stage of his work that our historian at almost every page is forcing the reader's hand — so to speak — by coupling Mary's name with that of Bothwell as "her lover." "She set out for Glasgow attended by her lover." The Queen left Edinburgh January 24th. But Murray's journal makes Bothwell start for Liddesdale, a different direction, on that very day. Hence it is found necessary to fix her departure on the 23d, which Mr. Froude does; although Murray in his diary places it on the 21st. We know that she was accompanied by her lord chancellor, the Earl of Huntly, and a retinue. "They spent the night at Callander together." Reader to suppose some "hostelry." Mary Stuart spent the night with her friends Lord and Lady Livingston, who were among the most faithful of her Protestant nobility, and for whose infant she had stood godmother a few months before. It suits the historian's purpose to conceal the high standing and respectability of Mary's hosts. "Mary Stuart pursued her journey attended by Bothwell's French servant, Paris." (viii. 362.) Mary Stuart pursued her journey attended by the Earl of Huntly, Lord Livingston, the Hamiltons and their followers, and numerous gentlemen, so that before she reached Glasgow her train amounted to nearly five hundred horsemen. "The news that she was on her way to Glasgow anticipated her appearance there." Really this is not surprising when we know that the Queen had sent repeated messages and letters that she was coming. And now comes a blunder of our historian, almost incredible in its grossness: —

> "Darnley was still confined to his room; but, hearing of her approach, he sent a gentleman who was in attendance on him, named Crawford, a noble, fearless kind of person, to *apologize for his inability to meet her*." (viii. 363.)

This is amazing. A man down with the small-pox apologizes for not coming out five miles on horseback in a Scotch January! That Mr. Tytler committed the error of taking Crawford, who was a retainer of Lennox (Darnley's father), for a retainer of Darnley, is no excuse for a modern writer with ten times Tytler's advantages. It was the official duty of the Earl of Lennox to have met and escorted the Queen into Glasgow, and he sent Crawford to present his humble commendations to her majesty, "with his excuses for not coming to meet her in person, praying her grace not to think it was either from pride or ignorance of his duty, but because he was indisposed at the time," etc. Mr. Froude has before his eyes Murray's diary, with the entry: "January 23d. The quene came to Glasgow, and on the rode met her *Thos. Crawford from the Earl of Lennox*." He has the minutes of the English Commissioners, who describe Crawford as "a gentleman of the Earl of Lennox." He has seen the abstract describing this passage as "*Nuncius Patris in itinere*" — "The Message of the Father in the Gait," but cannot consent to spoil his tableau. There is another reason. Murray's diary and date January 23d plays havoc with the chronology of our historian and that of the casket-letters. And yet another, which is, that Crawford, according to his own account, was a mischief-maker and a spy, commissioned by Lennox to eavesdrop and report what he might see and hear in Glasgow castle. Being enlisted against Mary Stuart, Crawford *ipso facto* becomes "a noble, fearless kind of person." When not employed in weaving garlands for Murray, Mr. Froude gives all his spare time throughout these volumes in delivering certificates of excellence, rewards of merit, and prizes of virtue to all and sundry who may appear in enmity to Mary Stuart. Our writer goes on with his sketch, assuring us that Darnley's "heart half-sank within him when he was told that she was coming," and ascribing to the son the "fear" of the father. Then follow four pages in which Mary's inmost thoughts and the most secret workings of her wicked designs are laid bare to the reader. He even sees the "odd glitter of her eyes," and assures us that "Mary Stuart was an admirable actress; rarely, perhaps, on the world's stage has there been a more skillful player;" adding, "She had still some natural compunction."

Almost amusing is Mr. Froude's haste to reach the point where he may avail himself of the forged casket-letters and the Paris confession. He clutches at them as a drowning man at a plank, and hastens to weave their contents into his narrative, with skillful admixture of warp of Buchanan, woof of "casket," and color and embroidery wholly his own. He thus introduces them in a note (viii. 362): "The authenticity of these letters will be discussed in a future volume in connection with their discovery, and with the examination of them which then took place." Of course this promise is not kept, and when we reach the period of promised redemption, we find it, substantially, a repetition of what he relies on at the outset. "The inquiry at the time appears to me to supersede authoritatively all later conjectures." We shall presently see what this "inquiry at the time" amounted to, as also the nature and substance of these conjectures. Our historian greatly needs the aid of the forged casket-letters, and is swift to avail himself of them. One would think they were strong enough for his purpose. Not so. At page 368, vol. viii., a passage is cited in which Mary is made to write to Bothwell, "the place shall hold to the death" (Scotch version), "place" meaning castle or stronghold. The French version has it "cette forteresse." But Mr. Froude alters place to *plan*, — "the *plan* shall hold to the death."

Darnley was brought in a litter by easy stages from Glasgow to Edinburgh, and was four (not two) days on the road. And now we have this sketch (viii. 373): —

> "As yet he knew nothing of the change of his destination, and supposed that he was going to Craigmillar. Bothwell, however, met the cavalcade outside the gates and took charge of it. No attention was paid either to the exclamations of the attendants or the remonstrances of Darnley himself; he was informed that the Kirk-a-Field house was most convenient for him, and to Kirk-a-Field he was conducted."

As history, this statement comes to grief in presence of the testimony of Murray's swift witness, Thomas Nelson, described by Mr. Froude as Darnley's "groom of the chamber." Nelson testifies: —

> "Item, the Deponat remembers it was dewysit in Glasgow, that the King suld half lyñe first in Craigmillar. But *because He had Na Will thairof* the purpors was alterit, and conclusion takin that he suld ly beside the Kirk of Field."

Nelson, after Darnley's death, entered the service of the Countess of Lennox, the mother of Darnley, who must have heard from him, more than once, all he had to say touching Darnley's stay at Glasgow and at Kirk o' Field.

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[1] *Anderson*, vol. iv. p. 165.

Yet the Countess before her death was fully convinced of Mary's innocence, and so wrote her.

THE MURDER OF DARNLEY.[1]

Our historian's narrative of the events of February 9th is a mere fancy sketch. We are told that, after attending the ceremony of marriage of her attendants Bastian and Margaret Carwood, —

> "When the service was over, the Queen took an early supper with Lady Argyll, and afterwards, accompanied by Cassilis, Huntly, and the Earl of Argyll himself, she went as usual to spend the evening with her husband, and professed to intend to stay the night with him. The hours passed on. She was more than commonly tender; and Darnley, absorbed in her caresses," etc.

The suggestion of a quiet "early" supper with Lady Argyll is ingenious. It lodges in the mind of the reader the idea that this woman is getting ready betimes for her work. But the quiet little *tête-à-tête* supper turns out to be a grand banquet given (at the usual early hour of supper of that period) by the Bishop of Argyll, in honor of the Ambassador of Savoy and his suite, who were to take their leave the next day. On leaving the banquet to visit Darnley the Queen was attended, not only by the three noblemen visible to Mr. Froude, but by all the noble guests present, who accompanied her to Kirk o' Field, where they paid their respects to Darnley, the Queen thus holding with him a small court reception.[2] There was no "professed to intend to stay" in the case. On the contrary, she had promised days before to attend the mask and ball at Holyrood that night. "The hours passed on." They usually do. It is a habit they have. "Absorbed in her caresses," — as the historian's information is here evidently exclusive, we decline remark. Then (viii. 379) we have a word-painting profuse in the picturesque, but sober in authenticated facts. In it Mary Stuart is very hateful, and Darnley very lovely; all with such rubbish as the Queen's sending back to "fetch a fur wrapper, which she thought too pretty to be spoiled,"[1] and Darnley's opening the English Prayer-book to read the Fifty-fifth Psalm — "if his servant's tale was true." What servant's tale? All Darnley's servants who were with him perished that night except Nelson, who tells some surprising stories in his deposition, but does not get as far as the prayers.

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[1] The fullest statement of the facts connected with the murder of Darnley is that given by Miss Strickland in the thirtieth chapter of her *Life of Mary Stuart*. The sixth chapter of Mr. Hosack's work is an admirable legal analysis of the testimony bearing on the same event.

[2] Clernault, the French Envoy, wrote home: "The King being lodged at one end of the city of Edinburgh and the Queen at the other, the said lady came to see him on a Sunday evening, which was the 9th of this month, about seven o'clock, with all the principal lords of her court, and after having remained with him two or three hours, she withdrew to attend the bridal of one of her gentlemen, according to her promise; and if she had not made

Attention has been drawn to the threat of revenge[2] which Mr. Froude puts into the Queen's mouth, and to the use he makes of his own prophecy. We now read (ix. 378): "As she left the room she said, as if by accident, 'It was just this time last year that Ritzio was slaine.'" The authority given for the statement is "Calderwood." Calderwood? who is Calderwood? queries the reader. Was he a servant of Darnley? Was he present at Kirk o' Field, and did he hear the Queen say those words? Or, perchance, was he a contemporary who received the statement from a reliable source? No information is given concerning him by our historian but the bare name Calderwood. We find on examination that Darnley had been dead twenty

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that promise, it is believed that she would have remained till twelve or one o'clock with him, seeing the good understanding and union in which the said lady Queen and the King her husband had been living for the last three weeks."

[1] An English writer remarks: "This is making her not the most wicked of women, but an incarnate fiend! Where is the proof that her reason for sending back was not simply that the night was cold?"

[2] *Ante*, p. 99.

years when Calderwood was born, and that about half a century thereafter he wrote a "Historie of the Kirk of Scotland." With its merits as a history of the Kirk we have nothing to do, but in so far as it undertakes to chronicle secular matters, — which it does at some length, — it is the merest trash, made up exclusively of Buchanan and the verbal gossip current among the enemies of the Queen of Scots.[1] He does not even pretend to cite authority for his statements, but runs on in a wishy-washy stream of old wives' tales. No serious historian quotes him. But it is written that Mr. Froude shall not cite anything correctly, not even poor Calderwood, who wrote not what the historian puts into his mouth, but, — "Among other speeches she said that about the same time a bygane a yeare, David Rizio was slaine."

We are told that on the night of the murder "Mary Stuart had slept soundly." This is on Buchanan's authority, but his language is not cited.[2] We insist on producing it. Buchanan says that, when Mary Stuart heard that Darnley was killed, "she settled herself to rest, with a countenance so quiet and a mind so untroubled that she sweetly slept till the next day at noon." Mr. Froude himself has a much finer picture (viii. 370): "With these thoughts in her mind Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, lay down upon her bed — to sleep, doubtless — sleep with the soft tranquillity of an innocent child." There need be no doubt now as to the expression of Mary's features on that occasion. To be sure, there exists a difficulty in reconciling Buchanan and Paris.

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[1] We are entirely of Mr. Froude's opinion when he says (v. 277): "The probability is immeasurably great that all charges produced long after date against persons who have excited the animosity of a theological or political faction are lies."

[2] The enemies of Mary Stuart find Buchanan indispensable, but are ashamed to cite him by name. We have seen M. Mignet's device to avoid mention of him. (Appendix No. 3.) Mr. Froude uses his filthy material constantly, but, it is said, quotes him by name but once in all his volumes. This is a mistake. He cites Buchanan by name three times (iv. 179, vii. 383, and ix. 7), but none of these citations relate directly to Mary Stuart.

The first says Mary slept till noon; the second, that he saw her awake between nine and ten o'clock. Mr. Froude places implicit faith in both — which is proper and consistent, any testimony against Mary Stuart being good testimony. Our historian goes on: "The room was already hung with black and lighted with candles." This was between nine and ten in the morning. The explosion took place at three o'clock. Now, either Mary Stuart must have suspended the sound sleep, of which Buchanan and Mr. Froude, of all the people in the world, appear to know anything, or else she, "the keenest-witted woman living" (viii. 225), was fool enough to order the room to be hung with black before Darnley was killed. Will Mr. Froude explain? We place at his service a few friendly hints. "*Son lict tendu de noir*," does not mean, as he translates, "The room was already hung with black." It means that the bed was hung with black. *Lict* or *lit* means bed; *chambre* means a room. The word *icelle*, in his note (ix. 5), does not make sense. It is evidently a misprint for *la ruelle*, meaning the space between the bed and the wall. Paris illuminates this *ruelle* with "de la chandelle." Mr. Froude improves this, and lights up the whole apartment. "Eating composedly, as Paris observed." But there is no such thing as "eating composedly" in the text as furnished by Mr. Froude himself. At pp. 5 and 6, vol. ix., he sums up in a manner which perils his case and exposes its weakness. Every line of the two long paragraphs commencing with "Whatever may or may not," at p. 5, and ending with "of all suspicion of it," contains either a misstatement or a misrepresentation. Some are their own best answer. The others we proceed to dispose of. The self-possession which is found so remarkable was simply the prostration of despair. In the English Record Office, there is a letter written the day after the murder, by the French Ambassador in Scotland, which was intercepted by the English officials. M. de Clernault wrote: "The fact (Darnley's death) being communicated to the Queen, one can scarcely think what distress and agony it has thrown her into."

The Scottish lords leagued with Murray and with Bothwell for the murder of Darnley were among the worst men known to history, and are thus forcibly portrayed by a late English writer: —

> "They were barefaced liars, they were ruthless foes, they were Judas-like friends. To garble evidence, to forge documents, to put awkward witnesses out of the way by the poison-cup or the dagger — these were familiar acts to men who frequented the Scottish court, who were noble by birth and dignified by office."

And these were the men[1] to whom Mary must look in such an emergency for advice and aid. Can it be wondered that this young woman, the victim of the three atrocious plots of 1565, 1566, and 1567 — sick and heart-broken — was not capable of acting with the wisdom of a judge and the decision of a high-sheriff? If Mary Stuart had been a hypocrite, she would have filled Holyrood with clamorous sobs. The council was full of the assassins; she was assailed by treason, secret calumny, and English plots, and without a single friend on whose advice she could rely, or a single minister on whose counsel she could lean. It was of their duty and their office to take the necessary steps. They did nothing, and in a memorial afterward addressed by Mary to the different European courts, she thus describes the situation: "Her majesty could not but marvel at the little diligence they used, and that they looked at one another as men who wist not what they say or do." The anonymous placards could not help her to any knowledge. She knew herself to be innocent, and it was natural not to believe Bothwell guilty. Why should she? Of all the noblemen about the court he had never shown any enmity to Darnley, and they had always been on friendly terms. On the other hand, the feud between Darnley and

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[1] Huntly, the chancellor, and Argyll, the lord justice, were both in the plot.

Murray was of ancient date and well-ascertained origin. As far back as March, 1564, Randolph writes Cecil: —

> "What opinion the young Lord (Darnley) hath conceived of him (Murray) that lately, talking with Lord Robert who shewed him the Scottish map what lands my Lord of Moray had, and in what bounds, the Lord Darnley said that it was too much. This came to my Lord of Moray's ears and so to the Queen who advised my Lord Darnley to excuse himself to my Lord of Moray. These suspicions and heart burnings between these noblemen may break out to great inconveniences.''

Randolph prophesied truly. They did "break out" "to great inconveniences."

In the hurry of rapid narrative, Mr. Froude has forgotten to state that the Queen ordered a proclamation to be immediately issued, offering a reward of £2,000 and a pension for life for discovery of the murderers, with promise of "free pardon to any person, even if a partaker in the crime," adding that "the Queen's majesty unto whom of all others, the case was most grievous, *would rather lose life and all* than that it should remain unpunished." In his letter of March 6 to Mary, the Archbishop of Glasgow refers to this declaration, and the reference is tortured into a reproach to Mary (ix. 16): "She preferred to believe that she was herself the second object of the conspiracy, yet she betrayed neither surprise nor alarm."[1] And at the next page we are told of a dispatch containing "a message to her from Catherine de Medicis that her *husband's life* was in danger." Mr. Froude is really incorrigible. The message never existed but in his imagination. Catherine had nothing whatever to do with the warning, did not even know that it was given, and of course sent no message. He is never at a loss for an occasion to couple Mary Stuart's name with that of Catherine de Medicis, although full well knowing there never was any sympathy between them, and that, next to Elizabeth, she was Mary's most pitiless enemy. "She preferred to believe!" There was no choice whatever, for the dispatch (from Archbishop Beaton in Paris) did not advise Mary that her husband's life was in danger, but that Mary Stuart herself was in danger. It reads: "The ambassador of Spaigne requests me to advertise you to *tak heid to yourself.* I have had sum murmuring in likeways be others, that there be some surprise to be transacted in your contrair," etc. And when later the archbishop thanked the Spanish Ambassador in the Queen's name for the warning he had given, the ambassador replied: —

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[1] Mr. Burton too accuses Mary of "endeavoring to stamp, on the first news of the tragedy, the impression that she had herself made a providential escape." But the Scotch historian may not be acquainted with the warning letter from Paris.

> "Suppose it came too late, yet apprise her majesty that I am informed, by the same means as I was before, *that there is still some notable enterprise in hand against her whereof I wish her to beware in time.*"

"She did not attempt to fly." If she had, Mr. Froude is ready to say that she could not support the presence of her victim. "She sent for none of the absent noblemen to protect her," and "Murray was within reach, but she did not seem to desire his presence!"

The historian who makes these statements knows perfectly well that: *First,* Drury wrote Cecil at the time, "She hath twice sent for the Earl of Murray, who *stayeth himself* by my ladie in her sickness." *Second,* Melville also wrote to Cecil that "Mary has summoned Murray and all the lords," and that, "The Earl of Athol and the comptroller of the royal household having gone away, the Queen ordered them back *on penalty of rebellion.*" *Third,* The papal legate in France wrote to the Duke of Tuscany that "Murray, summoned by the Queen, would not come." But, nothing daunted, he continues: "Lennox, Darnley's father, was at Glasgow or near it, but she did not send for him." This statement gives the lie to Drury, who at the time reported to Cecil that Mary sent for Lennox, and flatly contradicts "the stainless," in whose diary, filed as a part of the evidence against his sister, is found an entry of February 11 (day of the murder) to the effect that the Queen sent for Lennox. "She spent the morning in writing a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow." Positively, she did not. Maitland wrote the letter. The Queen merely signed it.

The flourish of Simancas quotation (Spanish) at page 381 amounts to nothing. Moret told De Silva nothing, for the reason that he had nothing to tell. If there was anything unfriendly in the tone of either it was on the part of De Silva, not of Moret. The English Ambassador at Madrid had reported the Spanish council as "disliking the toleration the Queen of Scots allows to the Protestant religion in Scotland," and this is the secret of De Silva's coldness towards Mary. Mr. Froude has concealed the fact that Mary refused to join the Catholic League, and in also concealing the cause of the Spanish ill-will towards Mary, he leads the reader to suppose that it springs from the belief in her complicity with the murder.

To the attention of readers who have studied the philosophy of history, we commend the following entirely new method of getting at the heart of a mystery: —

> "It is therefore of the highest importance to ascertain the immediate belief of the time at which the murder took place, while party opinions were still unshaped and party action undetermined. The reader is invited to follow the story as it unfolded itself from day to day. He will be shown each event as it occurred, with the impressions which it formed upon the minds of those who had the best means of knowing the truth." (ix. 3.)

We are asked to receive as proofs, contemporary impressions concerning the nature of a plot shrouded in darkness, where those "who had the best means of knowing the truth" were precisely those whose lips were closely sealed; and, finally, to accept as evidence, contemporary impressions fabricated and juggled by vile assassins seeking to throw the infamy of their crimes upon others. Will some one take the "impressions which each event" connected with the Nathan murder "formed upon the minds of those who had the best means," etc., and tell us who killed Mr. Nathan? M. Wiesener thus accurately characterizes this discovery of Mr. Froude: "To penetrate the deep mystery of a wicked plot," stop the first man you meet in the street, or —*parlez au concierge.* But if, as asserted, it be true that it is of the highest importance to ascertain the immediate belief of the time, why are we not told that a published rumor accused Queen Elizabeth of the murder; that another one ascribed it to Catherine de Medicis; that Buchanan states in his "Detection" that public report in England pointed to Murray, Morton, and their friends as the assassins, and that a far better authority (Camden) confirms the same story?

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WITNESSES.

> **"An English jury would sooner believe the whole party perjured than persuade themselves that so extraordinary a coincidence would have occurred."**

In introducing the evidence of Crawford, who was sent by Lennox to spy and report upon the Queen while in Glasgow, Mr. Froude informs us, in a note (viii. 364), that "the conversation as related by Darnley to Crawford tallies exactly with that given by Mary herself to Bothwell in the casket-letters." Tallies exactly? Why, it tallies miraculously. The conversation between Mary and Darnley occurred in the last week of January, 1567. Crawford's deposition was not taken until the summer of 1568, when it was given at the solicitation of Lennox and Murray's secretary (Wood), who wrote to Crawford requesting him "by all possible methods to search for more matters against her," and specially to report everything he could ascertain as to her coming to Glasgow, "the company that came with her," his discourse with her, all that passed between her and the King, *if she used to send any messages to Edinburgh, by whom she sent them*, etc. Crawford made his statement — a very full one, but in it is wholly silent as to messengers sent by the Queen. As the spy for Mary's enemy Lennox, he would scarcely have overlooked her dispatching missives to Edinburgh. But the casket-letter story makes her send off two letters from Glasgow, one by Paris and another by Beaton, and although both these men were alive and easily obtained for the Westminster examination, they were not produced.

But to return to "tallies exactly." It does, and for the excellent reason that the casket-letter describing the same interview set forth in Crawford's deposition was manufactured from that deposition. Both deposition and letter recount the same conversation. Crawford claims to repeat what Darnley told him of it, and the casket-letter is given as Mary Stuart's relation of the same interview. It would be but natural that Crawford's version, passing through two memories, Darnley's and his own, should differ from Mary's; the more so as the latter is pretended to have been written in January, 1567, while Crawford's deposition was given eighteen months later, in 1568. Such difference would be inevitable, and the variations in phraseology important. Therefore we say that "exact tally," under the circumstances, is little less than miraculous, if not the result of forgery. We subjoin specimens of the deposition and of the letter. If two short-hand reporters had been present at the conversation they could not have produced versions so nearly alike. It will be remarked that not only is the agreement of the three sources, Darnley, Crawford, and Mary, perfect as to substance, but that the forms of expression are identical. Mr. Hosack well observes,—

> "That any two persons should agree, with such perfect accuracy, in relating from memory a conversation of this length, is a circumstance that must strike with astonishment every one who has marked the discrepancies which every day occur in courts of justice between intelligent witnesses even on the simplest matters of fact." (p. 193.)

CRAWFORD'S DEPOSITION.	ALLEGED LETTER OF THE QUEEN.
"You asked me what I meant by the cruelty specified in my letters; it proceedeth of you only, that will not accept my offers and repentance. I confess that I have failed in some things, and yet greater faults have been made to you sundry	"You asked me what I mean by the cruelty contained in my letter; it is of you alone, that will not accept my offers and repentance. I confess that I have failed, but not into that which I ever denied; and such like

times, which you have forgiven. I am but young, and you will say you have forgiven me divers times. May not a man of my age, for lack of counsel, of which I am very destitute, fall twice or thrice, and yet repent and be chastised by experience?

"If I have made any faile that you think a faile, howsoever it be, I crave your pardone, and protest that I shall never faile againe. I desire no other thinge but that we may be together as husband and wife. And if ye will not consent hereto, I desire never to rise forthe of this bed. Therefore I praye you give me an answer hereunto," etc.

has failed to sundry of our subjects, which you have forgiven. I am young. You will say that you have forgiven me ofttimes, and that yet I return to my faults. May not a man of my age, for lack of counsel, fall twice or thrice, or in lack of his promise, and at last repent himself, and be chastised by experience?

"If I may obtain pardon, I protest I shall never make fault again. And I crave no other thing but that we may be at bed and board together as husband and wife; and if ye will not consent hereunto, I shall never rise out of this bed. I pray now, tell me your resolution," etc.

The device of the Scotch forgers was clever. Crawford's declaration once made, the idea readily suggested itself to the conspirators of reproducing an account of the interview, as though written by the Queen to Bothwell, thus giving an air of *vraisemblance* to the forged letters most desirable for their purpose. It was done, but the forger stuck too closely to the original. We are so fortunate as to be able to cite on this point the admirably expressed (as to suspicious concordance of several versions) opinion of a distinguished writer, who sums up the argument in a masterly manner, and we ask for it the reader's special attention. He supposes the description of an incident by three different persons, and says: —

> "If we were to find but a single paragraph in which two out of three agreed verbally, we should regard it as a very strange coincidence. *If all three agreed verbally, we should feel certain it*

was more than accident. If throughout their letters there was a recurring series of such passages, no doubt would be left in the mind of any one that either the three correspondents had seen each other's letters, or that each had had before him some common narrative which he had incorporated in his own account. It might be doubtful which of these two explanations was the true one; but that one or other of them was true, *unless we suppose a miracle*, is as certain as any conclusion in human things can be certain at all. And were the writers themselves, with their closest friends and companions, to swear that there had been no intercommunication, and no story preëxisting of which they had made use, and that each had written *bonâ fide* from his own original observation, an *English jury would sooner believe the whole party perjured than persuade themselves that so extraordinary a coincidence would have occurred.*"

This reasoning is incontrovertible. Now apply it to the case under consideration.

The conversation between Darnley and Mary is the incident. The Glasgow letter is one version of it; Darnley's narrative to Crawford is another, and Crawford's deposition the third. Thus the writer we cite has admirably demonstrated that *unless we suppose a miracle*, one of these accounts (letter and deposition) was copied from the other. We are also entirely of the opinion of Mr. Burton, who finds that the casket-letter and Crawford's testimony "agree with an overwhelming exactness."

For the authority cited as of the opinion that an English jury would sooner believe the whole party perjured, etc., the passage may be found at p. 210 of "Short Studies on Great Subjects," by "James Anthony Froude, M. A."

In introducing the deposition of Paris (Nicholas Hubert), details are prudently avoided. "Paris made two depositions, the first not touching Mary, the second fatally implicating her." Very true. The first deposition was a voluntary one; but he was tortured before the second was taken. "This last was read over in his presence. He signed it, and was then executed, that there might be no retraction or contradiction." (ix. 4.) Surely the precaution was radical. But Paris could not have signed the *deposition*, nor known what it contained, for he could neither write nor read. "The haste and concealment," continues Mr. Froude, "were merely intended to baffle Elizabeth." Then there was "haste and concealment!" Let us see. Murray gave out that Paris was arrested in Denmark and brought to Scotland in June, 1569, that his first deposition was taken August 9, the second August 10, and that he was executed August 16, 1569. *There is no record of his trial, no statement as to who interrogated him, nor by what court he was condemned;* nor is there any judicial or other proper legal authentication of his deposition. Murray wrote to Elizabeth that Paris "suffered death by order of law" — law here, we suppose, standing for "Murray." All others arrested for the Darnley murder were tried and executed in Edinburgh; but Paris was secretly taken away from there, secretly tortured, secretly tried, if tried at all, by Murray's orders, and finally executed at St. Andrew's, Murray's own castle. On the scaffold, he "declared before God that he never carried any such letters, nor that the Queen was participant nor of counsel in the cause." (Tytler, vol. i. p. 29.) But, more than this, Mr. Hosack, in his late work on Mary Stuart, proves, from a document lately discovered in the Danish archives, that Paris was delivered to Murray, not in the summer of 1569, as Murray represented, but eight months earlier, namely, on the 30th October, 1568, *before the Westminster proceedings had yet opened.* Paris is the only witness made to charge the Queen directly with adultery and murder. Murray could easily have produced him at Westminster, and was not prevented by any delicacy of feeling, for these were the very charges he himself brought against his sister. Meantime, the fact that Paris was then in Murray's prison was kept a profound secret until long after the commission had adjourned. The paper called the second deposition of Paris was written by one Robert Ramsay,[1] and witnessed by two of Murray's dependents, both, like himself, pensioners of Elizabeth, and prominent among the worst enemies of Mary. When the depositions were sent to London, the first was made known, but the second was concealed, filed away among Cecil's papers, and not made public until 1725. A distinguished English historian is of the opinion that a charge of crime kept back or concealed for twenty-five years cannot be relied upon as evidence. What, then, are we to think of one concealed for one hundred and fifty-six years? The historian we refer to is Mr. Froude, who remarks upon the accusation brought against Leicester of the murder of his wife, Amy Robsart: —

> "The charity of later years has inclined to believe that it was a calumny invented, etc., etc.; and *as it was not published till a quarter of a century after the crime* — if crime there was — had been committed, *it will not be relied upon in this place for evidence.*" (vii. 288.)

You see, we must draw the line somewhere. Against an edifying English gentleman like Leicester, we cannot admit testimony after, say, twenty years; but it will give us great pleasure to receive any evidence against Mary Stuart to the end of time. The second deposition, taken August 10, was secretly sent up to Cecil by Murray on the 15th of October, 1569, "gif furder pruif be requirit." Cecil at once saw that he could make no public use of a document like this taken by and before such notorious agents of Murray as Buchanan, Wood, and Ramsay, and, says Chalmers, "he desired the hypocritical regent of Scotland to send him a *certified copy* of the same declaration of Paris. Whereupon a notary, one Alexander Hay, obliges Murray by certifying a copy as true, but, unfortunately for the credit of the document, he omitted the names of the witnesses to the original paper, and represented himself as sole witness to the declaration of Paris!" Hay was clerk of Murray's Privy Council.

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[1] "Writer of this declaration, servant to my Lord Regent's Grace."

Referring to this deposition of Paris, the "North American Review" (vol. xxxiv.) says it was "wrung from him by torture, by those most deeply interested in finding Mary guilty, ... under circumstances so suspicious throughout that such evidence would not now be admitted by a country justice in case of trover."

"Such testimony as that of Paris is justly rejected both by the Roman and our own Scottish laws," says Bishop Keith, Primate of the Scottish Episcopal Church. He further exposes its inconsistencies in detail, and adds, "his very declaration *hammered out as it now stands,* carries along some things that have not the best aspect in the world."

But not all "the charity of later years," nor Mr. Froude's lofty views of the mission of the historian, have been able to induce him to give any intimation to his reader that the authenticity of this incredible narrative of Paris was ever questioned. On the contrary, as with the casket-letters, Paris is so interwoven with Froude in the text that the reader must be specially attentive if he wishes to distinguish one from the other.

If Mary Stuart was guilty as charged, and Paris had the knowledge of her guilt as he is made to state it in his second deposition, the shocking fact of the participation of a wife, and that wife a queen, in the murder of her husband, would naturally have been the salient feature of his first deposition. And yet in that deposition, in which he appears to have told his story in his own way, he says nothing to implicate the Queen. The second deposition is taken on interrogatories, and not only makes the strongest possible case against the Queen,[1] but strongly implicates Maitland,

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[1] As, for instance, Paris is supposed to be sent by Bothwell to the Queen with this message which certainly has the merit of perfect freedom from ambiguity: "Madame, Mons. Bothwell has ordered me to bring him the

Huntly, Argyll, and others who, by a singular coincidence, had lately broken with Murray and gone over to the Queen. This deposition is dated August 10, 1569, more than six months after the Westminster conference, and although it purports to have been taken in presence of Buchanan, he says not a word concerning it in his "Detection." In fact, neither he nor Cecil dared bring it forward. The matter of the deposition was too improbable to impose on any one; the form showed fraud, and the dates were at variance with themselves and those of Murray's journal. Thus, Paris says he accompanied the Queen to Glasgow, remained "two days there," when the Queen sent him to Edinburgh with a letter to Bothwell. But here Mr. Froude flatly contradicts his own witness. He makes Paris arrive at Glasgow Friday, January 25th, and sends him off with the letter the next morning (Saturday 26th). And now comes "the stainless," who contradicts them both. He deposited with the Commissioners at Westminster his own journal, or diary of events in Scotland, from the birth of the prince to the Battle of Langside, to be used as documentary evidence in the case. According to the diary, Mary arrived at Glasgow Thursday (23d), and left on Monday (27th). "In this time she wrote her bylle and other letters to Bothwell."

But the dates fixed by the first Glasgow letter throw all the foregoing dates into a hopeless muddle. Mr. Froude makes the Queen begin her letter on Friday and send it off on Saturday morning, — Paris reaching Edinburgh Saturday night, fifty miles in dead of winter (viii. 371); but the letter itself would show that it was not begun until Saturday if, as Mr. Froude has it, she arrived on Friday. It contains these expressions in the first part of the letter: "The King sent for Joachim *yesterday*," and "he confessed

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keys of your room; he wishes to arrange something there, that is, to blow up the King with gunpowder." Thus Bothwell and the Queen form a secret plan to murder Darnley, and, lest the trifle might slip their memories, interchange messages by servants to remind each other of the little arrangement!

it, but it was *the morning after my coming.*" Then at the close of the first half: "Send you good rest, as I go to seek mine, till to-morrow in the morning, when I will end my bylle;" and at the end of the second part; "I had *yesternight* no paper." This brings the completion of the letter to Sunday afternoon, when, as we have seen, Mr. Froude's Paris has it delivered the day previous in Edinburgh, while the second letter, dated "this Saturday morning," is already written and dispatched by Beaton the previous day. Mr. Froude's Paris delivers his letter to Bothwell on Sunday, waits for the reply, and "rode back through the night to his mistress" — fifty miles in one winter's night! But here Mr. Froude is utterly crushed out by an authority he dare not question — Murray's diary: —

January 24*th.* Bothwell "took journey towards Liddesdale," — a distance of seventy miles.

January 28*th* (Tuesday). "Earl Bothwell came back from Liddesdale;" so that, according to Mr. Froude, Paris delivered a letter to Bothwell at Edinburg on Sunday, when, if he will permit us to take Murray's word, Bothwell was seventy miles away.

The exposure of irreconcilable inconsistencies such as these could be continued indefinitely. It was its flagrant contradiction of Murray's diary that mainly prevented the use of the Paris deposition.

It may now be looked upon as clearly ascertained, that although the explosion is said to have been caused solely by the powder placed by Bothwell's men, yet, unknown to Bothwell, and before Darnley came to Kirk o' Field, the foundation walls were undermined, and, in the language of the indictment against Morton, the powder was placed by him and his accomplices "under the ground, and angular stones, and within the vaults, in low and dark parts and places thereof to that effect." Did Mary Stuart have this powder thus placed, and then leave Holyrood to go there and sleep directly over it several nights in succession?

The explosion was terrific, and the foundation stones, of enormous size and weight, were blown into the air; but certainly not by Bothwell's powder, which was in the story over the cellar.

It is also clear from the evidence that Darnley and his servant (Taylor) were not killed by the explosion, but were strangled or *burked*, and carried to the spot in the orchard — eighty yards from the house — where they were found without trace of burn, smoke, or contusion upon them. Nor are these facts at all disturbed by the belief of Bothwell's men (Hey and Hepburn) that they blew up the house with Darnley in it.[1] There was plot, inner plot, and side plot, — with, probably, a branch plot never clearly revealed, and indicated only by the appearance of Ker of Faudonside,[2] who rode hard from the English Border at the risk of his life in order to be present that night. He is the man who at the Riccio murder drew a pistol on the Queen. Was he too an accomplice of Mary Stuart? The clumsy Bothwell was thrust forward by his sharper fellow-conspirators. The mine placed by Morton's agent, Douglass, Maitland, and the two Balfours (one of whom owned the house), and of which Bothwell was kept in ignorance, was to make sure work of both Darnley and the Queen, and explains the warning [3] that reached Mary from Paris a few hours after the catastrophe.[4]

The side plot was that carried into execution by the Archibald Douglass party. Douglass was the man seen in armor, silk cloak, and velvet slippers, one of which he lost on the ground. This was the band in whose hands "the king was long of dying, and to his strength made debate for life." (Drury to Cecil.) These were the men to whom were addressed the words heard by some women dwelling near the garden: "Ah, my kinsmen, have mercy on me for love of Him who had mercy on us all." Archibald Douglass was a blood-kinsman of Darnley, and Morton on his trial stated, "Mr. Archibald then after the deed was done, shewed me that he was at the deed-doing." All the contemporary evidence overwhelmingly bears out this version of Darnley's death. "He was strangled." Melville asserts it. Knox, who had means of knowing, believed it. Herries details it, and Drury states it under circumstances going to show that he had his information from Murray. It is true that Buchanan also asserts it, but his testimony is only of importance in so far as it is corroborated by some credible witness. Great efforts were made by the chief conspirators to suppress all intelligence as to the real manner of Darnley's death, in order to accumulate suspicion directly on Bothwell and indirectly on the Queen; and Mr. Froude is content with Murray's statement: "Some said that they were smothered in their sleep — some say that they were caught and strangled."

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[1] "He knew nothing but that Darnley was blown into the air, for he was handled with no man's hand that he saw." — *Hepburn's Declaration.*

[2] "Sir Andrew Carr with others was on horseback near unto the place for aid to the cruel enterprise if need had been," writes Drury from the Border.

[3] *Ante*, p. 154.

[4] For the mine it is clearly shown that James Balfour furnished sixty pounds of powder (which he paid for in oil), and Archibald Douglass a barrel of powder.

The murderers secured Darnley's papers, and among them the letter referred to by Murray in his diary as written by the Queen[1] to Darnley, February 7. Mr. Caird[2] states good reasons for believing the letter commencing *J'aye veillé plus tard*, etc., to be the one then written to Darnley. It is the same in which she says, "Like a bird escaped from the cage, or the dove without its mate, I shall remain alone to lament," etc., of which the forgers impudently made in the copy presented at York, "Mak gude watch. If the bird escape out of the cage," etc. — claiming that the caution was addressed by Mary to Bothwell concerning Darnley.

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[1] "She confronted the king and my Lord of Holyruindhouse conforme to her letter written the nycht before." Mr. Froude describes Robert Stuart as "Abbot of St. Cross" — translating *Ste. Croix* by St. Cross, instead of *Holyrood.*

[2] *Mary Stuart. Her Guilt or Innocence. An Inquiry into the Secret History of her Times.* By Alexander McNeel Caird. Edinburgh: 1869. Mr. Caird's work does not undertake to recount the life of Mary Stuart, but is mainly occupied with examination of the questions involved in the murder of Darnley and the marriage with Bothwell. The Preface to his second edition exposes several of Mr. Froude's misstatements, and seriously damages his reputation as a historian. The work is written with spirit and an evident familiarity with the authorities. It is a most valuable historical contribution.

In addition to the motives of revenge for Darnley's betrayal of his associates in the Riccio murder, and of impatience at the overbearing insolence of "a young fool and proud tyrant," as expressed in the bond of the nobility seen by Ormiston, the principal lords, Murray, Maitland, and others, had the more powerful incentive of removing him as the main obstacle to the confirmation of the valuable grants of crown lands bestowed upon them (Murray most of all) by the Queen, which by law she might yet revoke before reaching the age of twenty-five, and which, had Darnley lived, she certainly would have revoked. We shall see Killigrew come up from London to "inquire into the truth," and hear these very men, with Murray at their head, tell him "there are great suspicions but no proof," when they personally knew every man engaged in the murder. Murray tells De Silva (ix. 37) that there were from thirty to forty persons concerned in it. For nine months, Murray had been the Queen's Prime Minister and principal reliance in executive matters, and, as it was then phrased, "had the whole guiding of the Queen and her realm." For nine months he had been in constant attendance at court; but only a few hours before the murder suddenly leaves, in spite of Mary's urgent request that he should remain for an important diplomatic reception. Being gone, he refuses to return, although repeatedly entreated thereto. Mr. Froude reluctantly admits (ix. 35): —

"It is unlikely that he should have been entirely ignorant of a conspiracy to which the whole court in some degree were parties. His departure from Edinburgh on the morning of the murder suggests that he was aware that some dark deed was intended, which he could not prevent."

Murray's absence from Edinburgh generally coincided with some catastrophe. "Perhaps" he knew Darnley was to be murdered. He was, we are assured, unfortunately "unable to interfere." The Queen's brother, the Prime Minister, the most powerful noble, the most influential man in all Scotland — "unable to interfere" to prevent a deliberate murder! Not afraid, take notice, but *unable.* Mr. Froude is right; Murray *was* unable to interfere, for he was banded with Morton, Maitland, Bothwell, and the rest to take Darnley's life.

The assertion (viii. 361) that "the dying depositions of the instruments of the crime taken on the steps of the scaffold," support the accusation against Mary Stuart, is, if possible, still more unfortunate than the accompanying statement of "keenest inquiry" into the genuineness of the casket-letters. The "keenest inquiry" was no inquiry worth the name. As to dying depositions, let us see. We find — on the best authority, that of Drury (Murray?) — Captain Cullen designated as one who notoriously "*revealed the whole circumstances.*" We have seen that after Bothwell was a fugitive and the Queen a prisoner, Captain Cullen was killed in his dungeon and his confession suppressed by Morton and Maitland. But at that time, it may be urged, Murray had not returned from France. Later, all powerful as Regent, we shall doubtless see him arrest and punish the murderers. But Cecil's information to his friend the English Ambassador at Paris, as to what Murray was about when he went to Edinburgh to meet Killigrew, just after Darnley's death, accurately prefigures his course: "Morton, Murray, and others mean to be at Edinburgh very shortly, *as they pretend to search out the malefactor.*"[1]

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[1] See Appendix No. 6.

Cullen being put out of the way, let us inquire as to the fate of the other prisoners. With indecent haste, Murray caused Dalgleish, Powrie, Hay, and Hepburn to be tried, convicted, and executed on the same day. Dalgleish was afterwards said to have been the bearer of the famous silver casket. On the scaffold Hay and Hepburn publicly accused as parties to the murder several friends of Murray, and they affirmed that the Queen to their knowledge knew nothing of the plot.[1] All these men had been in prison for from three to six months before their execution. They were known to have accused the leading lords in their confessions, but these confessions were in part suppressed, and only such portions produced by Murray as made no mention of his friends and accused Bothwell alone. The "Diurnal of Occurrents," contemporary Puritan authority, records that John Hay confessed before the whole people that a bond for the King's murder was made by Bothwell, Huntly, Argyll, Maitland, and Balfour, "with divers other nobles of this realm." And, adds the chronicler, all these nobles but Bothwell being then in Edinburgh, "incontinently they departed therefrom, which makes the charge against them the more probable." Leslie, Bishop of Ross, told Murray and his confederates, —

> "We can tell you that John Hay, that Powry, that Dalgleish, and last of all that Paris, all being put to death for this crime, took God to record at the time of their death, that this murder was by your counsel, invention, and drift committed. Who also declared that they never knew the Queen to be participant or aware thereof."

This challenge was published by Leslie in his "Defence of Queen Mary's Honour" in 1671; and Bishop Keith very forcibly remarks that as this was before Buchanan began to write his history of Scotland, it might have been expected he should take some notice of this bold affirmation as to declarations made on the scaffold by dying witnesses of the Queen's innocence, "and have obtained proper credentials from persons then alive, and present at the execution, for silencing the Bishop of Ross."

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[1] We are aware that Hepburn is claimed to have told Crawford that the Queen was implicated, but this rests on Crawford's verbal statement, while Hepburn's deposition, taken by those most anxious to incriminate the Queen, contains not a word against her.

> "But of this, no word drops from him at all; nay, which is not a little observable, he does not in the least fortify his own narration by the testimony of this Frenchman (Paris), though he had been at pains in his wicked 'Detection' to take together all such reports as he thought would any way contribute to stain the Queen."[1]

Camden in his "Annals" also states the fact of the dying declarations of these witnesses as to the innocence of the Queen. To the same effect also is the contemporary authority of the declaration made at the convention of Scotch nobles in September, 1568, in which they charge the rebel lords with offering remission of the crime of which they had convicted sundry persons, "if they would say that her Grace was guilty thereof. . . . they (the lords) were guilty thereof only, as was deponed by them who suffered death therefor; who declared at all times the Queen our Sovereign to be innocent thereof." This was the declaration of seven earls, twelve lords, and sixteen prelates.

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[1] Keith, vol. ii. p. 515.

CHAPTER XV.

MURRAY AND BOTHWELL.

"To draw conclusions is the business of the reader; it has been mine to search for the facts." — FROUDE'S *History of England*, vol. iv. p. 485.

EARLY in March, 1567, Elizabeth sent an ambassador (Killigrew) down to Scotland to carry out certain instructions and "to inquire into the truth" concerning Darnley's murder; and we ask the reader's special attention to the account given by Mr. Froude of Killigrew's report of his mission. It is one of the most remarkable of his perversions. A bolder piece of invention, a more reckless tampering with a historical document, is rarely met with. On the very day of his arrival at Edinburgh, Killigrew was invited to dinner *by Murray*, and the distinguished guests bidden to meet him were Huntly, Argyll, *Bothwell*, and Maitland, — *all of them among the murderers of Darnley.* He was thus in a fair way "to inquire into the truth."

Killigrew himself states the facts of the invitation and the dinner, with the names of the lords he there met, in a letter to Cecil of March 8. Now, to Mr. Froude, these statements of Killigrew must be very unpleasant.

What? The "stainless" Murray, with full knowledge that Bothwell was Darnley's murderer, and that Huntly, Argyll, and Maitland were in the conspiracy, selecting these men as the choice and flower of the Scotch nobility, to honor by their presence the ambassador of the Queen of England, "sent down to Scotland to inquire into the truth" of the murder? The "pious" Murray extend-ing the right hand of fellowship to assassins?[1] It must not be. The scandal must be suppressed. Killigrew was rash to write such a letter. And our historian has the audacity to tell his readers (ix. 24) — referring to this very letter of Killigrew as his authority — "*He was entertained at dinner by the clique who had attended her* (Mary) *to Seton.*" A few pages earlier, Mary Stuart is described "on the morning of the 16th," going to Seton "attended by Bothwell, Huntly, Argyll, Maitland, Lords Fleming, Livingston, and a hundred other gentlemen;"[2] so that the reader must find out for himself who composed the clique. The "clique" entertained Killigrew! Not a whisper of Murray. The dinner passes off, but Murray who gave it and presided at it is not visible in our historian's pages. Mr. Froude goes on with his travestie of Killigrew's letter, and hereupon follows a wonderful version of Killigrew's audience with the Queen, and at the end of the next page, with a decided air of "no connection with the establishment over the way," the historian informs us — casually, as it were — "*One other person of note he saw, and that was the Earl of Murray.*" The earl could not possibly leave his wife, in compliance with Mary Stuart's repeated entreaties to come to Edinburgh, but we find that he hastens thither instantly when advised of Killigrew's coming. Murray's master, Cecil, in a letter written just before Killigrew's arrival, throws an interesting light on these movements. He writes to the English Ambassador at Paris: "Morton, Murray, and others mean to be at Edinburgh very shortly, *as they pretend* to search out the malefactor."[3] We give Sir

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[1] This on Mr. Froude's theory that Murray himself was not one of the principals in the murder. At the very least they had his assurance "that he would look through his fingers and behold their doings, saying nothing to the same."

[2] Mr. Froude is here flatly contradicted by authority he cannot question: "Upon the sixteenth day of the said month of February, our Sovereign Lady past from Holyrood House to Seton, and *left the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell in the Palace of Holyrood.*" — *Diurnal of Occurrents.*

[3] Original in English Record Office, Cabala, 126.

Henry Killigrew's letter of March 8, and by its side Mr. Froude's account of the contents of the letter. The passages in Mr. Froude's version which he says Killigrew wrote, *but which cannot be found* in Killigrew's letter, are given in *italics* :—

MR. FROUDE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CONTENTS OF SIR H. KILLIGREW'S LETTER TO CECIL OF MARCH 8, 1567. (ix. 24, 25.)

"Killigrew reached Edinburgh on the 8th of March, one day behind her. He was entertained at a dinner *by the clique who had attended her to Seton*, and in the afternoon was admitted to a *brief* audience. *The windows were half-closed*, the rooms were darkened, and in *the profound gloom* the English Ambassador was unable to see the Queen's face, but by her words she seemed 'very doleful.' She expressed herself *warmly grateful* for Elizabeth's *kindness, but said little of the murder, and turned the conversation chiefly on politics. She spoke of Ireland, and undertook to prevent her subjects from giving trouble there ; she repeated her willingness to ratify* the treaty of Leith, and *professed herself generally anxious to meet Elizabeth's wishes.*

"*With these general expressions, she perhaps hoped that Killigrew would have been contented, but on one point his orders were positive. He represented to her*

SIR H. KILLIGREW'S LETTER TO CECIL, MARCH 8, 1567. (In Chalmers, i. 324, London ed.; American edition, Philadelphia, 1822, p. 154.)

"SIR : Although I trust, to be shortly with you, yet, have I thought good to write somewhat, in the mean time. I had no audience before this day (8th March, 1566-7), which was after I had dined, with my Lord of Murray, who was accompanied with my Lord Chancellor (Huntley), the Earl of Argyle, my Lord Bothwell, and the Laird of Lidington (Secretary Maitland).

"I found the queen's majesty, in a dark chamber, so as I could not see her face ; but by her words she seemed very doleful ; and did accept my sovereign's letters, and message, in very thankful manner ; as I trust, will appear, by her answer, which I hope to receive, within these two days ; and I think will tend to satisfy the queen's majesty, as much as this present can permit, not only for the matters of Ireland, but also the treaty of Leith.

"Touching news, I can write no more, than is written by *the unanimity with which Bothwell had been fastened upon as one of the murderers of the King; and before he took his leave he succeeded in extorting a promise from her that the earl should be put upon his trial. His stay in Scotland was to be brief, and the little which he trusted himself to write was extremely guarded. The people, he rapidly found, were in no humor to entertain questions of church policy. The mind of every one was riveted on the one all-absorbing subject.* As to the perpetrators, he said there were 'great suspicions, but no proof,' and so far '*no one had been apprehended.*' 'He saw no present appearance of trouble, but a general misliking among the commons and some others which abhorred the detestable murder of their king as a shame to the whole nation — the preachers praying openly that God would please both to reveal and revenge — exhorting all men to prayer and repentance.'"

others. I find great suspicions, and no proof, nor appearance of apprehension, yet, although I am made believe, I shall ere I depart hence, receive some information.

"My Lord of Lennox hath sent, to request the queen, that such persons, as were named, in the bill [placard] should be taken. Answer is made him, that if he, or any, will stand to the accusation of any of them, it shall be done; but, not by virtue of the bill, or his request. I look to hear what will come from him to that point. His lordship is among his friends, beside Glasgow, where he thinketh himself safe enough, as a man of his told me.

"I see no troubles at present, nor appearance thereof; but a general misliking, among the commons, and some others, which the detestable murder of their king, a shame, as they suppose, to the whole nation.

"The preachers say, and pray, openly to God, that it will please him, both to reveal, and revenge it; exhorting all men to prayer and repentance.

"Your most bounden to obey,
"H. KYLLYGREW."

Mr. Froude's remark (ix. 26) that "We are stepping into a region where the very atmosphere is saturated with falsehood," is out of place, and comes too late by several volumes.

Our historian is shocked (ix. 9) at Mary's neglect of "forty days' seclusion, the usual period prescribed for royal mourning."

Prescribed where? In France, for the widow of a reigning king. Not in Scotland, even for a king, much less a king consort. "You mocked and jested among yourselves," said honest Adam Blackwood to the Froudes of his day, "at the keeping of her closet, at her candle, at her black mourning attire; now you blame her that she took not long enough in performing those duties which you hold in conscience to be superstitious." Mary fulfilled these duties shut up at Edinburgh Castle, in a close room hung with black and lighted by tapers, as long as it was allowed by her physicians. On their representations, the Privy Council urged her "to repair to some good, open, and wholesome air," and she accordingly went to Seton Castle, accompanied by a numerous retinue, in which, as a matter of course, Mr. Froude gives Bothwell a prominent position. But Bothwell, as we have seen, did not go to Seton at all. Buchanan says "she went daily into the fields among ruffians," and Mr. Froude, whose inspiration is Buchanan, having long in advance told the old exploded "butts" story, says, "the days were spent in hunting and shooting," and the Queen "was amusing herself with her cavaliers at Seton." He quotes Drury's letter to Cecil of March 29, but is unable to see in it this passage concerning the Queen: —

> "She hath been for the most part *either melancholy or sickly ever since, especially this week;* upon Tuesday and Wednesday *often swooned*. . . . . The Queen breaketh very much. Upon Sunday last divers were witness, for there was mass of Requiem and Dirge for the King's soul. . . . . The Queen went on Friday night, with two gentlewomen with her, into the chapel about eleven, and tarried there till near unto three of the clock."

It was at this time that Mary was more anxious than ever to return to the country where she had spent her happy youth. So far from desiring to remain in Scotland with Bothwell, as her enemies say, she made the most strenuous exertions to arrange for her retirement to France. And they were the more strenuous because of their secrecy. We know it only from an independent source. The Spanish Ambassador at Paris advises the King of Spain (March 15, 1567): "The Queen of Scotland is so much alarmed that I understand she is anxious to come to this kingdom, to live in a town assigned to her for her dower; but here they are opposed to her coming, and do their utmost to induce her to remain where she is." "*But here they are opposed to her coming*," shows us plainly that there now is, in reality, a "court of Catherine de Medicis."

Will Mr. Froude, or some one for him, explain how it is that Murray, the model Christian man, the "noble gentleman of stainless honor," could stand by and look quietly on at the preparations for Darnley's murder progressing before his very eyes? He was the first officer next the crown and the most influential man in the kingdom. But he lifted not a finger, spoke not a word.[1] He could have warned Mary, he could have warned Darnley. But when Darnley was warned by Robert Douglass, and a fierce quarrel ensued, Murray, sent for and appealed to by the Queen, was still mute. There is no circumstance going more forcibly to show Mary's utter unconsciousness of the plot than her conduct in this matter. She instantly calls in Murray. And when the crime was consummated, knowing that the Queen herself was the prize coveted by Bothwell and awarded him by the nobles, as his share of the plunder, could this brother find in his heart no word of kind warning if he believed his sister innocent, or of stern rebuke if he thought her guilty? In spite of Mary's earnest entreaties, tears, and prayers, he left Scotland (April 9) just before the trial of Bothwell. Pretending to go to France, he went straight to England. Immediately on his arrival at Berwick, Drury's correspondence with Cecil becomes more than ordinarily malignant, and Mr. Froude himself tells us of his insinuations to De Silva against the Queen. These were his outward acts. But as a strange commentary upon them, the revelations of later years have brought us his "last will and testament," privately executed by him before leaving Scotland. It is dated April 3, 1567, just six days before his departure, and appoints the Queen, Mary Stuart, to the charge of his only child, and that child a daughter, as "*overswoman* to see all things be handled and ruled for the well-being of my said daughter."

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[1] "Il ne veult n'ayder ne nuyre; mais c'est tout ung." "The Earl of Murray will neither help nor hinder us; but it is all one." — *First Deposition of Paris.*

Do men usually select a murderess and an adulteress to take charge of an only daughter when they are dead and gone?

THE MARSHAL'S REPORT.

One of our author's most elaborately finished and sensational pictures is the scene (ix. 42–44) where he describes Bothwell's departure from Holyrood to be tried for the murder of Darnley. The reader's especial attention to it is requested. As the authority for this recital, we are referred to the report made by a messenger charged with the delivery of a missive from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Mary; and we are assured by Mr. Froude that "*this officer has preserved, as in a photograph, the singular scene of which he was a witness.*" A certain importance is properly attached to the official missive of a subordinate to a superior officer, to whom he is responsible for the truth of his statements, and, under these circumstances, the report made by Drury's messenger naturally carries great weight with it. Unfortunately, though, our historian has chosen to substitute a sketch of his own for what he calls the officer's photograph. Passing over some of its minor misstatements, we come to "presently the earl [Bothwell] appeared, walking with Maitland." The beggarly Scots "fell back as Bothwell approached, and he [the officer, Provost-marshal of Berwick] presented his letter." And now we are made to see what was passing in Bothwell's mind: "The earl perhaps felt that too absolute a defiance might be unwise. He took it [notice, *Bothwell* took it] and went back into the palace, but presently returned, and said [Bothwell said] that the Queen was still sleeping; it would be given to her when the work of the morning was over." This narrative forces upon the reader the inference that Bothwell has at once exclusive charge of the Queen's affairs, and the *entrée* to her sleeping apartments.

We have long ceased to be astonished at any historical outrage from the pen of our author, and we are reluctantly compelled to believe that there is no perversion too shocking, no misrepresentation too bold, for one who could manipulate, as does Mr. Froude, the passage under consideration. The marshal, in his official report, made through Drury, states distinctly that Maitland (not Bothwell) demanded the letter, Maitland (not Bothwell) took the letter, Maitland (not Bothwell) returned, and Maitland (not Bothwell) gave him the answer he reports, but which, of course, is not the answer stated by Mr. Froude, who has "not yet succeeded in grasping the nature of inverted commas." Of the groom, the horse, the Queen at the open window, the farewell nod to Bothwell, THERE IS NOT A SYLLABLE IN THE MARSHAL'S STATEMENT.

Here is the text of the official report, beginning at the point where Maitland and Bothwell made their appearance: —

> "At the which, all the lords and gentlemen mounted on horseback, till that Lethington (Maitland) came to him demanding him the letter, which he delivered. The Earl of Bothwell and he returned to the Queen, and stayed there within half an hour, the whole troop of lords and gentlemen, still on horseback attending for his coming. Lethington seemed willing to have passed by the provost without any speech, but he pressed toward him,

and asked him if the Queen's majesty had perused the letter, and what service it would please her majesty to command him back again. He answered that as yet the Queen was sleeping, and therefore had not delivered the letter, and that there would not be any meet time for it till after the assize, wherefore he willed him to attend. So, giving place to the throng of people that passed, which was great, and, by the estimation of men of good judgment, *above four thousand gentlemen* besides others, the Earl Bothwell passed with a merry and lusty cheer, attended on with all the soldiers, being two hundred, all harkebusiers, to the Tolbooth." (Chalmers, vol. iii. p. 70.)

Our historian changes the marshal's "four thousand gentlemen" into "four thousand ruffians," thus concealing the fact that at this time Bothwell's cause was also the cause of Murray, Maitland, and of the great body of the nobility — his confederates in the Darnley murder, and who formed the court and jury about to try him for the crime of which he and they were equally guilty.[1] It is almost certain that the Queen never received the missive from Elizabeth, and did not at the time, if ever, know of the arrival of the messenger who brought it.[2] She never would, even as a matter of policy, have countenanced the incivility to which the marshal was subjected. Although Mr. Froude has a loop-hole of escape in adding to his reference note, "*Drury to Cecil, April,*" the words, "*Border MSS. printed in the appendix to the ninth volume of Mr. Tytler's 'Hist. of Scotland,'*" he has nevertheless, in his text, fully impressed the reader with the belief that he is perusing the recital of Elizabeth's messenger. The horse, the Queen at the window, the friendly nod, etc., are found in a fragment without date and of anonymous authorship, forwarded by Drury, whose business it was to gather and send to Cecil every rumor, report, and scandal concerning the Scottish court. Tytler gives it in an appendix as a portion of "disjointed pieces of news sent by some one of the many spies from whom Drury received information." Here it is: —

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[1] "The voluntary escort of four thousand gentlemen to his trial," says Aytoun, "is an unequivocal proof of the strength of his (Bothwell's) position at the time."

[2] Mr. Burton has the fairness to state that "On the day of the trial a messenger arrived with a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Mary, but in the confusion and excitement of the event of the day it is not known whether she received it."

> "The Queen sent a token and message to Bodwell, being at assize." "Bodwell rode upon the courser that was the king's, when he rode to the assyse. . . . . Ledington and others told the under-marshal that the Queen was asleep, when he himself saw her looking out of a window, showed him by *one of La Crok's* servants, and Ledington's wife with her; and Bodwell after he was on horseback looked up, and she gave him a friendly nod for a farewell."

What the marshal really saw and heard he officially reported, and we must decline accepting scrappy gossip and intangible authority to qualify it. If any such incidents had occurred, we would have heard of them from numerous sources. They were too remarkable to have been overlooked, and even Buchanan has no knowledge of them. The story of the "courser that was the king's" resembles Calderwood's stuff as to giving Darnley's old clothes to Bothwell.

It is hardly necessary to state that the history of the correspondence between the Queen and Lennox concerning the trial is elaborately misrepresented. The Queen did promptly all that could have been expected, and the tone of her letters to Lennox was, as ever, dignified, and with far more of kindness and consideration than he had any right to look for at her hands. If Darnley had had the advantage while living of such counsel as a true father and an honest man might have given him, there would have been no Kirk o' Field explosion, and no trial of Bothwell.

The fact that both Maitland and Morton[1] rode with Bothwell to the Tolbooth is concealed. "Four assessors" are mentioned. But "assessors," for all the modern reader knows, may mean clerks, whose duty it is to tax costs. It is not explained that these assessors were in fact judges. Mr. Froude's fear that "one or more of them might prove unmanageable" need excite no alarm. No men in the kingdom were more manageable. They were all of them Murray's creatures, — Lord Lindsay (his brother-in-law), Pitcairn, Henry Balnaves, and James Makgill. Lindsay was one of the assassins of Riccio, and was also in the murder conspiracy against Darnley. He is the same Lindsay who afterwards treated the Queen with such personal brutality to obtain her signature. Balnaves was one of the assassins of Cardinal Beaton. Makgill, "a subtle chicaner and imbroiler of the laws," was compromised in the Riccio murder, and now enrolled on the English pension list with his master. The last three were tools of Murray, and accompanied him to York with the forged casket-letters. Truly the danger was great that "one or more" of such villains as these should do otherwise than acquit a brother assassin. Caithness was not for an instant doubtful. Morton's excuse for not being present at the trial is misrepresented. He sent no such message as "he would have been glad to please the Queen." His reason for not being present at the assize was that the enmity notoriously existing between him and Darnley made it hazardous for him to take part in trial of one accused of his murder; and his message was: "Though the King had forgotten his part in respect of nature toward him, yet for that he was his kinsman he would rather pay for the forfeit." Cunningham (Lennox's agent) stated at the trial that he [Lennox] was denied of his friends — that is to say *refused* by them. For denied, Mr. Froude substitutes *denuded*, which looks as though he had been forcibly deprived of them, and has a much better effect.

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[1] "Mortonio causam ejus sustinente," says Camden.

The historian sneers at the Parliament (ix. 51), "or such packed assemblage as the Queen called by the name," and misrepresents the return of the Huntly estates, which was an act of the merest naked justice. The Parliament was as full as any of that time. According to our historian, it was composed of five prelates, six earls, six other noblemen, and a few commoners. But the official record[1] contradicts him, and gives nineteen prelates and abbots, ten earls, one of whom was Morton, sixteen lords, and seven commoners — full as large as any parliament of the period. "Price of the divorce!" The Queen's promise to Huntly had been made twenty months, and was given six months before Bothwell's marriage to Jane Gordon. Not four, but twenty-four acts were passed. The murderers of Darnley had lost no time in having it assembled, mainly for the purpose of confirming the crown grants which the Queen would otherwise be at liberty to revoke. These grants included nearly two thirds of all the crown lands. Morton's titles and possessions were not only confirmed to him, but the earldom of Angus with its large estates (Darnley's by right) was given to Morton's nephew, a boy of twelve. Large grants were made to Maitland's father. Argyll was held to have had enough in his wholesale plunder of the Lennox estates, for which, had he lived, Darnley would have held him accountable. And finally, *the largest and most elaborately framed Act* of all that were passed was one eight columns long as now printed, securing to Murray his earldom and its lands. Murray, thus placed on record by himself, was, through his friends, quite sufficiently present in Edinburgh for the purposes of the Act of Parliament, but not for the Ainslie bond, thinks Mr. Froude.

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[1] In Anderson, vol. i. part 2, pp. 113–114.

CHAPTER XVI.

AINSLIE BOND. — ABDUCTION. — MARRIAGE.

"Il est toujours dangereux et souvent puéril de vouloir intrepréter les sentiments secrets des personnages historiques." — LANFREY, *Histoire de Napoléon I.*

MR. FROUDE preserves all the apocryphal and suspiciously romantic circumstances surrounding the commonly received version of the so-called Ainslie Tavern Supper, and gives us the "wine" which "went round freely," Bothwell's hackbutters "who surrounded the house," etc. Late investigations make any tavern supper in connection with the bond more than doubtful. Parliament had, that very day, ratified to Murray, Morton, and their confederates, their vast grants of crown lands. This was their claimed remuneration for the Darnley murder. Bothwell was now to receive his, which was the approval by the nobles of his marriage with the Queen. This approval, as well as their pledge to uphold him as innocent of the murder of Darnley, they gave him in the most solemn manner. The statements concerning the signing of this so-called Ainslie bond made by Bothwell, by Sir James Melville, and by Murray's "Articles," strip the affair of all such features as supper, wine, and hackbutters, and leave it a plain business transaction. Mr. Froude gives no idea (ix. 52) of the true import and strength of this important document. The "situation" will be made clear to the reader by its attentive perusal.[1]

It is claimed that neither Murray nor Morton signed this document. As to Murray the case stands thus. In

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[1] See Appendix No. 7.

December, 1568, John Read, a clerk of Buchanan, was sent to Cecil with a copy of the Ainslie bond. The signatures were supplied verbally by Read to Cecil, as appears by an entry upon the bond in Cecil's writing.[1] Now Read was a creature of Buchanan, who was a creature of Murray, who was a creature of Cecil; and Murray was then present in London prosecuting his "Articles" against his sister, and this "bond," with Murray's name to it, was used at the conference by Cecil with Murray's knowledge. To this is opposed the fact that at the date of the bond Murray was not in Edinburgh. But he may have signed it before his departure. He was *passé maitre* in all the art and mystery of the *alibi*, and always absent at the perpetration of all the great crimes of the day. The alacrity of all the lords to sign the bond could only be accounted for by Murray's approval of it. As to Morton, Cecil says he signed, and the Scotch copy in Paris also has his signature. Mr. Froude says (ix. 53) that he "can be proved distinctly not to have signed." Mr. Froude's word is, of course, very good, but we prefer to accept Morton's own confession just before death *that he did sign it.*

The "supper story" is repeated by Mr. Burton, who, usually positive even unto dogmatism, is here straightway overcome by a total inability to understand this document. He leaves it in a mist, saying: "This is an affair which not only lacks sufficient explanation, but scarcely affords material for a plausible theory. Simple coercion will hardly account for it." There is no occasion for plausible theories. Did or did not the earls, bishops, and lords, whose names are appended, sign the bond in question? Not even

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[1] "The names of such of the nobility as subscribed the bond, so far as John Read might remember, of whom I had this copy, being in his own hand, being commonly called in Scotland Aynslie's supper. Earles of Murray, Argyll, Huntley, Cassilis, Morton, Sutherland, Rothes, Glencairn, and Caithness; Lords Boyd, Seton, Sinclair, Sample, Oliphant, Ogilvy, Rosse, Hacat, Carlyle, Herries, Hume, and Innermeith. Eglinton subscribed not, but slipped away."

Mr. Froude dare deny it, except to the extent of a little special pleading in favor of one or two of his favorites. This bond plainly tells us who were Bothwell's accomplices in the Darnley murder, and who are accountable for his forcible marriage with the Queen.[1]

We have not room for extended comment on the "foreign guard" story. (ix. 11.) It is a piece of elaborate misrepresentation.

At Seton Mary was occupied with the choice of a protector and safe residence for her infant son. She chose the Earl of Mar (John Erskine), who had been her preceptor in her childhood. His wife had already been appointed governess to the Prince, and their residence, Stirling Castle, offered the inducements of salubrity and strength. The child was sent to Stirling on the 19th March, in charge of the Earls of Argyll and Huntly. Of these facts no mention is made in the "History," and the reader is left under the impression that the child was taken from its mother, and that its life "was in as great danger as the Queen's honor." To make this statement good, Mr. Froude thus exposes Mary Stuart, and thinks that the following story represents the belief of the day. As a matter of course, the incident is taken out of the famous "Border Correspondence," — and a very pretty story it is. Drury writes to Cecil May 20: —

> "At the Queen's last being at Stirling, the Prince being brought unto her, she offered to kiss him, but the Prince would not, but put her face away with his hand, and did to his strength scratch her. She took an apple out of her pocket and offered it, but it would not be received by him, but the nurse took it, and to a greyhound bitch having whelps, the apple was thrown. She ate it, and she and the whelps died presently; a sugar-loaf also for the Prince was brought thither at the same time, and left there for the Prince, but the Earl of Mar keeps the same. It is judged to be very evil compounded."

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[1] The Ainslie supper question is exhaustively treated by Professor Aytoun in his *Bothwell*, p. 231.

Although no possible motive can be assigned for it, it is very clear to Mr. Froude that Mary Stuart made the journey to Stirling in order to poison her own infant. For those who "believe with their wills," no invention can be too gross if it but calumniate Mary Stuart. Poor Marie Antoinette in after years, as we know, was accused of something worse than taking the life of her child. The answer of these two Queens, great in their sufferings and grand in their resignation, was, in each case, an eloquent burst of nature and queenly dignity. "The natural love," said Mary Stuart, "which the mother bears to her only bairn is sufficient to confound them, and needs no other answer." She afterward added, that all the world knew that the very men who now charged her with this atrocious crime had wronged her son, "even before his birth; for they would have slain him in her womb, although they now pretended in his name to exercise their usurped authority."

It is claimed by Mary Stuart's enemies that Bothwell's forcible abduction of the Queen was collusive. Three of the forged casket-letters are produced to prove it. These letters are the clumsiest of the forgeries, and are contradicted by the portion of the Paris confession which was manufactured to confirm them. Paris is made to deliver a letter to Bothwell the day before it is written. According to Paris, Mary sent a letter to Bothwell from Linlithgow by the Laird of Ormiston. The best testimony on that point would have been that of Ormiston himself; but although for months a prisoner he was never questioned on the subject. Again, Mary is made to advise Bothwell what he should say to Lethington, when it is well known that Lethington was then with her as one of her small escort. Again, one of the letters to Bothwell refers to Huntly as his "*brother-in-law that was*," precisely the state of facts when the forger did his work — not stopping to remember that at the date given to the letter Bothwell was not yet divorced from his wife (Huntly's sister). A few days before the abduction, a letter goes from Drury to Cecil: —

> "The Earl Bothwell hath gathered many of his friends, very well provided, some say to ride into Liddesdale; but there is feared some other purpose, which he intendeth, much different from that of the which I believe I shortly shall be able to advertise more certainly. He hath furnished Dunbar Castle with all necessary provisions as well of victuals as other things forcible."

The "things forcible" were cannon and munitions of war to provide for defense if necessary. Thus it appears that Drury down on the Border knew of these preparations of Bothwell to take the Queen to Dunbar, — preparations that must have required time. And yet, according to the forged letters, Mary leaves Edinburgh where Bothwell was, in total ignorance of his plans, and is made to write to him the same day to know what she should do? Then, to crown all, it was simply an impossibility for a messenger to return with an answer before the encounter took place. Not to speak of the minor discomforts of a long ride to Stirling and illness at Linlithgow, by way of preparation for the twenty miles' ride to Dunbar, there is no conceivable reason for a collusive encounter, if Mary was so madly in love with Bothwell as her enemies represent her. No one regretted Darnley, and there was no obstacle whatever to what is represented as her mad desire. All this must be admitted as true, and her enemies have nothing wherewith to meet it but the suggestion that a sense of shame prevented her, when they have all along sought to prove her dead to shame. "They (the Queen and Bothwell) seemed to fear nothing more than lest their wickedness should be unknown," says Buchanan; while Mr. Froude describes her as "duped by her own passions, which had dragged her down to the level of a brute." (ix. 44.) Bothwell was legally acquitted; he had the support of men of the highest station and greatest influence, and was recommended by the chief nobility of the realm as a fit person to marry the Queen, with their pledge to aid him thereto. She was free, and had positively nothing to do but accept the advice and counsel of the bishops, earls, and lords. Instead of this she goes through this absurd farce of being waylaid and carried off. A distinguished Scotch author (Aytoun) may well say: "It is matter of surprise that a story so palpably absurd should ever have received credence."

Mr. Froude's version of the abduction may be dismissed with slight comment. He represents Mary with a guard of three hundred men. She had no guard whatever but the escort of twelve persons, among whom were Huntly, Lethington, and Melville. He pictures Bothwell with a dozen of his followers instead of a thousand horsemen in mail.[1] He makes Mary say — "with singular composure" — of course, "she would have no bloodshed; her people were outnumbered, and rather than any of them should lose their lives, she would go wherever the Earl of Bothwell wished."

Is it not a pretty speech?

Yet hear how ruthlessly Mr. Hosack ruins it: "But this is the speech, not of the Queen of Scots, but of Mr. Froude, who has put it into her mouth for the obvious purpose of leading his readers to conclude that she was an accomplice in the designs of Bothwell." (Page 302.)

Sir James Melville's account is: —

> "The Earl of Bothwell encountered her with a great company, and took her horse by the bridle, his men took the Earl of Huntley, Secretary Maitland, and me, and carried us captives to Dunbar. There the Earl of B. boasted he would marry the Queen, *who would or who would not; yea, whether she would herself or not.*"

The Queen's ladies were not allowed to remain with her; her attendants were dismissed, and she was placed in charge of Bothwell's sister. Although our readers are familiar with the horrible story, the best account of it is, after all, Mary's own simple and modest narrative of the abominable outrage. It is found in Keith, vol. ii. p. 599. After referring to the great services and unshaken loyalty of Bothwell, she says that, previous to her visit to Stirling, he had made certain advances, "to which her answer was in no degree correspondent to his desire;" but that, having previously obtained the consent of the nobility to the marriage, he did not hesitate to carry her off to the Castle of Dunbar; that when she reproached him for his audacity, he implored her to attribute his conduct to the ardor of his affection, and to condescend to accept him as her husband, in accordance with the wishes of his brother nobles; that he then, to her amazement, laid before her the bond of the nobility, declaring that it was essential to the peace and welfare of the kingdom that she should choose another husband, and that, of all her subjects, Bothwell was best deserving of that honor; that she still, notwithstanding, refused to listen to his proposals, believing that, as on her former visit to Dunbar, an army of loyal subjects would speedily appear for her deliverance; but that, as day after day passed without a sword being drawn in her defense, she was forced to conclude that the bond was genuine, and that her chief nobility were all in league with Bothwell; and finally, that, finding her a helpless captive, he assumed a bolder tone, and "so ceased he never till, by persuasion and importunate suit, *accompanied not the less by force*, he has finally driven us to end the work begun."

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[1] Drury says 1,000. Mignet the same; Burton says, "Bothwell took with him 800 spearsmen."

Mr. Burton speaks of Melville as holding his tongue about what took place at Dunbar, and adds, "On the question whether or not the Queen was treated with violence in Dunbar Castle, there is no end of speculation, but there is very little means of distinct knowledge." This is amazing, in presence of the fact that Melville, so far from holding his tongue, spoke out in the plainest and crudest terms possible. Mr. Burton elsewhere accepts Melville's authority, and we therefore do not wonder that he is disturbed at such a passage as this: "And then the Queen could not but marry him (Bothwell), seeing he had ravished her and lain with her against her will."[1] Bothwell in his confession states that he used a potion. Morton's proclamation accused him of violence to the Queen, and of using "other more unleisum means," and finally the whole history of the foul outrage is spread out in a solemn Act of the Scotch Parliament, whose members were Mary's enemies acting under the Regent Murray when she was a dethroned prisoner in England. The Act is important in its bearing on the Dunbar outrage and on the casket-letters. Mr. Caird states that the violence used by Bothwell to the Queen is characterized in the document as "Vis aut metus qui cadit in constantem virum," — such force and fear as would shake a man of firmness and resolution. It is the law phrase for such violence as would annul a deed." (Page 160.)

THE MARRIAGE.

"She was reduced to this horrid alternative — either to remain in a friendless and most hazardous celibacy or to yield her hand to Bothwell."— LORD HAILES.

David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes) was no partisan of the Queen of Scots, and he here truly describes her position at Dunbar, victim as she was of the brutality of Bothwell, the treachery of her nobles, and the supineness of those who should have flown to her rescue.[2] The honest minister, John Craig, who, three weeks after the abduction, proclaimed the bans of marriage between Bothwell and the Queen, did so under protest, and thus records it: —

> "I took heaven and earth to witness that I abhorred and detested that marriage as odious and scandalous to the world; *and seeing the best part of the realm did approve it either by flattery or by their silence,* I desired the faithful to pray earnestly that God would turn to the comfort of the realm that which was done against reason and good conscience."

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[1] *Memoirs of Sir James Melvil,* Glasgow, ed. 1751.

[2] "Not a spear was lifted, not a sword drawn, to save Mary from the power of that atrocious ruffian." — *History of Scotland:* Sir Walter Scott.

Mary's bridal robes were of deep black. McCrie ("Life of Knox," p. 294) says, "She was the most changed woman in face that her courtiers had seen." Du Croc, the French Ambassador, was told by her people that, "unless God aided her, they feared she would become desperate;" and by Mary herself, that she "could not rejoice, nor ever should again. All she desired was death." Sir James Melville records that "the Queen was sa disdainfully handlet, and with sic reproacheful language, that Arthur Askin and I being present, hard hir ask a knyfe to stik herself, 'or ellis,' said she, 'I sall drown myself.'" Drury writes to Cecil immediately after the marriage: "The opinion of divers is that the Queen is the most changed woman in face, that, in so little a time, without extremity of sickness, they have seen." And even Maitland tells Du Croc, "That from the day after her nuptials, she has never ceased from tears and lamentations, and that he (Bothwell) would neither allow her to see any one nor any one to see her." And the woman thus pictured by a mass of testimony positively unassailable, is described by Mr. Froude as "sensual," and "sunk to the level of a brute!" Are the bearing and language of Mary Stuart, as here recorded by her enemies, the manifestation of her passionate love for Bothwell?

Space fails us to point out Mr. Froude's violations of historic truth in his account of these events. He would do well to confine himself to suppression and insinuation. Positive assertion runs greater risk, as being more readily tested. "Not a single nobleman was present" (at the marriage). (ix. 74.) Yes, with the exception of the Earl of Crawford, the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Huntly, Lord John Hamilton, Lord Livingstone, Lord Oliphant, Lord Fleming, Lord Glammis, Lord Boyd, the Bishop of Dunblane, the Bishop of Ross, and the Primate of Scotland, — not to mention certain small gentlemen,[1]— Mr. Froude is quite right, — "not a single nobleman was present." The testimony as to Mary's wretchedness on her marriage with Bothwell is so overwhelming, that Mr. Froude is *aux abois.* Pushed to the wall, he adopts a heroic remedy, avers " she was jealous of his wife," and regales the reader with this sketch: " The proud woman had prostrated herself at his feet in the agony of her passion, to plead for the continuance of his love." An attempt is made to bolster up this invention with the following note (ix. 75): —

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[1] *Diurnal of Occurrents*, 111.

> " How profoundly she was attached to Bothwell, appears in the following letter — one of the two of which I have recovered her original words. It was written just before the marriage."

A very rash assertion. Not a single day was Bothwell absent from her from April 24 (abduction) to May 15 (marriage). Then comes the letter commencing " Monsieur, Si l'ennuy de vostre absence," which the historian is careful not to translate.

> " If there be any point agreed upon in Mary's history, it is that she remained at Dunbar from the time that Bothwell carried her thither till she returned to Edinburgh with him in May." (Robertson.)

And under what close surveillance she was held by Bothwell, the rebel lords themselves have taken the pains to tell us in their Act of Parliament: —

> " No nobleman nor other durst resort to her majesty to speak with her, or procure their lawful business without suspicion, but by him, and in his audience, her chamber doors being continually watched with men of war."

The writer's " *I have recovered her original words,*" is a remarkable piece of cool presumption; for the letter (" State Papers," 1568, vol. ii. No. 66) has for long years been accessible to all and sundry who chose to examine it, and was repeatedly copied and commented upon before Mr. Froude was born. If the letter was written to Bothwell, will some one explain how it is that Mary refers to two marriages, the one private, the other public, — the first as past, the second to come? How it is that, not yet being married to Bothwell, she describes herself as his obedient and lawful wife, and refers to his neglect and absence? The letter is, in all respects, such as an affectionate wife would write to her lawful husband, and provokes from Dr. Robertson the remark that "Mary's adversaries were certainly employed very idly when they produced this."

Little wonder! *It is an original letter of Mary to Darnley*, to whom it is historically certain she was twice married, first privately, afterwards publicly. Darnley was neglectful, and distressed the Queen by his frequent absence. Bothwell, we know positively, during the one month they were married, never left the Queen a single day. Does any one believe that an adulterous woman, who has just murdered her husband, would write to her paramour such gratuitous blasphemy as "with as great affection as I pray God, the only supporter of my life, to give you," etc.? The reader supposes he has before him the whole letter, but Mr. Froude has suppressed the last ten lines, including the passage, "She who will be forever unto you an humble and obedient lawful wife."

CHAPTER XVII.

CARBERRY. — LOCHLEVEN. — LANGSIDE.

> "Mary Stuart was suffered, without either warning or opposition, to unite herself with this worthless man, and it was not until her honor became inseparable from his that the same advisers changed their note, sounded an alarm to the nation, and called on all true subjects to rescue the Queen from the control of Bothwell." — SIR WALTER SCOTT: *History of Scotland.*

WHEN Mary was brought by Bothwell from Dunbar to Edinburgh, she was taken, not to Holyrood, but to the Castle, where she was virtually a prisoner. She was not allowed to visit her child at Stirling, and it appears most probable that the dreadful scene which terminated in her threat of suicide was caused by her resistance to Bothwell's demand for the custody of the Prince. Access was not allowed to her, but by Bothwell's permission, and she never appeared in public, but on compulsion and guarded. Her wretchedness was completed by Bothwell's conduct. "He was so beastly and suspicious," says Melville, "that he suffered her not to pass a single day without causing her to shed abundance of salt tears." Meantime, a fresh plot and a new coalition were formed, and of the nine earls at its head, five of them had signed the bond approving Bothwell's marriage with the Queen.

Sir James Balfour held the Castle of Edinburgh, and sold it for a price to the lords. Dunbar was thus the only castle left to Bothwell. The chief insurgent leaders, Morton and Hume, both signers of the Ainslie bond, were at the head of a large force, and Bothwell had got together some two thousand men. The hostile bands met at Carberry Hill, some six miles from Edinburgh. Du Croc, the French

Ambassador, went on the field for the laudable purpose of preventing bloodshed. He was in profound ignorance of the fact that Morton, Maitland, and others of these lords were themselves as much the murderers of Darnley as was Bothwell, and in his simplicity sympathized with them. The lords told him that there were two conditions on which fighting could be prevented. *First*, the Queen should separate herself from Bothwell, in which case they were ready "*to serve her upon their knees as her most humble and obedient subjects and servants.*" *Second*, that Bothwell should come forth between the two armies, and make good his challenge to meet in single combat any one who should maintain that he was the murderer of the late king. Du Croc carried their conditions to Mary, telling her that the lords "were her very humble and affectionate subjects;" upon which she remarked that it was ill of them to contradict their own signatures after having married her to Bothwell, having previously acquitted him of the deed of which they now accuse him. The fancy sketch of the remaining events of the day need not be dwelt upon: the white flag, the Inchkeith fragment, the Queen's "fuming and chafing," her "free, fierce nature," etc. According to Melville, Kirkaldy entreated the Queen to put herself into the hands of the lords, telling her "how they would all love her and serve her, if she would abandon him who was the murderer of her own husband." He brought her a second message, "assuring her, in their united names, they would do as they had said." Before closing with Kirkaldy's proposition, Mary exacted the promise that "the Duke," as she called Bothwell, should not be molested, and they should "do no harm to hir companie but licens thame to retire thairselfs without ony skaith."[1] Bothwell remonstrated, but the Queen was firm, and, accompanied by a handful of his followers, he rode off towards Dunbar.

Mr. Froude's "Bothwell galloped off unpursued" is amusing, for he was the last man on earth Morton and Maitland wanted on their hands. A prisoner, he must be tried, but they dared not arraign their own accomplice for the murder of Darnley. He could have been pursued and taken before he reached Dunbar, but it was to their interest to be rid of him.[1]

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[1] James Beton, *in Laing.*

Our historian's "long passionate kiss" (ix. 93) is merely one of his theatrical properties, as is also the courage with which he invests Morton. On meeting the lords who came toward her, Mary said: —

> "My lords, I am come to you, not out of any fear I had of my life, nor yet doubting of victory, if matters had come to the worst, but to save the effusion of Christian blood; and therefore have I come to you trusting in your promises that you will respect me and give me the obedience due to your native queen and lawful sovereign." (Keith.)

Could her language, under the circumstances, have been more temperate and dignified? Yet we find her described as "scornful, proud, defiant as ever." Morton, answering in the name of all, bent his knee before her and said, "Here is the place where your Grace should be, and we will honor, serve, and obey you as loyally as ever did the nobles of this realm your progenitors." (Chalmers.) Scarcely had the rebel ranks closed around the Queen, when a banner was held up before her, upon which was represented Darnley lying dead beneath a tree with an infant kneeling near it, praying, "JUDGE AND AVENGE MY CAUSE, O LORD." With this banner borne before her she was led into Edinburgh, assailed by the common soldiers with violent abuse and the foulest epithets. Tears, anguish, and indignation choked her utterance. The outrage was so sudden, so horrible, that she swooned. Recovering herself, and with her proud spirit roused by such utter baseness, she turned upon the lords, half maddened with insult and perfidy, and told them in terms all too plain what she thought of them. Mr. Burton who, like Mr. Froude always accepts Mary Stuart's keenest anguish with calm resignation, thus describes the scene: "The confederates were not destined to find in their captive the meek resignation of a broken spirit." "She let loose her formidable tongue and hit right and left with maddening effect." Did it occur to Mr. Burton when writing that this "maddening effect" could never have been produced upon innocent, high-minded men, by a vulgar murderess? and that her attitude and bearing were not those of a detected culprit? Mr. Burton continues with a reference to "her disheveled appearance," and says "that she who was never known to depart from the etiquette of her rank except to dignify that departure by her grace and wit, should so revolt against her proper nature," is remarkable, and he adds, "It goes with other incidents to show that the terrible excitement of her recent life must have in some measure disordered her brain."

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[1] Camden says (*Annals*, p. 148), that the lords "privily admonished him speedily to withdraw himselfe, for fear lest, being taken, he might have revealed the whole complot; and that from his flight they might draw argument and subject whereof to accuse the Queen for the murder of the King." It should be borne in mind that Camden wrote with all Cecil's papers, both private and public, before him, and thus had facilities of information as to matters in Scotland, not since enjoyed by any writer.

She called Lindsay to her and demanded his hand. "By the hand that is now in yours," she exclaimed, "I will have your head for this." Poor Mary! If she had ever really learned the merest rudiments of a Medicean-Machiavellic policy she never would have made such a speech as that. It was not the moment for aggression. Generous, noble, kind, and confiding, her rare threats of revenge were the only promises she ever broke. Fainting, weakened with intense mental agony, travel-stained, with the dust of hot summer intermingled with her tears, without sustenance the live-long day, she was thus dragged along through hooting and insult taken up and reinforced at the gates of her capital by an excited populace, and thrown in the common prison of Edinburgh, into a room without attendants or even a single female to stay with her. Here, closely confined for twenty-four hours, no one was allowed to approach her, and the horrible banner was placed directly before her window.

But what shall be said of the authors of so inhuman an outrage? These men murdered Riccio; they were the murderers of Darnley; they acquitted Bothwell and brought about his marriage with Mary; and now, having her in their power, treat her with a personal brutality never inflicted on the vilest criminal, and end their work by parade of a blasphemous picture calculated to arouse and let loose upon this defenseless woman the fury of an excited mob. "The revolting 'humbug' of this last stroke," says the "Edinburgh Review," "defies comment. More disgraceful conduct does not sully the page of history. Even if Mary Stuart were in very truth the 'murderess of Kirk o' Field,' our sympathies are rather with her than with men who, under no equal temptation, were at once murderers, traitors, liars, and hypocrites."

Mr. Froude's account is now made up of Maitland and Calderwood. No such conversation with the Queen as Maitland details ever took place. Du Croc's authority is cited, but he merely undertakes to report what Maitland told him in a conversation three hours long. Here is a specimen: Maitland swore to Du Croc with a great oath that they, the lords, had no intelligence with the Queen of England. Maitland swore to this with Cecil's letters in his pocket at the moment! "Il me jura sur son Dieu que jusque ici ils n'avaient aucune intelligence avec la Reyne d'Angleterre."

Then comes the alleged letter of Mary to Bothwell — another of Maitland's inventions. Kirkaldy was indignant at their infamous treatment of the Queen, and to quiet him Maitland invents the story of a letter she had just written Bothwell. Such a letter — showing her inordinate affection for Bothwell — would indeed have been a godsend to them, for it was precisely what was needed to prove that assertion. But the letter was never seen by mortal eyes. Maitland said there was such a letter. The historian Robertson totally rejects the fable. Even Buchanan and Knox fail to use it, and when we come to Murray's Articles accusing the Queen at Westminster, the letter is not visible, and in its place we have "and in farther pruif of hir indurat affectioun towards him she conveyit a purs with gold to him." Better "farther pruif" would have been a letter. But Mr. Froude sees the letter plainly, and Mr. Burton coolly states: "It seems clear, too, that she wrote a letter," etc. "Melville renders its purport," — quoting it as though Melville had seen it, when Melville distinctly says "*it was alleged* that her majesty did write a letter sent to the Earl of Bothwell." The indignation of the better part of the citizens of Edinburgh is concealed by both these historians, although Mr. Burton virtually admits the imputation concerning the "hired strumpets" of the lords when he says: "It was observed that the loudest and fiercest denunciations came from her own sex, and not the most virtuous portion of it.'' As soon as they were suffered to do so, Mary's ladies — Mary Seton, Mary Livingstone, and three others — bravely flew to her side and walked with her in the horrible night procession from the Provost's House to Holyrood.

As an attempt to rescue the Queen was imminent, the lords hurried her off at midnight to Lochleven — a ride of thirty miles — on a miserable horse. Camden says they treated her "ignominiously and disrespectfully," and consigned her to prison

> "at Lochleven, under the custody of the Earl of Moray's mother, who was James V.'s concubine, who further persecuted her with such shameless malice during her restraint, boasting how she was lawful wife to James V. and her son lawfully descended from him."

On the night the rebel lords entered Edinburgh from Carberry Hill, they arrested and imprisoned one Captain

Cullen. "They tewk Capt. Culain that neight they entered the town quha has been ay sensyn in the Irnis (irons)," writes John Beaton, June 17. This Captain Cullen is the man referred to by Drury writing to Cecil April 24, 1567.[1]

From his correspondence, Drury appears to have obtained a great deal of information concerning the Darnley murder, at the time of the visit of Murray on his way to France. Now it would have thrown a strong light on the circumstances attending the murder if we could have ascertained the names of the persons to whom Cullen gave such excellent advice. We say excellent, for it appears to have been adopted and successfully carried out, although Drury's informant states that Darnley made a hard fight for his life. *Who were these men?* Cullen could have told. "It was notorious that Cullen revealed the whole circumstances." (Tytler.) And Cullen did tell, but after making confession was strangled in his dungeon by order of the lords who arrested him, — *Morton at their head.* Why was Cullen's confession suppressed? Because Archibald Douglas, Morton's nephew, was present at the murder, representing Morton, just as Ormiston and his companions represented Bothwell, who also was not actually present. The man seen at the murder in armor and with slippers over his boots was Archibald Douglas. The man who with others was entreatingly appealed to by Darnley as his "kinsmen," was Archibald Douglas. Now we know why Cullen was strangled in prison by the men who were in rebellion, because "they desired only to avenge the murder of the King," and who with lying midnight placards and blasphemous banners were denouncing a helpless captive woman.

On the 8th of December, 1567, the Queen would be twenty-five years of age — the period limited for her revocation of the enormous grants of crown lands made to Murray and the leading nobles. This was the prize they were struggling for. We are told (ix. 114), that "no sooner, however, was Mary Stuart at Lochleven than private feuds, and political divisions and sympathies, split and rent the confederacy in all directions," as though the lords confederated in rebellion comprised the strength of the nobility. Very far from it. Their situation was very critical. They were in a small minority. The Hamiltons in the south, Huntly and Sutherland in the north, and the great Border clans were all for the Queen. Argyll did not join them, and they had but four earls, Morton, Glencairn, Atholl, and Mar. The story of their weakness is best told by one of themselves, Maitland, who related that after they had imprisoned the Queen they did not receive the support they had counted upon.[1]

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[1] "The King was long of dying, and to his strength made debate for his life." "It was Captain Cullen's persuasion for more surety to have the King strangled, and not to trust to the train of powder alone, affirming that he had known many so saved."

It was the ever-recurring lesson of history — the audacious and united few against the irresolute and divided many. The strength of the rebel lords was in their ability and energy, and above all, in John Knox, who had lately returned to Edinburgh for the first time since his flight at the murder of Riccio. All the pulpits of the capital now thundered the most furious invectives and wildest denunciations against the Queen, and the lords could say through them what they dared not say themselves. Throckmorton reports these outrages in his letters to London. A general assembly of the Kirk was now held, and its moderator was — Buchanan. With this strong body the rebel lords quickly made alliance, strengthening it with solemn promises of what they would do for the Kirk in the matter of the church lands.[1]

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[1] "Never ane came more to us than we were at Carberry Hill;" that in their desperation they set up the young Prince as King "just as a fetch to get them out of the scrape." It was, he said, "as if you were in a boat on fire — you would loup into the sea, and then when you were like to drown, you would be glad to get back into the boat." — *Illustrations of Scottish History*, Dalzell.

Meantime Charles IX. of France, sincerely attached to his sister-in-law, would have moved in earnest for her, but for the opposition of Catherine de Medicis, for the court of France was now in reality what it never was when the Queen of Scots was in France — that "court of Catherine de Medicis" of which even historians talk so loosely. On the other hand, it would appear that Elizabeth was in earnest in her disapproval of the treatment of Mary by the rebel lords. She would give them no money, and she made serious threats against them.[2] Unfortunately, though, for Mary and for herself, Elizabeth's character for insincerity and duplicity was so well established that no one believed her. Mary thought that her envoy to England, Sir Robert Melville, might aid her. But he was banded with the lords, and was her secret enemy.

With abundant leisure on their hands, no attempt was made by the lords to capture Bothwell. He was at Dunbar, a short ride from the capital, all this time. Finally, on the 26th of June, a reward is offered for him, and sent to Dunbar with a notice to its keeper to deliver up the castle. This was in reality a considerate hint to Bothwell to leave. He evidently so received it, and, after making leisurely preparation, sailed for the north of Scotland. Even after this, on the 11th of July, they declared in writing to Throckmorton that Bothwell had carried off the Queen, "and by fear, force, and other extraordinary and more unlawful means compelled her to become bedfellow to another wife's husband." And yet they afterwards claimed that they already, on the previous 20th June, had in their possession the casket-letters, and among these casket-letters were those from Stirling agreeing to the abduction. Murray and his friends dared not go before a Scotch Parliament with the Queen. But something must be done. Something was done. Up to this time (end of November) the Queen had been spoken of in all the public acts and proclamations as the victim of Bothwell forced into a marriage with him. It was now resolved that she should be accused of complicity with Bothwell in both murder and abduction. But the bond signed by the nobles for the murder of Darnley was still in existence. It had been left by Bothwell "in a little coffer or desk of green velvet" at the Castle of Edinburgh, in the possession of Sir James Balfour. To accuse the Queen of a crime which by this bond could be proven to be the crime of others, would entail some risk. Sir James was open to conviction, but, as Throckmorton wrote Cecil, stood out for a high price. He had been already well paid for holding the castle for the rebel lords. He wanted better pay for giving up both castle and bond to Murray, and he got it. Murray bribed him with £5,000, an immense sum of money in those days, a valuable grant of church lands, a slice off his own estates, a remission for the King's murder, and an annuity to his son. It is touchingly related (ix. 25 of the "History of England") how Murray made an effort to arrest Sir James Balfour as a murderer of the King, "but he had been instantly crossed by Bothwell." But this second effort appears to have been more successful, and the Regent now held Balfour in the double bonds of interest and affection. And here the reflection may not be misplaced, that in calling Balfour "the most corrupt man of the age," the historian Robertson has disregarded the just claims of others to that distinction. As might be expected, there now goes a letter from Drury to Cecil, November 28, 1567, reporting: "The writings which did comprehend the names and consents of the chiefs for the murdering of the King is turned into ashes."[1] The other murderers were of course rewarded and honored by all the powerful Regent Murray; and Lethington, Morton, Huntly, and Argyll were retained in or promoted to the highest positions of trust and honor in the kingdom, all which was, we presume a part of the system under which "*The Regent*," as we are told (ix. 170), "*set himself to the solid work of restoring the majesty of justice*." Mr. Froude's struggles at this stage of his task are simply pitiable.[2]

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[1] It is sad to learn that these champions of virtue deceived the holy men, for, records a Kirk historian, "having once attained their ends, they did forget all, and turned adversaries;" and John Knox says with much feeling, "How they performed their promises God knows always."

[2] The success of subjects in imprisoning their sovereign was not a pleasant thing for Elizabeth to contemplate, and it behooved her to discountenance such doings.

Mary's imprisonment at Lochleven lasted eleven months. Meanwhile, the Regent had become obnoxious. The dying confessions of Hay, Hepburn, and others had told the crowds about the scaffold who were the murderers of the King, and that the Queen had no part in it. From the seed of these declarations then implanted in the hearts and memories of the Scottish people has sprung — among them all, high and low, gentle and simple — that universal faith ever since manifested by them in the innocence of Mary Stuart. Satirical ballads, lampoons, and denunciatory placards against the Regent and his party now abounded. People were scandalized at Murray's pretense of administering justice by associating with and rewarding the murderers of Darnley. Denunciations were nailed to his gate, caricatures and violent accusations were in circulation. He was called tyrant, robber, bastard, and threatened with death if he dared lift a finger against the Queen. Mr. Froude has seen all this and more in De Śilva's letters at Simancas, and in Drury's letters to Cecil. The French Ambassadór reported to his government that two thirds of the people of Scotland were ready to rise against Murray in order to liberate the Queen and charge him and his associates with the murder of Darnley.

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[1] Mr. Froude has this delicious commentary on the burning: "*The act itself was eminently natural.*" (ix. 200.)

[2] Although hoodwinked by the casket-letters, even the French historian Mignet has the candor to acknowledge at least a portion of the truth. He says that neither Lethington, Huntly, Argyll, Balfour, Hamilton, nor Morton were summoned before a tribunal which was partial, inexorable, or inactive, according to the rank and standing of the guilty. "The Regent dared not touch them. They had raised him to his position, and, united against him could easily have overthrown him. He even conferred favors on several of them, who should rather have been punished." "Le régent n'osa sévir à leur égard. Ils l'avaient élevé, et ils l'auraient aisément renversé s'ils s'étaient unis contre lui. Il accorda même des faveurs à plusieurs d'entre eux, qui auraient mérité des châtiments." — *Mignet*, vol. i. p. 376.

Mary made her escape from Lochleven on the evening of the 2d of May, and in a few days had an army of 6,000 men. Mr. Froude makes a desperate attempt (ix. 215) to persuade the reader that the Queen's supporters were merely "Catholics," but the fact has been noted that the leading nobles who came to her support were Protestants, the Earls of Huntly, Argyll, Eglinton, Cassilis, and Rothes, Lords Claud Hamilton, Herries, Fleming, and Livingstone.[1]

With all the resources of the government at his command, Murray could raise but 4,000 men wherewith to oppose the Queen's army of 6,000 [2] not yet filled up by Huntly's large reinforcements from the north. Mr. Froude is merely mistaken in saying (ix. 223) that Murray's force was "better armed, better appointed, and outnumbering hers." The great advantage Murray had was in the presence and aid of Kirkaldy of Grange, the best soldier in England and Scotland. The armies met at Langside. Against her own better judgment the Queen was induced to fight the battle, and she lost it.

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[1] That in spite of all the efforts of Murray and his faction, and in spite of all the violence of the preachers, she — the Catholic Queen of Scotland, the daughter of the hated house of Guise, the reputed mortal enemy of their religion — should now after being maligned as the most abandoned of her sex, find her best friends among her own Protestant subjects, appears at first sight inexplicable. A phenomenon so strange admits of only one explanation. If throughout her reign she had not loyally kept her promises of security and toleration to her Protestant subjects, they assuredly would not in her hour of need have risked their lives and fortunes in her defense.— *Hosack*, p. 381.

[2] Mr. Burton gives the Queen 6,000; Murray, 4,500.

The enthusiastic and noble rally of the Scotch Protestant nobility to the standard of Mary Stuart is very naturally a source of unhappiness to our historian, who, by way of compensation, would seek to persuade us that she was detested by the people. He tells us (ix. 229) that "peasants, as she struggled along the by-lanes, cut at her with their reaping hooks." Mr. Hosack, as a Scotchman who knows his country, mildly remarks on this: "There must be some strange mistake here, for never within human memory did reaping commence in Scotland in May, and Langside was fought on the 13th of that month." In a note on the same page (ix. 229) the English historian mutters some words concerning a person "who did not invariably tell the truth," but we have not time to examine the passage.

And now Mary Stuart made the great mistake of her life. Against the advice of her friends, she resolved to throw herself on the generosity of Elizabeth, whose ardent professions of friendship had been profuse during her imprisonment at Lochleven. Accompanied by her ladies and her stanch Protestant adherents, the lords Herries, Livingstone, and Fleming, she crossed the Solway in an open boat. The Queen of Scots went to her fate — a prison and the scaffold. Elizabeth pledged her word to Mary that she should be restored to her throne. She at the same time pledged her word to Murray that his sister should never be permitted to return to Scotland. Then began the Scottish Queen's long nineteen years' martyrdom. The conference at York and the commission at Westminster were mockeries of justice. It was pretended there were two parties present before them — Murray and his associates on one side, Mary on the other. Mary was kept a prisoner in a distant castle, while Murray, received with honor at court, held private and secret consultations with members of both these quasi-judicial bodies, showing them the testimony he intended to produce, and obtaining their judgment as to the sufficiency of his proofs before he publicly produced them; these proofs being the forged letters of the silver casket. These letters were never seen by Mary Stuart, and even copies of them were repeatedly and persistently refused her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CASKET-LETTERS.

"*That the letters were forged is now made so palpable that perhaps they will never more be cited as testimonies.*" — DR. JOHNSON.[1]

DR. JOHNSON appears to have counted without his — Froude. Denounced from the beginning as forgeries, these letters are rejected by such writers as Goodal (1754), Gilbert Stuart (" History of Scotland, 1762), Tytler (1759), and Whitaker (1786).

Tytler the historian said it was " impossible for any sincere inquirer after the truth to receive such evidence." Later, came Dr. Lingard, of the same opinion. Chalmers answered Laing's book, and proved conclusively, with a mass of newly discovered testimony, that the accusers of Mary were themselves the murderers of Darnley. Sir James Melville is freely cited by Mr. Froude as good authority. He plainly intimates that the casket-letter invention was a disgraceful piece of business, and says plainly that the crafty Cecil persuaded Murray to accuse the Queen of Scots in order that Elizabeth might have " some pretext whereby to make answer to foreign ambassadors." (" Memoirs," p. 186.)

The distinguished Robert Henry, a Scotch Presbyterian divine (1718–1790), author of a " History of Great Britain " praised by Hume, Robertson, and Johnson, says: " I have been long convinced that the unfortunate Queen Mary was basely betrayed and cruelly oppressed during her life, and calumniated after her death." [2]

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[1] See Appendix No. 8.

[2] *Transactions Scottish Antiquarian Society*, vol. i. p. 538.

Sir Walter Scott ("History of Scotland") rejected them, adding that "the direct evidence produced in support of Mary's alleged guilt was liable to such important objections, that it could not now be admitted to convict a felon for the most petty crime."

The editor of Bishop Keith's "Affairs of Church and State in Scotland" says: "A more outrageous mass of rubbish and falsehood never was printed."

Miss Strickland has thoroughly exposed them, and such distinguished Scotch authorities as Aytoun, Hosack, and Caird reject them. Hundreds of scholars, fully the equals of Mr. Froude in ability and acquirements, are thoroughly satisfied of the forgery of these letters. He has, therefore, no choice but to recognize the necessity of establishing their genuineness. He makes this recognition, but proceeds without ceremony to use the letters, quieting his readers with the assurance that their authenticity "will be discussed in a future volume in connection with their discovery," and, meantime, weaves the tainted papers so ingeniously into his narrative that it is not always easy for the reader to distinguish "Froude" from "casket." In the same paragraph with his promise, the reader will remark an intimation that the historian may, possibly, not keep his word: "The inquiry at the time appears to me to supersede authoritatively all later conjectures." As might be expected, on reaching the point fixed for the discussion, our author totally fails to redeem his pledge, and falls back on contemporary opinion and this astounding note: "That some casket was discovered cannot be denied by the most sanguine defender of the Queen." Further, instead of a straightforward "discussion," Mr. Froude keeps up a desultory muttering in occasional notes, avowing his belief in the casket. "One of the letters," he says, "could have been invented only by a genius equal to that of Shakespeare." We are not told which is that letter, nor can we understand the precise signification here attached to "invention." If beauty of diction is meant, we must differ; for, although the two probably genuine letters of Mary Stuart among the eight are — like everything from her pen — admirable in feeling and in style, still the genius of a Shakespeare would not be required to produce them. If he mean invention in the sense of imitation or the talent of counterfeiting, we must say that it is ability of a very low order. The history of literature abounds in successful imitation of even classic writers by men of very inferior talent, and Shakespeare's name naturally recalls the history of the half-educated boy, an attorney's clerk,[1] who for nearly two years imposed upon the literati of England with Shakespeare prose, poetry, sonnet, and tragedy, all of his own manufacture.

We have long been of the opinion that attention has not been sufficiently drawn to the external history of these famous casket-letters. This portion of its history should alone be sufficient to consign the plated cheat to oblivion as the most impudent and flimsy of impostors, and is so clear as to render superfluous any argument on the internal evidence, which is, if possible, yet more overwhelming. The story of Mary's accusers is that, four days after the flight at Carberry, Bothwell sent his retainer Dalgleish to Edinburgh Castle to obtain from Sir James Balfour (in command) a certain silver casket, his (Bothwell's) property; that Balfour gave the casket to Dalgleish, notifying the confederate lords "underhand," who intercepted Dalgleish June 20, 1567, and took the casket, in which they claim to have found eight letters, written by the Queen to Bothwell, several contracts, sonnets, and bonds. Now, those who choose are at liberty to believe that Dalgleish, well known as a follower of Bothwell, was allowed to pass through more than four hundred armed enemies and sentinels to reach the castle; that Balfour, an open enemy of Bothwell, an acute lawyer, an unprincipled man ("the most corrupt man in Scotland," says Robertson), than whom no clerk in the kingdom could better appreciate the importance of such papers, gave them up to a messenger without receipt or acknowledgment of any description, thus running the risk of their loss or destruction by Dalgleish, or his escape with them,[1] and thus placing himself and all his confederates at Bothwell's mercy. They are, further, free to believe that such a man as Balfour would have had the slightest hesitation in appropriating the papers; for he is supposed to have already broken open the casket, inasmuch as it is claimed that he knew what were its contents before delivering it to Dalgleish. But let us accept the story. What then? Arrested June 20th, not a word is said by Morton of the casket at the meeting of the Privy Council on the next day, June 21st, and Dalgleish was interrogated June 26th. His examination and replies are preserved, and contain not a solitary word concerning the casket, or letters or papers of any description found upon him as alleged. The examination took place before the Privy Council. Neither then nor at any other time did he make any statement concerning it. He was executed January 3, 1568, and *his name was never mentioned in connection with the casket story until long after he was dead.* None of the servants of Morton who arrested him were examined. It may be said, the Privy Council may not have been aware of the finding of the casket. But Balfour, who gave it to Dalgleish, and Morton, in whose hands the casket is claimed then to have been, were both present at the examination, Morton as a member of the Council.[2] It will be borne in mind that the casket-letters were produced as the letters of the Queen to Bothwell. But they were all *undated*,[1] *undirected*, *unsealed*, and *unsubscribed*, and might as well have been written to anybody as well as to Bothwell. Are we to be told that the most astute lawyer in all Scotland could not see the vital necessity of tracing, by evidence, these letters to Bothwell's possession — letters which would prove their writer guilty of adultery and murder? With the testimony of Balfour and Dalgleish, Bothwell's ownership of the papers is clear. Yet Balfour not only declined to examine Dalgleish, but did not even proffer his own poor testimony. No curiosity concerning this capital point in their case appears to have been manifested by those interested, and we hear not a word from them on the subject until months after the death of the only person whose testimony could have helped them. On the scaffold Dalgleish asserted the innocence of Mary, charging Murray and Morton as the authors of the murder.

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[1] William Henry Ireland.

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[1] "And the man who had suffered the bird to fly out of his hand because he was confident he could catch it again, would have been considered by Morton and his rebel brethren as a fool and an idiot for the act." *Whitaker*, vol. i. p. 202.

[2] It is important to bear in mind, that this same Privy Council, on that very 26th June, issued a proclamation offering a reward of 1.000 crowns for the arrest of Bothwell, guilty of the murder of Darnley, and of having "traitorously ravished the Queen." But the sole object of three of the

But how is it possible that Morton and Balfour should have neglected so essential a precaution as that of taking Dalgleish's testimony as to the casket? The answer is very plain. Balfour never received such a casket from Bothwell; he delivered no casket to Dalgleish; and, finally, the so-called casket-letters were not then (June 20, 1567) in existence. The first public announcement as to these letters is in the famous Act of Council, December 4, 1567, an Act signed by Morton, Maitland, and Balfour, all accomplices in the murder.

This Act charges that their seizure of the Queen's person on the 15th of June, and her imprisonment in Lochleven, and "all other doings inventit, spokin, writtin or donne by them or onny of them, touching the said queene, her person," from the 10th day of February until the date

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eight casket-letters, which Morton and Balfour claim then to have in their hands, was to prove just the contrary, — that the Queen herself arranged the "carrying off."

[1] Except one, "this Saturday morning."

of the Act, were in consequence of these, "*her previe letters written and subscribit with her awin hand*, and sent by her to James, Earl of Bothwell." Notice the date of this Act, December, 1567. It was not until the next year that the story of the seizure of the silver casket was announced. In the multiplicity of their combinations these men had probably lost sight of the exact statements of the December Act, and thus, by their own declarations, proclaimed to the world that they rose in insurrection on the 10th of June, arrayed themselves in arms against her at Carberry Hill, June 15th, and imprisoned her on the 16th, *wholly and solely by reason of evidence of her guilt which fell into their hands by the capture of Dalgleish on the 20th of June, in the same year.* Not a word of the casket, nor of stanzas, sonnets, contracts, and bonds. This is fatal. Laing, the acutest of the forgery advocates, makes an effort to show that the term "previe letters" may also be taken to include other papers; but "he fails to show," remarks Mr. Hosack, that "either in Scotch or in any other language, the term 'previe letters' ever meant anything except private letters and epistles." Thus, the letters declared, December 4, 1567, to be *subscribed with her own hand*, were afterward claimed to have been discovered six months before, *without any signature whatever.* The explanation is, that by the 4th of December the forgery plot was framed, and letters were to be produced *signed by the Queen.* Now, forgery was no new thing to these gentlemen. Murray produced forged papers pretended to have been found on the Earl of Huntly, and with them imposed upon Mary. They forged a letter from Mary to Bothwell, which was, they claim, shown Kirkaldy as the excuse for their brutal treatment of the Queen on the 15th of June. This letter, of course, instantly disappeared, never again to be seen.

But these casket-letters might have to be publicly produced and submitted to some sort of scrutiny. This made forgery of the royal signature a serious piece of business, and the man was not found who dared risk it, the more so as he would know he could not trust his own confederates, all scoundrels like himself. Hence the sudden right-about-face made by the conspirators; for their Act of Parliament, passed a few days after the Act of Council, describes the letters, not as signed, but as "hailly written with her awin hand," and in that shape, that is, unsigned, they were produced at Westminster. Notice that neither before the Council nor before the Parliament in question were these letters produced, and *they were never shown in Scotland.* From the 20th of June to the 4th of December not a word of public announcement is said by the lords in allusion to these papers, nor is there the slightest trace of them in their own minutes of the Privy Council.[1] Melville, the confidential envoy of the lords, is sent in August to meet Murray on his return, but has not a word to say concerning them. So far from it, he more than intimates in his "Memoirs," written years afterward, that the casket-letters were forgeries. Finally, Drury, the assured friend of the rebels, and in daily receipt of intelligence from them directly, and indirectly from his spies, makes no allusion to them.

Another argument. It is assumed that Bothwell, in his hurried flight, took no papers with him. His flight from Scotland was not hurried. He might have been pursued after Carberry or taken at Dunbar. Only after the destruction of the Craigmillar bond, by which they were compromised, did the lords move against him, and even then, by proclaiming a reward for his apprehension, gave him ample warning to save himself. Bothwell was arrested on the coast of Norway as a pirate, and, to prove who he was, had taken out of the hold of his vessel, where he had it concealed, a portfolio full of private letters and important documents. This portfolio or desk was fastened with several locks, the keys of which were obtained from one of his servants. The magistrates of Bergen found in it numerous MS. letters and papers, and a letter from Mary Stuart, "not of affection, but one of complaint, lamenting her hard lot," which produced a very unfavorable impression concerning Bothwell, who was retained a prisoner. Finally, if Mary Stuart had ever written any such letters to Bothwell "of infinite importance to him," as Mr. Froude truly says, would Bothwell have parted with them? If he consented to part with them, would he have left them at the mercy of such a man as Balfour? And granting even that, can it be believed that James Balfour, of all men in Scotland, would have loosened his grip upon them, and delivered them, gratuitously, to the servant of an absconding felon? Believe it who may! Balfour was not a man to give something for nothing. He was bought over to join the confederates before Carberry, he was well paid for the "green velvet desk" transaction, and Murray afterwards gave him £5,000 in money, Pittenweem priory and another valuable tract of church land, and an annuity for his son.

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[1] Mr. Hosack, whose historical researches have been persevering and thorough, with results brilliant for his reputation and most important to the interests of historical truth, has discovered that in the original record of the proceedings of Murray's Privy Council, still preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh, no trace of the important Act of Council of December 4th, 1567 is to be found. "There is but one entry in the record of December 4, 1567, and that relates to a totally different subject." The explanation is that the Act was sent to Cecil, and that the Regent had his own reasons for not putting it on record.

On the 16th of September, 1568, Morton delivers the casket to Murray, against a receipt certifying that Morton had kept the casket, "faithfully (since June 20, 1567), without in anything changing, increasing, or diminishing its contents." Is this the language of an honest transaction? How did Murray know whereof he certifies? No matter! Morton's word is just as good as Murray's. Thus, the casket should contain on the 20th of June all that Murray afterward produced as its contents at Westminster. Let us apply a test. On the very day Dalgleish was interrogated, the Privy Council ordered the arrest of Bothwell for the crimes of the murder of Darnley, and for having "traitorously ravished the Queen." And yet, of the eight casket-letters, three should prove the Queen's consent to Bothwell's carrying her off.[1]

Mr. Froude says it cannot be denied that some casket was discovered. Certainly not. But when and where? Mr. Froude has no testimony on this point but the assertions of Morton, Murray, and himself. We freely grant that "some casket was discovered." We admit, moreover, that it was the very casket produced by Murray at Westminster — a small silver-gilt casket belonging to Mary Stuart, given her by Francis, her first husband. It was among Mary's effects at Holyrood when they were plundered by Murray and his friends, and when, as Mr. Froude tells us, the Queen's chapel was "purged of its Catholic ornaments."

We have a theory that Mr. Froude does not himself believe that a casket was found on Dalgleish, as the story runs. And our reason for holding it is that he bases his strongest statements concerning it on facts which are incapable of demonstration or historical proof. He draws a fancy sketch (ix. 39) of Bothwell *solus*, who, like a villain in a melodrama, is seen to "put the bond away in a casket, together with his remaining treasures of the same kind, in case they might be useful to him in the future" (how our historian reads the villain's thoughts!) — among the rest, the fatal letter which the Queen had written to him from

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[1] No schedule of the contents of the casket was set forth in the Act of Council or in the Act of Parliament. From first to last no list of the contents was ever certified. In the above two Acts no mention was made of contracts of marriage or sonnets, nor of the casket itself. Murray first reports the whole as three sheets of paper (*tres pliegos de papel*), and yet when the papers of the casket as last presented came to be published, they filled more than forty pages of printed quarto.[2] Bishop Leslie might well twit the lords with their "*juggling box.*"

[2] Anderson's *Collection.*

Glasgow, etc. How can the reader have any doubt after this? Does he not here see the casket — almost touch it?

Here is another casket appearance (ix. 118): —

> "The Earl of Bothwell, on leaving Edinburgh for the Border, had left in Balfour's hands the celebrated casket which contained the Queen's letters to himself, some love sonnets, the bond signed at Seton before his trial, and one other, *probably that which was drawn at Craigmillar*."

Deep, sir, deep! The Craigmillar bond really was in Balfour's hands, and if Mr. Froude can but manage to get it into the casket, *then also is the casket in Balfour's hands*. Not without reason has Mr. Froude been styled the Robert Houdin of modern English literature. But he has more proof at the next page: —

> "They (Maitland and the other lords) might have experienced, too, some fear as well as some compunction IF, *as Lord Herries said, the casket contained the Craigmillar bond*, to which their names remained affixed."

Mr. Froude's *probably* and *if* are mere grimace. He knows perfectly well that the Craigmillar bond never had any connection with the casket, knows when and where it was found, how it was destroyed, and who destroyed it. Thus it was: When the other murderers of Darnley confederated against Bothwell, the papers of the latter were in the castle at Edinburgh. Word was sent Balfour that, if he did not join them, he should be denounced with Bothwell as the murderer of Darnley. Balfour acceded, protecting himself with the perennial "bond" of that day, to which he required the personal guarantee of Kirkaldy of Grange — "in case the nobility might alter upon him." He knew they were all as unprincipled as himself, but he had faith in the soldier's word. Thus made safe, he *broke open a green velvet desk* in which Bothwell kept his valuable papers, and among them *found the Craigmillar bond*.

The testimony on this point is full and indisputable. In 1580, Morton was tried and found guilty as aiding in the murder of Darnley. Balfour was a witness in the case. Sir Francis Walsingham wrote (February 3, 1580): —

> "The said Sir James Balfour found in a green velvet desk, late the Earl of Bothwell's, and saw and had in his hands, the principal bond of the conspirators in that murder, and can best declare and witness who were the authors and executors of the same." (*Cotton Library*, Caligula 6.)

And here is the testimony of Randolph, who writes to Cecil, October 15, 1570: —

> "To name such as are *yet here living, most notoriously known to have been chief consentors to the king's death*, I mind not. Only I will say that the universal bruit comes upon three or four persons, which subscribed into a bond, promising to concur and assist each other in doing the same. *This bond was kept in the castle, in a little coffer or desk covered with green*, and, after the apprehension of the Scottish Queen at Carberry Hill, was taken out of the place where it lay by the Laird of Liddington, in presence of Mr. James Balfour, then clerk of the register and keeper of the keys where the registers are." (Tytler, vol. vii. p. 346, and MS. in State Paper Office.)

And with this crushing statement before him, Mr. Froude yet seeks to persuade his reader that the Craigmillar bond was in the silver casket! "*If*, as Lord Herries said, the casket contained the Craigmillar bond?" suggests our historian, who is well advised that Lord Herries said nothing of the kind. Lord Herries, on the contrary, states that Balfour did not find any alleged letters of the Queen among Bothwell's effects in the castle, but that he did find the bond for the Darnley murder; and he adds that, if the Queen's letters had been genuine, her enemies would only have been too glad of such an opportunity to try and condemn her.

Here (ix. 110) follows the statement that "uncertain what to do," the lords "sent one of their number in haste to

Paris to the Earl of Murray, to inform him of the discovery of the letters, and to entreat him to hurry back immediately." Innocent reader finds in this passage contemporary evidence of the discovery of the casket-letters, and so it would be but for the fact that Mr. Froude makes the statement without authority, the passage belonging not to history but to romance. Close on the heels of this story we have another. "The casket-letter proofs," runs the passage in diction of "yellow cover" novel, "laid out in deadly clearness, acted on the heated passions of the lords like oil on fire." (ix. 119.) What could there possibly be in "the casket-letter proofs" at all new or surprising to them? These proofs were as to the Queen's adultery, the murder of the King, and the Queen's marriage with Bothwell. Through two volumes it has been incessantly dinned in our ears that the adultery was long a matter of public scandal; we know that these lords were at least her accomplices, if she was guilty of the murder; and that by the Ainslie bond they approved if they did not force her marriage with Bothwell. This is very good, but not half so imaginative as the portrayal of Sir James Balfour "furious at having been taken in by Bothwell and the Queen!" Think of the virtuous indignation of Robert Macaire!

And yet, in the face of the testimony, Mr. Froude has the nerve to repeat his poor invention at page 200, vol. ix.: "*If, as there is reason to believe*, the Craigmillar bond was in the casket also," etc. Then follow two pages which we commend to the serious attention of any admirer of Mr. Froude who claims the possession of moral principles.

For the advocates of the genuineness of the casket-letters the suspicious presence of the Scotch idiom in the French version of the Glasgow letters presents an insurmountable difficulty. In the comparative obscurity of a note (ix. 62) Mr. Froude thus seeks, quietly and in the fewest possible words, to glide out of it: "The solitary" — (*solitary?*) — "The solitary critical objection to the genuineness of the letters has been that although Mary Stuart corresponded with Bothwell in French, the French version which was published by Buchanan contained Scotch idioms and must have been translated from Scotch. It was naturally conjectured in reply that the originals were out of Buchanan's reach, and that his French and Latin versions of the letters were retranslations from the Scotch translation which was made when they were first discovered. It is now certain that this was the truth."

But we must decline to accept Mr. Froude's "naturally conjectured" and "now certain," as having any historical value. The facts are that Buchanan assisted in showing the original papers to Elizabeth's Commissioners in 1568. In 1571, he published the Latin version (three letters) and Scotch version, and in 1572 the French version. Meantime the originals were redelivered to Morton in January, 1571, and remained in his possession until he went to the scaffold for Darnley's murder ten years afterward. Buchanan's "Detection,"[1] in which the letters appeared, was written under supervision and by order of the men who had the letters in their possession, the materials for the work being furnished by them.[2]

Thus then the matter stands. Buchanan, who was perfectly familiar with the identical casket-letters presented by Murray, is employed by those holding them in their possession to translate and publish them to the world, and they were thus, very clearly, *not* "out of Buchanan's reach." He does so. They are published in London, where were retained the exact copies of them as presented by Murray and his associates to Cecil and the Commission, and by which a spurious copy must have been immediately detected. But they were accepted as copies of the French letters as originally presented, and the assent to their authenticity was universal. For two hundred years this general assent was acquiesced in by writers on both sides, until the historians Hume and Robertson, overwhelmed by the evidence that the French of the disputed letters was a translation from the Scotch, ventured the suggestion that the true original French version had been lost. This evasive and desperate subterfuge is Mr. Froude's "it was naturally conjectured;" but there is no escape from the conclusion that the French letters we now have are, in their contents, the identical letters produced by Murray.

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[1] See Appendix No. 9.

[2] Cecil himself published the fact that, "The Book itself is written in Latin by a learned man of Scotland, Mr. George Buchanan, one privy to the proceedings of the Lords of the King's Secret Council there, well able to understand and disclose the truth, *having easy access to all the records of that country that might help him.* Besides that the Book was written by him, not as of himself, nor in his own name, but according to the instructions to him given by common conference of the Lords of the Privy Council of Scotland; by him only for his learning penned, but by them the matter ministered."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HIGHEST PROOF.

"It is not for the historian to balance advantages. His duty is with the facts." — FROUDE'S *History of England*, i. 92.

THESE casket-letters weigh heavily on Mr. Froude's pages. And well they may. He has shown them to us when Bothwell put them in the casket, telling us precisely what reflections passed through the villain's mind at the moment; we have again seen them in Sir James Balfour's possession, "if the Craigmillar bond" was with them; we see them again "laid out in deadly clearness," and acting "on the heated passions of the lords like oil on fire." We see them at numerous points of Mr. Froude's pages; but nowhere in these pages can we find a man in all Scotland who even long months afterwards ever pretended to have laid eyes upon them. All this is discouraging; but our historian has a masterly device in reserve, namely, to show that *Mary Stuart herself admitted the existence of the casket-letters* in August, 1567 (when they were not yet forged, and before the conspirators had even determined upon the shape in which to put them). Truly a dazzling *tour de force.* Give it your attention. We have (ix. 159) a recital of the first interview in Lochleven prison between the Queen of Scots and Murray. This recital is based on a letter to Elizabeth from Throckmorton, who repeats Murray's account of the interview, and it asserts the admission by Mary Stuart of the existence of the casket-letters, — this, too, at a time when, as we shall show, they had not yet been fabricated, and when the precise form in which they should be presented had not yet been devised by the forgers. In the opening of this effort, our historian is bold, but his *warp* is so strong as to excite suspicion. Representing Throckmorton as his authority, he says: "The brother and sister met without the presence of witnesses." "The Queen received Murray with great passion and weeping." But Throckmorton begins his letter (August 20, 1567) thus: —

> "It may please your Majesty, at the Earles of Moray, Athole and Morton's arrival at Lochleven, they went immediately to the Queen, who had *conference with them altogether;* notwithstanding the Queen broke forth into great passion and weeping, retiring the Earle of Moray apart, who had with her long talk in the hearing of no person."

Mr. Froude continues: "He sat with her for several hours, but was cold and reserved. She was unable to infer from his words either the ill which he had conceived of her or meant towards her."

But this is far from conveying what Throckmorton really wrote.[1]

Then the reader is told — with a burst of rhetoric, a line of poetry, and foul abuse of the poor prisoner — how Mary Stuart is loved by this man Murray, "who had no guilt upon his own heart." "He behaved himself rather like a ghostly father unto her than like a councilor!" And this in quotation marks, as though expressing Throckmorton's opinion. But Throckmorton said no such thing. He wrote: "*I do hear that he behaved himself,*" etc. And he heard it from excellent authority — Murray himself.

Mr. Froude here witheringly denounces historians who absurdly pretend to a knowledge of the secret impulses and motives of their historical characters, saying: "It has pleased the apologists of the Queen of Scots to pretend an entire acquaintance with Murray's motives."

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[1] "That talk, as I do learn (which continued two hours until supper time), was nothing pleasant to the Queen, and chiefly for that the Earl of Moray talked nothing so frankly with her as she desired, but used covert speech and such as she judged he would not discover neither the good nor the ill he had conceived of her, nor meant unto her."

But if we have understood the historians who have described this interview, they do not so much judge Murray's motives as comment upon his acts.[1] The Protestant Bishop Keith, who can hardly be counted among "apologists," says, "Murray's craft shines conspicuous here. He first puts the Queen into the terror of death, and dexterously manages by a change of demeanor to make her suppose she has room to be grateful to him." The Scotch historian Hosack comments thus: —

> "Nothing can exhibit in a clearer light the coarse and crafty nature of the man. First to terrify his sister with the prospect of immediate death, then to soothe her with false promises of safety, and finally, with well-feigned reluctance, to accept the dignity he was longing to grasp, displayed a mixture of brutality and cunning of which he alone was capable."

The Presbyterian historian Robertson is of the opinion that "Murray discovered in this interview a spirit so severe and unrelenting — certainly one of the most unjustifiable steps in his conduct."

"*Her letters had betrayed the inmost part of her too desperately for denial.*" There is no such statement in Throckmorton's letter. Idea, words, and all are purely the coinage of Mr. Froude's brain.

Again: —

Throckmorton writes: —	*Mr. Froude represents him as writing:* —
"They began where they left over night, and after those his	"He had forced her to see both her ignominy and her

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[1] To Mr. Froude the most interesting comment on this performance of "the stainless Murray" should be that of Monsieur Mignet, certainly not an apologist, but, like himself, a defamer of Mary Stuart. "After having signed her abdication through terror, she was now surprised into assenting to it. This assent, soon to be repented of, the cool and crafty Murray had obtained from her by alternately exciting hope and fear in her troubled heart." "Le froid et astucieux Murray l'avait obtenu d'elle en faisant succéder dans son cœur troublé l'espoir et la crainte." — *Mignet*, vol. i. p. 369.

reprehensions, he used some words of consolation unto her, tending to this and that he would assure her of her life, and, as much as lay in him the preservation of her honor."	danger, but he would not leave her without some words of consolation. He told her that he would assure her life, and if possible would *shield her reputation, and prevent the publication of her letters*."

The words in Italics are not in Throckmorton, the idea conveyed by Mr. Froude is not there, nor is there in all of Throckmorton's letter anything to warrant Mr. Froude's assertion. IT IS PURE INVENTION. We know whereof we do affirm.

There need be no question of conflict of reference in this matter. Mr. Froude cites "*Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Aug.* 20, *Keith*," and by that authority we stand.[1]

There is further garbling and more patching of this letter (particularly in the attempt to bolster it with what Lady Lennox said, which is merely what Murray said), but we already have enough. It is well, however, that the reader should understand that Throckmorton's account of this interview is from what was related to him by Murray. The crowning ornament of Murray's character was his piety, and we are surprised that Mr. Froude should have omitted a beautifully characteristic trait of it related in this same letter of Throckmorton. Murray had been requested to come with Lethington. But he came alone, and it can be well understood why he should prefer not to have the keen-witted Maitland a listener to his version of the interview with Mary. Again Throckmorton repeats his request as to Lethington, whereupon, "The Earle of Moray answered, *We must now serve God*, for the preacher tarrieth for us, and after the sermon we must advise of a time to confer with you." Not only was he pious, but Mr. Froude never tires of telling us that his "noble nature had no taint of self in it," and represents him (ix. 134) lately refusing rank, pension, and power from Catherine de Medicis. But Mr. Froude fails to see the Spanish dispatches detailing Murray's "gentle hint" to the King of France which brought him a present of plate valued at 3,000 crowns, and he is even blind to a letter of Throckmorton to Elizabeth (August 12), which relates in very plain English, "Your Majesty is advertised of the present my Lord of Moray had given him at his coming forth of France, which was valued at 1,500 crowns, and of the pension brought him by Lignerolles of 4,000 franks yearly."

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[1] See *Keith*, vol. ii. p. 734 *et seq.*, Edinburgh edition, printed for the Spotiswode Society, 1845.

Murray's story is contradicted by all we know of the Queen. She did not throw herself into his arms; and Melville says that "from that moment all affection was forever broken between them." Mary did not ask him to accept the Regency. She states that she dissuaded him from it, and then it was that "he threw off the mask, told her he had already taken it, and it was too late to draw back." As to Balfour's "frank confession," — the frank confession of one described by John Knox as "blasphemous Balfour," and by the historian Tytler as "this infamous man," — we should first like to know something more of the Simancas MS. referred to by Mr. Froude in that connection. There appears to be such "fatal necessity of mistake" in Mr. Froude's citations, that we must ask to be excused from accepting any of them without preliminary verification of, first, their existence, and, secondly, their accuracy.

To return to the casket-letters. While Mary was imprisoned at Lochleven, Villeroy and Du Croc, the two French Ambassadors, demanded interviews with the Queen, but were refused by the lords. A week later the English Ambassador was also refused, and in all three cases every excuse was alleged but the discovery of the casket-letters. On the contrary, the lords dwelt upon the violences and outrages of Bothwell upon the Queen — accusing Bothwell of making a prisoner of the Queen, and forcing her to marry him, — things distinctly contradicted by the casket-letters. In like manner, when they seized the Queen's silver, the casket was not urged in excuse. July 24, 1567, Lindsay sought to force Mary's abdication,[1] and to obtain it used brutal force. Mr. Froude (ix. 141) thinks that the story that "Lindsay clutched her arm and left the print of his gauntleted hands upon the flesh, that, having immediate death before her if she refused, she wrote her name," rests on faint authority. For Mr. Froude, all authority concerning Mary Stuart is faint that does not come from her enemies.[2] If the casket-letters had really existed, the menace to use them would have brought Mary's signature without trouble, and Lindsay's brutality might have been dispensed with.

The force of this objection is appreciated by the historian, hence his painfully ingenious piece of work with Throckmorton's letter in order to represent Mary as yielding under the same threat from Murray. On the day after Mary was terrified into signing her abdication, we hear the very first hint from the lords as to her "letters." The hint was given to Throckmorton; but they did not show him the casket-letters for the very best of reasons. Throckmorton writes to Elizabeth that the lords mean to charge Mary with the Darnley murder, "whereof, *they say*, they have as apparent proof against her as may be, as well by the testimony of her own handwriting," etc. But not a word of Dalgleish or the casket. Their story was not yet fully prepared.

July 30, 1567. Now we hear of the three sheets of paper — *tres pliegos de papel.* The forgery is evidently in its infancy; for, when the casket ultimately appeared, it contained a mass of papers. Murray is in London. According to Mr. Froude, he has received special information [1] concerning this letter of three sheets of paper written by the Queen to Bothwell, for as such he describes it to De Silva, the Spanish Ambassador. De Silva's report of Murray's statements concerning Mary's letter — *una carta* — is given (ix. 119) in the original Spanish. He is careful, however, to furnish the reader no translation of it, hurries over it as rapidly as possible, and abruptly leaves it by plunging into some matter about John Knox.

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[1] We are told (ix. 126) that Mary "was obstinate only in her love for Bothwell." Why then did she so gladly leave him at Carberry? If she wanted to join Bothwell all she had to do was to abdicate, and yet she refused abdication at every risk, and only signed when advised that, being obtained by force, her signature was of no value.

[2] Robertson, who certainly is not her advocate, says: "Lord Lindsay, the fiercest zealot in the party, executed his commission with harshness and brutality."

Two traits eminently characteristic of our historian's treatment of his material are prominent here. He always avoids giving the English version of a paper which it would be dangerous to translate, and he suddenly drops an inconvenient subject to resume it subsequently on an assumed basis. In this case, sixteen pages later, he coolly refers to the De Silva report as "*an accurate description*" of the casket-letter. The anxiety to escape intelligible statement of Murray's report to De Silva is very natural, for that report is one of the most fatal blows ever dealt the silver casket forgery. Murray's description to De Silva of the letter "written by Mary to Bothwell" is that of a letter totally differing in its essential features from that which was afterwards produced, and "the theory that the letters were forged in the later maturity of the conspiracy against the Queen," so far from "falling asunder" under Murray's statement, as Mr. Froude would have us believe, is here strengthened to the very verge of demonstration. Murray's account, we are told, is an "accurate description" of the Glasgow letter. Let us look at the accuracy. The very first point is a fatal divergence. Murray describes the letter as *signed* by the Queen — *firmada de su nombre.* No such letter was produced among the casket-letters; which were all without seal, date, address, or signature. The Queen is made to say that she will *go* and bring Darnley — *iria á traerle* — that is, go to Glasgow, while the letter afterwards produced purports to be written at Darnley's bedside in Glasgow; that she would contrive, continues Murray's account,[1] to poison Darnley on the way, and, failing that, would bring him to the house where the explosion by powder should take place; that Bothwell, on his side, should get rid of his wife by divorce or poison — and other atrocities — none of which appear in the letter subsequently produced. How does it happen that Murray's informant saw them, if they were not there? And if they were there, how came they to disappear? It should be remarked that the horrible programme in this letter is not put forward by the Queen as something to be considered and decided upon by Bothwell, but as the plan already agreed upon between them — *lo que tenian ordinado.*

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[1] "From one " he says, " who had seen it and read it" — *it* — la carta, one letter. De Silva's language is "y que lo de la carta lo sabia de quien le habia visto y leydo," as given (ix. 120); but *le* is evidently a misprint for *la*. If, as asserted, the casket and letters had been taken with Dalgleish six weeks before, the story must necessarily have been repeated in that shape and in no other, so peculiar and so striking was the circumstance. But no, we hear of neither Dalgleish, nor casket, nor letters, but of *a* letter! It may be remarked here that the Spanish citations throughout these volumes are full of evident errors, the result, probably, of passage through several written and printed copies.

Thus, this "accurate description" of the casket-letter, besides carefully specifying all the above points which are not in it, totally fails to mention the following, which clearly appear from it. It was written from Glasgow; it was not signed by the Queen; it does not even hint at poisoning Darnley on the road, "a una casa en el camino," nor at the Kirk o' Field explosion, nor the murder of Lady Bothwell.

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[1] We cannot allow one of Mr. Froude's many laudations of Murray to pass without a word of comment. He tells us that in London, — "whatever might have been his secret thoughts, he had breathed no word of blame against her (Mary). He had mentioned to De Silva the reports which were current in Scotland, *but, he had expressly said that he did not believe them.*" If Mr. Froude will take the trouble to read his own Spanish citation (ix. 119. 120) he will perceive that Murray not only repeated the contents of the imaginary *tres pliegos de papel*, but volunteered the most atrocious accusations against the Queen, thus striving, by repetition of reports and his own personal statements, to make the worst possible case against his sister, with expression of much affected distress about the "honor of his father's house."

A LATE DISCOVERY.

Guzman de Silva listened attentively to all that Murray had to say (July 30, 1567) concerning the letter by which Mary was said to have fatally compromised herself, as though he had not already heard of it. De Silva was always well informed as to many secret movements of the Scottish lords, and it is very evident that he could depend upon at least one of them for early intelligence. Heretofore, the first recorded historical mention as to the existence of Mary's alleged letters has been found in Throckmorton's letter of July 25th; but a paper at Simancas proves that De Silva had heard of them before that date. This important discovery was made by M. Jules Gauthier, ("Histoire de Marie Stuart"[1]), and reveals the important fact that the casket-letters, yet to be produced, were already discussed in England and *known to Elizabeth* before the Scottish lords had made any public allusion to them. Here is the language of the document. On the 21st of July, 1567, De Silva writes to Philip — we translate: —

> "I told the Queen (Elizabeth) that I had been informed that the lords were in possession of certain letters from which it appeared that the Queen of Scotland was knowing to the murder of her husband. She answered me that it was not true, and, moreover, that Lethington was therein badly employed, and that, if she saw him, she would say a few words to him which he would find far from agreeable."[2]

[1] A work of great research and power. It effectually disposes of M. Mignet's effort. M. Gauthier was a firm believer in Mary Stuart's guilt, until, on visiting Edinburgh, he was struck with the general expression of the fullest faith in her innocence. This led him to examine the subject. His examination extended through six years of research, and the result is his published work in two volumes.

[2] "Apunte á la reyna que avia sido avisado, que en poder de los señores

Mr. Froude's labors at Simancas have been referred to by his admirers as one of the triumphs of modern historical research. But although, as he states, he had "unrestricted access" to that important collection, he does not seem to have made himself acquainted with this important letter of De Silva. It appears that Elizabeth manifested no surprise at the ambassador's announcement, and this goes far to show that the forged letters were already under consideration in England as a means of inculpating the unfortunate Mary Stuart. It is equally evident that Elizabeth herself looked upon the letters as forgeries perpetrated by Lethington.[1]

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estaban ciertas cartas per donde se entendia que la reyna de Escocia oviese sido sabidora de la muerte de su marido; dixome que no era verdad, aun que Ledington avia tratado mal esto, e que si ella le viese, le diria algunas palabras que no le harian buen gusto." — *Archives of Simancas*, leg. 819, fol. 108; *Gauthier*, vol. ii. p. 104.

[1] And this agrees perfectly with the intimation given by Camden, who evidently knew more of Cecil's secrets than he consigned to his pages, that Lethington (Maitland) was no stranger to their fabrication. It also accords with the frequently expressed suspicion of Mary Stuart herself, and with the opinion of several historians. Elizabeth's answer leaves but little doubt that the directing hand in the forgery was Maitland's, and we know that, next to Murray and Morton, he had the greatest interest in fixing upon Mary the odium of Darnley's murder.

CHAPTER XX.

"The chief of the Council is Cecil, a man of low extraction, cunning, false, malicious, full of all deceit. . . . . He is diligent, acute, and never keeps faith or word." — DON GUERAN in FROUDE'S *History of England*, ix. 377.

IN the opening pages of his ninth volume, the historian deals his reader this staggering blow: —

"As the vindication of the conduct of the English government proceeds on the assumption of her guilt, so the determination of her innocence will equally be the absolute condemnation of Elizabeth and Elizabeth's advisers."

Rem acu tetigisti, for that is precisely the conclusion reached by those who have most thoroughly studied the question. We really wonder at Mr. Froude's imprudence in drawing attention to Elizabeth in this connection. There was not a plot or conspiracy against Mary to which Elizabeth was a stranger. There was not during all Mary's reign a traitor or a murderer fleeing from Scotland to England whom Elizabeth did not protect. All the Riccio murderers were safe there. Ker of Faudonside, who held a cocked pistol at Mary during the Riccio murder, and who was excepted from the general pardon, found sure refuge in England during all of Mary's reign.[1]

Complicity in both the Riccio and the Darnley murder is directly brought home to Elizabeth and Cecil. The first is proven by the correspondence of that day yet in the

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[1] Mr. Froude informs us that "to Morton she (Elizabeth) sent an order, a copy of which could be shown to the Queen of Scots, to leave the country; but she sent it with a private hint that England was wide, and that those who cared to conceal themselves could not always be found." (viii. 285.)

Record Office. The second is sufficiently made out notwithstanding the disappearance from the English records of the voluminous reports of the English agents in Scotland a month before and a month after the Darnley murder. This important fact has lately been made known by Mr. Caird.[1] (p. 128.)

But Elizabeth's guilty knowledge of the Darnley murder most strikingly appears in her conduct when Morton was tried for it. Fourteen years after the occurrence, one of the first acts of King James on his freedom from tutelage, was to commit the Earl of Morton to the Castle of Edinburgh, charged with the murder of Darnley. Morton was one of the very few surviving conspirators. Bothwell was dead in exile; Maitland had poisoned himself, and Murray had been shot down in the streets of Linlithgow. With dismay she heard of his commitment. Mr. Burton says that "the news were received at the court of Elizabeth with utterances of rage which *took in some measure the tone of fear.*" It was resolved to stop the proceedings if possible, and if Elizabeth's own life had been at stake, her efforts to stay the trial could not have been more frantic. Her utterances of rage soon take the more definite shape of sending an army to the Border, of reviving her old practices of inciting insurrection in Scotland, and, most significant of all, of sending to Edinburgh the crafty Randolph, to whom Leicester, Elizabeth's lover, wrote, with a suggestion thinly veiled, that the young king might follow his father: "He will not long tarry on that soil. Let the fate of his predecessor be his warning." Then came an official appeal to the Scots to protect Morton, promising that England would stand by them. "But James," says Mr. Caird, "owed a debt to the memory of his murdered father, to the name of his captive mother who was pining in an English prison." Morton was tried, found guilty, and executed. Mr. Caird cites and refers to a mass of dispatches connected with Elizabeth's movements in this Morton matter, and adds that Queen Elizabeth's violence before Morton's trial and execution was not more remarkable than her sudden attitude of acquiescence as soon as his mouth was shut. "Did he hold some terrible secret whose disclosure she feared?" But we have more direct testimony as to the complicity of Elizabeth and Cecil in the Darnley murder from an insolently threatening letter written five years after the murder by Sir James Balfour to Cecil, the original of which is still preserved among the Cotton MSS. He advises Cecil that he requests "*him and the Queen's majesty to interpose their influence and authority to protect him from the imminent peril of being brought to trial for the murder.*" He further requests Cecil "that ye will procure your Sovereign's letters to be direct with expedition to the Regent's grace and Council," etc.; and in conclusion he takes "God to witness that *if any inconvenience arise in consequence*, the fault must not be imputed to him, but *doubts not that her Majesty and his Lordship will think well of the matter* and do their part, so that he obtains the surety he requires."

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[1] *Mary Stuart, her Guilt or Innocence.* By Alexander McNeel Caird.

Thus wrote "the most corrupt man in Scotland" to the Majesty of England and her prime minister, in the language of one guilty accomplice to another. The threatening insolence of his certainty *that they will think well of the matter*, can only be accounted for by the belief that he had a hold upon them.

THE QUEEN'S JEWELS.

At Lochleven, Mary, in her trusting confidence, had voluntarily placed all her valuable jewels in Murray's hands for safe keeping. From among them he selected a set of rare pearls,[1] which he sent by an agent to Elizabeth, who agreed to purchase what she well knew he had no right to sell. Under such circumstances, as is the custom among thieves and receivers, she expected a bargain, and got it. It was a very pretty transaction. Catherine de Medicis was anxious to obtain these pearls, which were esteemed the most magnificent in Europe, and wrote to La Forest to purchase them for her. He replied that he had found it "impossible to comply with her majesty's wish, for they had been intended for the gratification of the Queen of England, who had been allowed to buy them at her own price — one third less than the sum at which they had been valued by the jewelers." The transaction naturally disturbs our historian. Nevertheless, he finds that "the sale in itself would seem too simple to require to be defended. Mary Stuart was held to have forfeited her crown, and in justice to have forfeited her life."

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[1] The pearls are thus described: "Six cordons of large pearls strung, and five-and-twenty separate from the rest much finer and larger than those which are strung."

Really this historian has a strange code of jurisprudence. Mary was at Lochleven. What court decided that she had forfeited crown and life? Sentence by Justice Murray, confirmed by Chief Justice Froude, perchance? The "empty treasury," and the "state of anarchy" left by Mary Stuart are amusing. "Anarchy and empty treasury" were complaints long chronic in Scotland, and during Mary's reign she supported her court, not with Scotch, but with her own private funds from her French dowry. The pearls and all her other jewels were her private property, brought with her to Scotland, and she had asked Murray to take charge of them and other personal effects of value — a trust which he accepted, and, of course, violated. But, after all, the transaction must have been blameless, for Mr. Froude assures us that it "seemed so little improper to" — to — Mary Stuart? — not at all — but — "to Catherine de Medicis (!) that she wrote to her ambassador" — what the historian cites but fails to translate.[1]

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[1] A clever woman was Catherine; for, finding that after all her trouble and anxiety to obtain the pearls she had failed to secure them, she very

Such of Mary's jewels as Murray did not sell, he retained for himself or gave to his wife. Even Elizabeth remonstrated with him on his merchandising, advising him "to forbear the sale," "for otherwise it shall be judged that the ground and occasion of all your actions proceedeth of a mind to *spoil her of her riches, and greatly to benefit yourself and your friends*." (October 2, 1568.) Elizabeth writes here with the perfect equanimity of the just, her dead bargain in Mary's pearls being closed some months back.

On Murray's death it was known that many of Mary's most valuable jewels were in Lady Murray's possession[1] This Lady Murray — the same who receipted to Johnstone for the "three sealed bags of specie," — was, like her late lamented husband, of remarkable acquisitiveness and excellent business capacity, and successfully resisted all Mary's efforts made through the Earl of Huntly and Lord Seton — as also those made by the Regent Lennox and the Earl of Mar — for the recovery of the stolen property. Finally, Morton, when regent, "determined" — Mr. Burton states it in this plain prose — "*to have restoration of her plunder*." He says, too, with tenderness of phrase for Murray,[2] "It has naturally been maintained, and cannot be disproved, that she obtained them by her husband's connivance." Among the items of "the plunder" was a wondrous diamond called "the Great Harry," a gift to

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sensibly makes the best of it, and with grimace of politeness protests she is delighted that Elizabeth has them. And so she tells her ambassador — "il n'est plus de besoing de vous mettre en pique" — "there's no use in staying angry" — thus plainly implying the indignation expressed in his previous letters on the subject.

[1] This was strange, indeed, for Murray had written to his mistress Queen Elizabeth: "This I may boldly affirm unto your Highness, that neither I nor any friend of mine has been enriched with the value of a groat of any of her goods to our private uses. Neither, as God knows, did the ground and occasion of any of my actions proceed of sic a mind." (October 6, 1568.)

[2] Whom he elsewhere "damns" with such suspicious praise, as "his position might have given him opportunities for acts far more unscrupulous than any committed by him."

Mary from her father-in-law, King Henry II. of France. Lady Murray's (now Lady Argyll) struggle was long and obstinate. Several orders for the jewels were issued by the Privy Council. At last (March 5, 1575) they were delivered up, — "Ane great Harry of diamond with ane ruby pendant thereat; six other jewels, thereof three diamonds and the other three rubies."

MAITLAND, KIRKALDAY, AND MORTON.

Surprise has been expressed that Mr. Froude should have made so little of Maitland (Lethington), the really prominent figure among the Scots of his period. He was by far the most talented man of the day in Scotland and England, of great intellectual grasp and high statesmanlike power. And an expression of similar surprise may be made with regard to Kirkaldy of Grange, — a man of many heroic qualities and the best soldier of his day in all Britain. The secret of Mr. Froude's reserve on this point may perhaps be found in the fact that in the day of Mary Stuart's adversity these men openly espoused her cause, and sealed their devotion by dying for it, thus practically protesting against the infamous plot in which they themselves were banded against her.

On the other hand, we have already spoken of the readiness with which that writer issues certificates of the highest moral excellence to any enemy of Mary Stuart, meantime suppressing or softening mention of his misdeeds. This is very plain in the case of Murray; and a strong effort is also made for Morton, a man steeped in crime. His merit in the eyes of our historian is that "he directed the storm which drove Mary Stuart from her throne and imprisoned her at Lochleven." Merit like that must be rewarded at least by negative praise and suppression — thus: "*His middle life was very far from blameless.*" Very far, indeed! He was notoriously guilty of seduction, adultery, robbery, peculation, oppression, and murder.[1] Robertson says that when he was regent, "spies and informers were everywhere employed, the remembrance of old offenses was revived, imaginary crimes were invented, petty trespasses were aggravated, and delinquents were compelled to compound for their lives by the payment of exorbitant fines."

The effort made in Mr. Froude's history to suppress Morton's crowning infamy is so remarkable that it should not be passed over. When, after the Riccio murder, Morton fled to England, he enjoyed the hospitality of Percy, Earl of Northumberland. A few years later the Earl took refuge in Scotland from Elizabeth's omnivorous scaffold. Murray would have delivered him up for a price, but dared not.[2]

Soon afterward Morton delivered, or rather sold Northumberland to Elizabeth. "No one," wrote Hunsdon to Cecil, "spoke more loudly against the proposed surrender (by Murray) than Morton, yet it was he himself who afterwards gave up Northumberland for a large bribe." The fact that Morton was guilty of this infamy is not a question to be discussed, so thoroughly settled is it, and so indelibly recorded in the historic annals of both England and Scotland as a deep stain on the honor of the one and the humanity of the other.

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[1] The following description of an original portrait of Morton, at Dalmahoy House, is from vol. v. p. 91, Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of Scotland:* "He wears the Geneva hat, but it neither conceals the villainous contour of his retreating forehead, nor the sinister glance of the small gray eyes peering from under his red shaggy brows. The very twist of his crooked nose is expressive of craft and cruelty; the long upper lip, hollow mouth, and flat square chin are muffled in a bush of red mustache and beard; but the general outline is most repulsive, and bespeaks the hypocrite, the sensualist, the assassin, and the miser — and all these he was."

[2] The very thieves of Liddesdale shrank in horror from the perpetration of such dishonorable meanness, and threatened that if Murray attempted it, "the Borderers would start up and rive both the Queen and the lords from him, for the like shame was never done in Scotland; and that he durst better eat his own luggs than come again to Fernihurst; if he did, he should be focht with ere he crossed Soutra edge."

Mr. Burton, the latest historian of Scotland, thus relates it: —

> "He (Morton) had the captive in his own custody in the Castle of Lochleven, so that he did not require to compromise the government in the matter; and before that time when he became regent — June 7 — he handed over Northumberland to the English authorities. It would appear that £2,000 cash down, forming the consideration for this concession, of which a contemporary says, 'The fault was done for some other cause nor we know, to the great shame of this realm to send so noble a man ane prisoner, yea, that came in this realm for safety of his life, wha was soon after his coming to London, headed, quartered, and drawn.'" (vol. v. p. 330.)

In the "Historie of King James the Sext," we read: —

> "The Earle of Northumberland was randerit to the Queene of Ingland, furth of the Castell of Lochlevin, be a certain condition maid betwix hir and the Earle of Mortoun for gold; quilk was thankfullie payit to Mortoun," etc.

Throughout all Scotch history there is but one version of the fact. But Mr. Froude thus relates the infamy, totally ignoring Morton as its perpetrator: —

> "Randolph," he says, "was permitted afterwards to open a negotiation *with the Lord of Lochleven*, who undertook to put Northumberland in the Queen's hands for the sum," etc. "Lochleven was evidently in earnest. The Queen could not lose her prize, and the money was sent to Berwick to be paid on receipt of the Earl's person. Morton still attempted to make delays, less in pity for Percy than in indignation at Elizabeth; but £2,000 was a temptation too considerable for a needy Scotch gentleman to resist. *To Sir Wm. Douglas it was indifferent* whether he received it from England or Flanders," etc. "He (Morton) contented himself, therefore, with entreating that at all events the Earl's life might be spared," etc.

Elizabeth spare his life! Our historian may well add: "The bargain was a bitter one to Scotland. The passions of the people were heated sevenfold." (x. 350.)

As long as Mary Stuart is in question, Morton must be protected by this historian, although away from her, he appears to be quite capable of at least a partial appreciation of his true character. In the month of November, 1865, Mr. Froude delivered a public lecture at Edinburgh, in the course of which he told his audience: "Morton was an unprincipled scoundrel, who used the Reformation as a stalking-horse to cover the spoils which he had clutched in the confusion."

And it was solely on the word or oath — it really does not matter which — of this man Morton, that the story of the capture of the casket-letters, and of their identity, was accepted as judicial testimony by the English commissioners, and is now accepted by Messieurs Froude, Mignet, and Burton!

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONFERENCE AT YORK.

"Little did Cecil foresee, when he was busily framing one hollow pretext after another for detaining the royal fugitive, what a future he was preparing for his royal mistress. . . . . Nineteen years of incessant remonstrance and recrimination, of incessant anxiety and danger, as well from foreign as from domestic foes, to be followed by an eternity of infamy at last." — HOSACK, *Mary and her Accusers*, p. 386.

WE must positively decline sharing with Mr. Froude his enthusiastic admiration of Cecil as a Christian statesman. The man who as prime minister of England could receive and entertain propositions from assassins for doing a piece of work in their line,[1] who could so intimately connect himself as he did with the Riccio and Darnley murderers, who for long years disgraced England and humanity by the constant use of a system of torture which dwarfed the Spanish Inquisition into a mere apprentice in cruelty, and who could in cold blood treat a defenseless woman as he treated the Queen of Scots, must have been essentially a bad man. His ability, such as it was, no one contests. Statesmanship in the brutal and bloody days of the despotic reign of Elizabeth demanded a man who was something of a cross between Fouché and Torquemada. He was cool, calculating, and cautious, well weighing the *pros* and *cons* of his questions before he moved or struck. The English State Papers are full of such notes as he was evidently in the habit of making for the purpose of arguing, as it were, before himself, any given case. One of the most remarkable of these memoranda is the following document in his own hand found among his papers, and still in existence, in which he defines Mary Stuart's relation to the English government on her arrival in England.

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[1] An English gentleman named Woodshawe wrote to Cecil, Lord Burleigh, in November, 1575, confessing a burglary, and offering to poison people in Flanders whose hospitality he was then enjoying. A pious English gentleman, he was too, for he tells Cecil in the same letter: "What I have been, God forgive me my folly; but what I am, I pray God give me grace that I may do that service to the Queen's majesty and my country which my faithful heart is willing to do." The incident is almost incredible in its infamy, but is so true that even Mr. Froude relates it (ix. 46), and says: "Nor is this the strangest part of the story. *Lord Burghley condescended to make use of this man.*"

> "PRO REGINA SCOTORUM.
>
> "She is to be helped, because she came willingly into the realm upon trust of the Queen's majesty. She trusted upon the Queen's majesty's help because she had in her troubles received many messages to that effect. She is not lawfully condemned, because she was first taken by her subjects, by force kept in prison, put in fear of her life, charged with the murder of her husband, and not admitted to answer thereto, neither in her own person nor by advocate, before them which in Parliament did condemn her."

The position here made for the Scottish Queen is simply impregnable, and these few lines present the facts, the logic, the law, and the justice of the case. But what had justice, or even mercy, to do with the rule of Cecil and Elizabeth. It was resolved she should be kept a prisoner. We would not wonder that our English historian should find it difficult to give any clear idea of the frightful dimensions or the labyrinthine complication of Elizabeth's mendacity and double dealing in her transactions with the Scotch Queen on the one hand and the Scotch lords on the other. If he simply desired to recount events fairly, it must be conceded that the task is not an easy one. But when, to a total disinclination to do this much, he superadds the effort to deepen the colors of his portrait of Mary Stuart as the worst of women, and to lend angelic tints to the picture of his spotless Murray, it can readily be understood what manner of fiction we have before us. It is simply impossible for the reader to obtain from Mr. Froude's narrative any clear idea of the events connected with Murray's production of his "copies" at York and his casket at Westminster.

It must be borne in mind that if Mary Stuart had wished to avoid the alleged danger of the casket-letters, all she had to do was, *as a sovereign to decline the competency* of any tribunal or commission to examine or decide upon any question touching her. But she was induced to consent to the conference in order to show that Morton and the rest were Darnley's murderers. The conference being determined upon, what is Murray's position? If his casket-letters are not forgeries all he has to do is to present them, and there is an end of the Queen of Scots and of her case; for if these letters be the letters of Mary Stuart, she is, beyond all peradventure, an adulteress and the murderer of her husband. Let us not be told of any delicacy or brotherly affection on his part that should make him hesitate thus to publish his sister's shame to the world. He had already repeatedly done so in Scotland by public proclamation. But still he does not produce his casket, and here, we are told, is the reason: —

> "Murray, not choosing to step forward in the dark and make himself Elizabeth cat's-paw (!) immediately sent translations of the casket-letters to London. He said that he could produce the originals, and prove them to be in the Queen's hand. He desired to know whether they were to be admitted in evidence; and if admitted, what effect would follow." (ix. 263.)

So far as this pretends to give the sense of Murray's request to Elizabeth, it is the merest rubbish — a delusion and a snare.[1]

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[1] Here is what Murray wrote: "It may be that such letters as we have of the Queen that sufficiently, in our opinion, prove her consenting to the murder of the King her lawful husband, shall be called in doubt by the judges to be constituted for the examination and trial of the cause, whether

The modern bank forger dares not walk boldly up to the cashier and demand the value called for by his check, but takes the precaution first to send some one to ascertain if it can be certified. With similar deceit, Murray asks for judgment on his copies. The timid anxiety of the forger is seen in this first step, and on this clearly suspicious course of producing copies instead of originals, we are happy to offer the opinion of a distinguished English historian, who, "clothed in his right mind" in commenting on the case of the Blount (Leicester) letters in England, says: —

> "But in that case, *and in any case*, it remains to ask why he produced copies of the letters if he was in possession of the originals; unless there was something in the originals which he was unwilling to show?" (See "History of England," by James Anthony Froude, vii. 290.)

Yet, after all, Murray's copies turn out to be *translations "in our language,"* that is to say, Scotch. Scotch copies for Elizabeth who did not understand nor read the language, instead of copies of the originals in French (as alleged) which she could read. The truth is that Murray was even worse off than Blount, who may have had something he was unwilling to show in the originals, for the casket originals were not yet manufactured of the two or three letters upon which the forgers most relied. The only letters of importance as testimony against the Queen are the two first, and they were conclusively proven by Goodal, and the elder Tytler, more than a century ago, to have been

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they may stand or fall, prove or not. Therefore, since our servant Mr. John Wood has the copies of the same letters *translated in our language*, we would earnestly desire that the said copies may be considered by the judges that shall have the examination and commission of the matter, that they may resolve us thus far in *case the principal agree with the copy, that then we prove the cause indeed;* for when we have manifested and shown all, and yet *shall have no assurance that what we send shall satisfy for probation*, for what purpose shall we either accuse or seek to prove, when we are not assured what to prove, or when we have proved, what shall succeed?"

written originally in Scotch. But *Mary Stuart could not write the Scotch language*, and French versions of the Scotch drafts were produced and alleged to be hers.[1]

All Mary's papers at Holyrood, and all Darnley's papers at Kirk o' Field fell into the hands of the lords, and it was a clever device to select a few of Mary's genuine letters to Darnley (mainly expressions of affection) to mingle with the counterfeits. These casket-letters all come to us from the same source, the Darnley letters in Mary's beautiful French; and when the forgery is plainly shown by Goodal's demonstration, that the French of those letters only which prove the Queen's guilt is a translation, and a very bad translation, from the Scotch, we are told that there must have been another French version which has disappeared. Mr. Froude makes a feeble attempt to get over this difficulty with his "solitary critical objection" at p. 62. vol. ix. Murray moreover modestly asked that the judges should beforehand give him — not an opinion as to their sufficiency, but the assurance that his copies would be accepted as conclusive.

Meantime Mary made a declaration to the effect that the letters referred to "which may infer presumptions against me are false and feigned, forged and invented by themselves to my dishonor and slander," etc.

October 11th Murray submitted the letters "*in private and secret conference*" to the English Commissioners, and these letters so submitted were in Scotch. He exhibited them *as the originals*, and showed them to the English Commissioners as Mary Stuart's letters. Norfolk, one of the Commissioners, wrote to Elizabeth (as quoted ix. 294):

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[1] The proofs that the Scotch was their original idiom are numerous, unanswerable and some of them very amusing. The Queen is made to write, "I shall end my bylle (bybil)" — a Scotch word still used for any writing — translated into Latin *biblia*, thence into French *bible*. Again, "I am *irkit* (weary) and going to sleep." Not understanding the word, the Latin translator makes *naked* of it, and solemnly puts down "*Ego nudata sum*," and is followed in French with an improvement, "*Je suis toute nue*." And this is claimed to have been written in the month of January.

"They showed me a horrible and long letter *of her own hand*, as they say, containing foul matter," etc. "The lords," he said, "were ready to swear that both letters and verses *were in her own handwriting*."

Our historian is very careful here to avoid committing himself on the points as to whether the letters thus shown were in Scotch or in French, and gives his reader this piece of ambiguity: "He allowed the Commissioners to see in private *what he was able to produce*." He continues: "He (Norfolk) inclosed extracts from the letters in his dispatch, and he left it to Elizabeth to say whether, if they were genuine, '*which he and his companions believed them to be*,' there could be any doubt of the Queen of Scots' guilt." (ix. 295.) The passage in Italics is put by Mr. Froude in inverted commas, as though quoting it from Norfolk's letter. The old story! The passage is of his own invention.

THERE ARE NO SUCH WORDS IN IT, NOR ANYTHING LIKE THEM.[1]

Norfolk "inclosed extracts from the letters" "in her own handwriting." A correct statement, with the qualification "as they say," and the extracts are all Scotch.[2]

The English Commissioners were the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler. Of these three men, Cecil had the highest opinion of Sussex, and wrote privately to him for his views and advice as to the matters before them. Mr. Froude states this fact more concisely: "Lord Sussex, in an able letter, laid before Cecil the whole bearing of the question." Mr. Froude is eminently correct here. It is an able letter. Sussex had seen "*what Murray was able to produce*," and more than he dared ever produce a second time;[1] he had doubtless reflected on the matter during the interval, eleven days, and he wrote on the 22d of October to Cecil that, relying on his promise of secrecy, he imparts his views, and thinks the accusation of the Queen of Scots will hardly be attempted. Of all this Mr. Froude makes no mention, and says that Sussex's first position was that the Queen would *disown* the letters, and accuse Murray's friends of consent to the murder. We shall now state in the Duke's own language what he really said on this point, and give the reader an opportunity of contrasting his words with the historian's version of them: —

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[1] *Caird*, preface to 2d ed. p. 34.

[2] One of them was a most dishonest trick even for forgers. They put in the Scotch version "*Mak gude watch that the bird escape not out of the cage;*" which is now found to be the false translation of a portion of Mary's beautiful sentence, "Comme l'oyseau eschappé de la cage, ou la tourtre qui est sans compagne, ainsi je demeureray seule, pour pleurer vostre absence, quelque brieve qu'elle puisse estre," and was invented to convey the idea of a warning from the Queen to Bothwell not to let Darnley escape. It is in letter No. 4, English edition, of the *Detection*. This letter carries internal evidence of being a genuine letter of Mary to Darnley.

What Mr. Froude says the Duke of Sussex wrote to Cecil. (ix. 297.)	What the Duke of Sussex really wrote to Cecil.
"The matter would have to end either by finding the Queen guilty, or by some composition which would save her reputation. *The first method would be the best, but it would require Murray's help, and Murray, for two reasons, might now decline to give it.* "1. She would *disown* the letters, and in return accuse his friends of manifest consent to the murder hardly to be denied."	"*October* 22, 15—. "This matter must at length take end, either by finding the Scotch Queen guilty of the crimes that are objected against her, or by some manner of composition with a show of saving her honour. *The first, I think, will hardly be attempted*, for two causes: the one, *for that if her adverse party accuse her of the murder by producing of her letters, she will deny* them, and accuse the most of them of manifest consent to the murder,

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[1] The following documents shown as part of the contents of the casket at York, were never afterwards produced: *First*, A pretended letter of the Queen concerning the altercation between Darnley and Lord Robert Stuart. *Second*, A warrant, signed, they declared, with the Queen's own hand, authorizing the nobility to sign the Ainslie bond.

hardly to be denied; *so as upon the trial on both sides*, HER PROOFS WILL JUDICIALLY FALL BEST OUT, AS IT IS THOUGHT."

Overlooking minor irregularities in this pretended version given by Mr. Froude of the Sussex letter, it will be noticed that the passages marked by *Italics* and *capitals* in the original letter of the Duke are suppressed; and that the passages in the pretended version which are marked in *Italics* are of the writer's own invention. Moreover, both the suppression and the invention are very serious in their nature. Sussex, so far from thinking that it would be best to find the Queen guilty, expressly says that in his opinion *it will not be attempted*, for she will *deny* (not disown) her letters and present a stronger case against them than they can make out against her. As to the insertion of the passage concerning Murray, we pass it without comment.

It will be noted that this judgment of Sussex is no mere idle conversation, but a deliberate opinion, given under an appreciation of the highest responsibility. The inference is irresistible that he placed no faith in the genuineness of the letters produced as writings of the Queen, although, if the Glasgow letters are hers, there is no escaping belief in her guilt.

It is necessary to bear in mind that Murray exhibited "what he was able to produce" to the English Commissioners "in private and secret conference," — so say the Commissioners themselves, — and neither the Queen herself nor her Commissioners had any knowledge of it. These facts have only of late years come to light, all that is known of them being revealed by the confidential letters of Sussex and Norfolk — letters which Hume and Robertson never saw. Norfolk, at first somewhat dazed by the "horrible letter," appears a few days later to have viewed the matter differently, and writes to Cecil that the affair is "perilous and perplexing," adding, that if she is formally accused, she will desire to be present in person. And so, not noticing Elizabeth's devices for delay, the York conference closed. Murray took with him to York, Lord Lindsay, Maitland, John Wood, Pitcairn, Mackill, Balnaves, and Buchanan, whose pen had already been purchased for Murray's purposes. We have seen some of these men among the murderers of Cardinal Beaton, some with the murderers of Riccio, others banded with the murderers of Darnley, and four of them sat as judges at the mock trial of Bothwell.

CHAPTER XXII.

WESTMINISTER. — PART FIRST.

"Voici la Cassette Miraculeuse." — ROBERT HOUDIN.

THE Duke of Norfolk was right. The Queen of Scots, if accused, would wish to be present in person. On the 22d of November, 1568, Mary instructed her Commissioners, Leslie, Bishop of Ross, the Lords Herries (Protestant), Boyd (Protestant), and Livingstone (Protestant), Gavin Hamilton the Commendator of Kilwinning (Protestant), Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, and Sir James Cockburn of Skirling to *demand that she should be permitted to appear in person in presence of the Queen of England, the whole of her nobility, and all the foreign ambassadors in London, to answer all that "may or can be alleged against us by the calumnies of our rebels."* She further instructed her Commissioners, in case of refusal of this demand, to break off the conference. In other words, she is ready to meet Murray, Morton, the rebel lords, their accusations, and the casket-letters, in face of the whole world. Any attitude less decided than this might have warranted the imputation of Mary Stuart's want of confidence in her own innocence.

If Elizabeth and Cecil had possessed the slightest faith in the strength of the case against the Scottish Queen, they would have eagerly closed with the proposal, for only of Mary's own free will could they place her in such a position of publicity. Their inclination favored it, their interest demanded it. But the warning of Sussex was before them, — HER PROOFS WILL JUDICIALLY FALL BEST OUT, — and they dared not run the risk of a public failure. An evasive answer was given the Commissioners, and further delay made. Mr. Froude cites (ix. 341) in a note, "The Queen of Scots to the Bishop of Ross and Lord Herries, Nov. 22. Goodal, vol. ii." This is the paper containing Mary's demand (p. 185), which Mr. Froude deliberately suppresses, substituting for it the statement (p. 342), "She demanded to be heard in person in reply before the assembled English peers;" and the sneer at p. 352, "The Queen of Scots, in applying to be heard in person, had contemplated a pageant at Westminster Hall," etc. For an excellent specimen of rhetorical device the reader may see pp. 342, 343 vol. ix. beginning, "It seems," and ending, "The Regent laid on the table a written declaration that his sister had been the contriver and deviser of the murder of which Bothwell had been the instrument." Mr. Froude is here entirely too considerate of Mary Stuart's reputation. He omits to tell the reader that Murray added to the charge of murdering her husband, "an intent to murder her child." Then, melodramatically, "The accusation was given in. The evidence on which all would turn was still in reserve." It was indeed in reserve, and hung fire like unto any other damaged ammunition. And then we are told of what Mary feared, and what she felt, and the precise condition of her mind. Here we are powerless for comment. On Mary's demand to be heard in person, Elizabeth still dissembled, still equivocated to the Commissioners, telling them (December 4) that she would not consent to endanger the Queen's honor unless the "*accusation might first appear to have more likelihood of just cause than she did find therein*,"— in other words, that Murray's case against his sister was not sufficient to justify the necessity of her appearance. There was more shuffling, more evasion on the part of Elizabeth and Cecil, until on the 6th of December Mary's Commissioners gave notice that they would go no further until they had received "a resolute and direct answer" to the Queen's demand. There was no "The Bishop coldly said" in the case. On the contrary, the two acting Commissioners, Leslie and Lord Herries, warmly, but with dignity, solemnly protested "that in case your lordships proceed in the contrary, that whatever has been, or shall be done hereafter, shall not prejudge in any manner of way our mistress and sovereign's honor, person, crown, and estate ; and we for our part dissolve and discharge this present conference, having special command thereto by our said sovereign in case aforesaid."

Elizabeth, as we have seen, did not dare allow Mary to be heard in defense personally and publicly, nor did she dare produce the alleged evidence against her. The conference thus ended by the withdrawal of the Commissioners, it looked as though the prosecution must fail. But Cecil was equal to the occasion. He persuaded Mary's Commissioners that the form of their protest should be amended, knowing full well that it could only be done on consultation and with loss of time. It was amended and returned on the 9th December. But meantime, taking advantage of their departure, he swiftly had Murray summoned on the same day to produce his proofs. Murray appeared, and, safe in Elizabeth's encouragements and the absence of Mary's Commissioners, produced — not the casket-letters, but what he called a "Book of Articles" — a collection of all the slanders ever uttered against his sister, set forth in style and language much after the form of Buchanan's "Detection." Among them was the Alloa story, sailing with pirates, the Jedburgh fable, notorious adultery with Bothwell, the poisoning of Darnley, etc.

The proceedings of the 6th December closed with Murray's leaving in the hand of the Commissioners ...s Book of Articles, which is as vile a piece of composition as the "Detection," and that is saying much. With calm Scotch indignation, Mr. Hosack thus comments on Murray's act: —

"What are we to think of the man who could thus, before a foreign, and certainly not a friendly tribunal, deliberately slander the sister who had loaded him with benefits? And what are we to think of the historian who invariably represents him to his readers as the purest of patriots and the most unselfish of men? The prejudices and the profession of Robertson as a minister of the Church of Scotland naturally induced him to take the most favorable view of the character of Murray; yet he does not hesitate to condemn, with just severity, his ingratitude to his sister, his servility to Elizabeth, and his treachery to Norfolk. Of modern historians, Mr. Froude alone regards the Scottish regent with unmixed admiration."

On the 7th December,[1] Murray reappeared before the Commissioners, who, meantime, "heard the foresaid Book of Articles thoroughly red unto them the night before," and had just again read the three first chapters. Murray and his colleagues now asked the Commissioners to show them if in any part of these articles exhibited *they conceived any doubt*, or would hear any other proof, *which they trusted needed not*, considering the circumstances thereof were for the most notorious to the world." We have seen Murray at York, coolly asking the Commissioners for an assurance that they would accept his copies as proofs. Failing in this, he now has what is well styled "the effrontery" to ask them to accept, instead of proof, the monstrous catalogue of unverified accusations contained in his Book of Articles!

It may well be imagined that this proposition did not at all meet Cecil's views. Two objects were to be attained for Elizabeth, the first in accordance with the advice of the Duke of Sussex, the second set forth in Knollys' letter to Cecil of October 20th.

First, "No end can be made good for England except the person of the Scotch Queen be detained, by one means or other, in England."

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[1] The minutes of the proceedings of the Commissioners on the 7th December long supposed to be lost, have lately been found in the Record Office by Mr. Hosack, who has also recovered the Book of Articles from among the Hopetoun MSS. In the present chapter, free use has been made of Mr. Hosack's work, which presents the clearest and most reliable account of the proceedings at Westminster yet written.

Second, "I see not how her majesty can with honour and safety detain this Queen, *unless she be utterly disgraced to the world*, and the contrary party be thereby maintained."

The breach between the Queen of Scots and the lords must be made irreparable, and this could only be effected by forcing Murray's hand and compelling him to produce his proofs. Cecil therefore answered that the Commissioners were merely there to report to her majesty "of such things as should be on either part produced." An attempt was made to press the Act of Parliament as sufficient proof, but that also failed. "Whereupon the said Earle and his colleagues pausing a while did withdraw themselves." After some private consultation, they returned, and with protestations of loyalty and affection towards their sovereign, they produced "a small gilt coffer, not fully one foot long, being garnished in many places with the Roman letter F under a crown, wherein were certain letters and writings," etc., describing it as the same left by Bothwell, and sent for by one George Dalgleish "who was taken by the Earl of Morton." All this Morton there sitting as one of the Commissioners avowed upon his oath to be true, "and the writings to be the very same, without any manner of change."

This gilt coffer is of wonderful elasticity, and as magical in its capacity as one of those wonderful receptacles of professional magicians, which contain anything you may ask for. It is averred upon the oath of Morton, that the writings are the very same found in it when taken from Dalgleish, "without any manner of change." And yet, this same casket contained, when produced at York, two papers not now found in it.[1]

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[1] On Murray's first report to the Spanish Ambassador, we had "three sheets of paper," then we have reported "her private letters," and in due course of time the casket itself, the stanzas, the bonds, and the sonnets ap-

They then presented (outside the casket) two contracts of marriage, the record of Bothwell's trial, and the sentence of divorce between Bothwell and his wife, and from the casket the two Glasgow letters "*written in French*, and in Roman hand, which they avowed to be a letter of the Queen's own hand sent to Bothwell."

On the 8th December were produced "seven several writings, written in French, in the like Roman hand — and avowed by them to be written by the same Queen." "Which seven writings being copied, were read in French, and a due collation made thereof, as near as could, by reading and inspection, and made to accord with the originals, which the said Earl of Murray required to be redelivered, and did thereupon deliver the copies being collationed."

Thus Murray took away the originals and left copies only for the examination of the Commissioners. But two important documents shown to the Commissioners at York had now disappeared. One was the Queen's warrant to the nobility to sign the Ainslie bond, the other referring to the altercation between Lord Robert Stuart and Darnley. Both these papers, if genuine, were damaging to the Queen, the bond in particular; and the York Commissioners expressly reported that they had seen proof in this bond, "which was now shown unto us," that the nobles had refused to sign the Ainslie bond until thus authorized. The fact of this withdrawal was significant, but, as Mary was not represented in the conference, nothing was said of the suspicious omission. And here we close comment on these so-called casket-letters with the admirable summing-up of a writer of the last century: —

> "The internal, the external evidence; their variations in substance, their variations in form, their variations in words, and

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pear gradually and successively. Then comes a diminishing process by the withdrawal of two documents at York, and the suppression of a letter. Yet all the while it is the same casket and contents as found upon Dalgleish. Truly a "juggling box."

their variations even in language; the history of the rebel conduct, the history of Elizabeth's proceedings at the conferences in England concerning them; their contradictions to facts, their repugnances to common sense, their inconsistencies with chronology, and their violent opposition to themselves and to each other, all show them to be forgeries, with an accumulative weight of testimony."

On the 9th, the amended protest of Mary's Commissioners was received, but they continued absent in conformity with their protest. And now we find the English Commissioners busy reading — not the originals — not French copies, nor Scotch translations, but copies "duly translated into English." The English versions of the two Glasgow letters still in the Record Office, marked with Cecil's hand, are, almost certainly, the copies used by the Commissioners. Of the Scotch copies no more is heard. Nelson and Crawford then presented their written depositions, and the latter recounted the conversation he had with the Queen on her coming to Glasgow. These men were neither questioned nor cross-questioned, nor was any test made of the accuracy of their evidence. Murray then presented his journal. Then came a pause in the proceedings, although not a word has yet been said of the genuineness of the letters alleged to be the Queen's. Something was suggested as to laying the matter before Parliament, but it was quickly silenced, and determination taken to submit the results of the conference to six noblemen, who were immediately summoned to Hampton Court.

On the 14th December, the Earls of Northumberland, Westmoreland, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Huntingdon, and Woolwich heard, with the Privy Council, report of the proceedings at York and Westminster, and all Murray's papers were laid before them. The casket-letters were, according to Cecil's journal, "duly conferred and compared, for the manner of writing and fashion of orthography with sundry other letters, long since heretofore written and sent by the said Queen of Scots to the Queen's majesty, in collation of which no difference was found."

This is the only scrutiny — if scrutiny it can be called — these letters ever underwent. No one had been allowed to see these letters in Scotland. No one but the English Commissioners had been allowed to see them at York. From hundreds of persons intimately acquainted with the Queen's handwriting, scores of witnesses could have been produced to prove it, if hers it was.

Were these Earls the accomplished experts referred to? And in what manner was their examination made? Mr. Froude says, "they were examined long and minutely by each and every of the lords who were present," but does not inform us upon what authority his information is based. We prefer the testimony of a contemporary witness, Cecil, Elizabeth's prime minister, the chief manager and director of such examination as there was. He says: —

> "It is to be noted that at the time of the producing, showing, and reading of all those foresaid writings, there was no special choice nor regard had to the order of the producing thereof; but the whole writings lying altogether upon the council table, the same were, *one after another, showed rather by hap*, as the same did lie upon the table, *than with any choice made*, as by the natures thereof, *if time had so served*, might have been."

In introducing these letters to his reader, and forthwith incorporating them into his narrative, Mr. Froude states that they "passed the keenest scrutiny both in England and Scotland. The handwriting was found to resemble so exactly that of the Queen that the most accomplished expert could detect no difference." (viii. 362.) Where and when was the "keenest scrutiny" in Scotland, and who was "the most accomplished expert" we are not informed. The whole question at issue is the genuineness of the letters, and practically, that question is not tested by anything of historical record.

The earls, with Cecil and the Privy Council, now deliberated as to the testimony laid before them. The most devoted servants of Elizabeth, Cecil, Sadler, Leicester, and Bacon, "declared themselves convinced. Arundel, Norfolk, Clinton, and Sussex contended that the Scottish Queen had a right to be heard in her own defense." Cecil manifested angry violence in insisting on a condemnation, which was refused, and the Secretary's *furia terribile* was rebuked and checked by some of the peers present.[1] Finally, no opinion was reached, while the six earls thanked Queen Elizabeth for imparting the matter to them, adding that she was justified in refusing to receive the Scottish Queen as the case stood.

All this time Mary Stuart was a prisoner far away at Bolton Castle in Yorkshire. The winter was unusually early and severe, and the roads were blocked up with frozen snow. On the 19th of December, she first heard of Murray's accusations made before the Commissioners on the 26th November, and instantly wrote, instructing them to renew the conference which, by her letter of November 22d, she had directed them to break off, and forthwith to charge the Earl of Moray, and his accomplices, with the murder of the King, for, in accusing her they had falsely, traitorously, and wickedly lied, "imputing unto us maliciously the crime whereof they themselves are authors, inventors, doers, and some of them the actual perpetrators." Further, she instructed her Commissioners to demand "the inspection and *doubles* (copies) of all they have produced against us, and that we may see the alleged principal writings, if *they have any*, produced, and, with God's grace, we shall make sic answer thereto that our innocence shall be known to our good sister, and to all other princes;" and concludes with instructions to charge her accusers "as authors and inventors of the said crime they would impute to us," holding herself ready to prove the same.[1]

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[1] "Dichos señores havian mostrado algun valor y contrastado un poco la furia terribile con que el Secretario Cecil queria perder aquella señora."—*Simancas MS.* quoted by Lingard.

Mary's instructions of December 19th were represented to Elizabeth on the 25th of December, and the Commissioners repeated the request "to have such writings as were produced against their mistress." To which Elizabeth — held by many to have been an "admirable actress" — replied that she thought the request "very reasonable," and was pleased to hear that "her good sister would make answer in that manner for the defense of her honor."

WESTMINSTER. — PART SECOND.

"There had been nothing sufficiently produced nor shown by them against the Queen their sovereign." — *Decision on Westminster Examination.*

The Queen of Scots at Lochleven had demanded that her cause should be decided by the Scottish Parliament. At York she asked for a public investigation before Elizabeth, the whole of her nobility, and the foreign ambassadors. At Westminster she waived this right, and offered to meet the charges before the Commissioners; expecting in all these cases, as a simple matter of right, to be allowed inspection of the pretended written proof against her. But all in vain.

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[1] The historian Burton has a new and entirely original theory as to the casket-letters. It is that they were not at the time of their production charged to be forgeries. "It is never distinctly asserted," he says, "as it has so often been in later times, that the papers brought to support these charges were forged." This is certainly a remarkable statement to make in face of the solemn declaration of thirty-five prelates and peers of Scotland, that these very papers "are devised by themselves (the Queen's accusers) in some principal and substantious clauses," and in presence of Mary Stuart's own repeated declarations to the Commissioners at York and at Westminster, that these papers "are *false and feigned, forged and invented by themselves to my dishonor and slander.*"

She now threw down the bold challenge of an offer to prove the forgery if they would but furnish her with copies of the pretended letters. On the 7th of January, 1569, another attempt was made by Mary's order to obtain a sight of the papers produced by Murray. Her Commissioners informed Elizabeth in person of their mission, with fresh instructions to accuse Murray and the lords as the authors, promoters, and perpetrators of the crime of which they falsely accused her, and that she "desired the writings produced by her rebellious subjects, *or at least the copies thereof*, to be delivered unto them, that their mistress might fully answer thereto, as was desired." Now Elizabeth "was an admirable actress; rarely, perhaps, on the world's stage has there been a more skillful player," and she sweetly answered that she "would take time to consider the demand," and give a reply in "two or three days."

Meantime a well conceived and admirably arranged plot had been devised to turn the position, which was full of difficulty. The prophecy of Sussex had come to pass. Mary had been accused of Darnley's murder, and she had answered with a demand of personal inspection of the evidence and by charging her accusers of the crime. By this time Cecil and Elizabeth had seen for themselves that Mary's proof *would judicially fall best out*, and hence the new scheme, which had apparently every element of success. It was to induce Mary to resign her crown. Elizabeth begins by writing to Sir Francis Knollys, Mary's jailer, to suggest it to Mary "as if from yourself," and to inform Lord Scrope "with great secrecy" that he had done so, as Mary would doubtless confer with Scrope on the matter. Scrope and Knollys had first met Mary at Carlisle, and their reports to Elizabeth show that greatly as they admired the Scottish Queen's grace, beauty, and accomplishments, they were more profoundly impressed with her high moral and mental qualities. They describe her as having "an eloquent tongue and a discreet head, with stout courage and a liberal heart;" and Knollys afterwards writes: "Surely she is a rare woman, for as no flattery can abuse her, so no plain speech seems to offend her if she thinks the speaker an honest man." These men had gained much of Mary's confidence, and Lady Scrope was the sister of the Duke of Norfolk, who was then a suitor for Mary's hand. Nor was this all. The Bishop of Ross, Mary's Commissioner and trusted adviser, was persuaded by Elizabeth and Cecil to give his mistress such counsel as should tend to the furtherance of the cunning plot. What representations were made by Cecil to the Bishop, and whether Elizabeth played comedy or tragedy on the occasion, was never known.

The trap is ready and there was nothing now to be done but drive in the hunted hare. Thus it was managed. Elizabeth writes a letter to Mary full of sympathy, earnestly entreating her for the sake of her own honor to make answer to the charges which were presented against her. To this is added a chapter in praise of the Bishop of Ross, his fidelity, intelligence, and zeal, "for in our judgment, we think ye have not any in loyalty and faithfulness can overmatch him."

Now hear Knollys. On the 26th December he reports to Elizabeth a conversation with Mary in which she complained that Elizabeth had broken her promise by allowing Murray to appear at Westminster, while she was detained a prisoner at Bolton Castle. That on receipt of her majesty's letter of the 22d, "with a memorial of certain reasons to induce this Queen to resign her crown to her son," he "entered into conference with her, and said, 'If you shall deny to answer thereby you shall provoke the Queen my mistress to take you as condemned, and to publish the same to your utter disgrace and infamy, especially in England of all other places;' and after this sort I began to *strike as great terror into her* as I could."

Mary Stuart guilty must have been intimidated, but

Mary Stuart innocent was not in the slightest degree alarmed. "She answered stoutly," continues Knollys, "as she would make all other princes know how evil she was handled, coming upon trust into this realm; and saith she, 'I am sure the Queen will not condemn me, *hearing only mine adversaries, and not me.*'" Knollys then advised her that the best way to save her honor, and put an end to the charges made against her was to offer the resignation of her crown to her son, "she herself to remain in England a convenient time." Nobody better than Elizabeth knew how easily Mary could be deceived and betrayed under the mask of friendship. It came to pass precisely as she had foreseen, that Mary, deprived of friends and counsel, would confide in Lord Scrope. We continue Knolly's report: "In the afternoon she began to speak with my Lord Scrope, and she told him what advice I had given her herein. 'And surely,' saith she, 'I think he doth not thus advise me to the intent I should be entrapped and abused.' And my Lord Scrope, being made privy by me beforehand, did also very secretly persuade her in friendly manner accordingly; and although she is too wise hastily to be persuaded in such a case as this is, yet Lord Scrope and I are in some hopes that if the Bishop of Ross at his coming will secretly persuade her hereunto, that she will yield herein."

The Bishop of Ross did not come, but wrote a letter to Mary, which she received four days after the conversation with Knollys and Scrope. On the 31st of December Mary again conversed with Knollys and Scrope, listened to all they had to advance in favor of her resignation, and replied that she would give them an answer in two days. She had heard all they had to say with attention and her never failing courtesy; they knew that she accepted it as friendly advice; and they were fully advised that they had been powerfully seconded by the Bishop of Ross. They felt certain she must yield. And why should she not yield?

Dethroned, imprisoned, hunted down by calumny and persecution, without hope from France, for Catherine de Medicis was her bitter enemy; without hope from Spain, for Philip had not forgiven her refusal to sign the Catholic League; without a friend to whom she might turn for counsel, since her long trusted advocate Leslie himself advised the resignation, — how could she possibly avoid it? Pining for freedom and for peace, and told that her resignation would insure them, we might naturally suppose that there could be for the matter but the one solution sought by Elizabeth.

Mary had nought to consult but her own honor, her own clear head, and her own stout heart. She had promised an answer in two days from the 30th December. She was ready with it at the time indicated. This it was. She told Knollys and Scrope that she would not resign, and would prefer death to the ignominious terms proposed. To London she wrote: "As to my resignation, I entreat you to trouble me no further concerning it, for I am deliberately resolved to die sooner than give it; and the last words I shall utter in my life shall be those of a Queen of Scotland" ("et la derniere parole que je ferai en ma vie sera d'une Reyne d'Ecosse"). To her Commissioners she wrote the instructions which we have already seen were represented to Elizabeth on the 7th of January.[1] From first to last, Mary never suspected the part played by these two English noblemen, Knollys and Scrope, and she left Bolton Castle believing they had acted in the matter solely as her friends.

On the manner in which Mr. Froude has treated this important incident we refrain from comment, but at the same time very strongly recommend the reader to give his version of it an attentive persual.

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[1] "Cecil had been led to believe that his scheme would prove successful, and that with his pack of treacherous Scots and servile colleagues he had fairly hunted down his quarry. But she stood gallantly at bay and bade him do his worst." — *Hosack*, p. 460.

Cecil's disappointment can well be imagined. The position was embarrassing in the highest degree. On the 9th of January (Sunday) he suddenly summoned Mary's Commissioners to meet him. They came, and found the Earls of Leicester, Arundel, and Pembroke, and the Duke of Norfolk with him. Cecil brought up the question of Mary's resignation for discussion, which was closed by the declaration of the Commissioners that the Queen of Scots "would never consent to resign her crown in any way, nor upon any condition."

On the 30th of December Knollys and Scrope, as we have seen, were promised, "in two days," an answer by Mary. Of course they received it as promised. On the 7th of January Mary's Commissioners, as we have seen, were promised an answer by Elizabeth "in two or three days." Of course they did not receive it, for on the 10th of January, instead of furnishing the promised "copies," Murray and his colleagues were summoned to Hampton Court, informed by Cecil that "forasmuch as there had been nothing produced against them, as yet, that may impair their honor or allegiance; and, on the other part, THERE HAD BEEN NOTHING SUFFICIENTLY PRODUCED NOR SHOWN BY THEM AGAINST THE QUEEN THEIR SOVEREIGN, *whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the Queen her good sister for anything yet seen;*[1] and there being alleged by the Earl of Murray the unquiet state and disorder of the realm of Scotland, now in his absence, her majesty thinketh meet not to restrain any further the said earl and his adherents' liberty, but suffer him and them at their pleasure to depart," etc.

This has well been called an "astounding announcement." And yet it may be said that the declaration is, practically, the fulfillment of Elizabeth's promise to furnish copies of the evidence against Mary, inasmuch as it declares this evidence to be worthless. The case made against Mary has been heard, and is, by this solution, admitted to have fallen to the ground. But Murray and his associates are now accused. That alters the case. for there is no intention to hear any testimony against them, as was clearly shown on the following day (January 11th), when, in presence of Murray and his associates, Cecil asked Mary's Commissioners if they would accuse Murray and his colleagues of the murder of Darnley. They replied that they *were expressly commanded by their mistress so to do*, and likewise to answer the calumnies against herself, provided they were furnished with "copies of the pretended writings given in against their mistress, which *they divers times required of the Queen's majesty and her council, but they have not as yet obtained the same ;* and how soon (*as soon as*) they received the copies thereof, she would answer thereto in defense of her innocence."

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[1] These last four words added by Elizabeth.

To this there came no answer from Cecil, except such reply as could be found in his immediately, within twenty-four hours thereafter (January 12th), according Murray and his friends formal leave to depart. And thus the Regent hurried off to Scotland with his box of letters, and a reward of five thousand pounds sterling, "for attempting to destroy his sister's character by means of proofs which Elizabeth, by the mouth of her secretary, declared to be absolutely worthless." (Hosack, p. 467.)

On the 13th of January, Mary's Commissioners again presented themselves at Hampton Court, and reiterated their demand for copies of the papers produced against their Queen. Cecil, now, had a new device to obtain delay. It was, that the request could only be complied with on condition that their Queen signed an agreement "promising that she would answer to the said writings and articles laid to her charge without any exception." Thus, on the 10th of January, he declares that the charges against her are groundless, that nothing had been proved against her. On the 12th of January he authorizes Murray to depart with his worthless proofs, and on the next day he requires Mary's written promise to answer the charges thus declared groundless, on proofs found worthless, and sent out of the way! The answer of the Commissioners was short, sharp, and decisive. The Queen of Scots, said they, had already in two writings, signed by herself, and shown to the Queen of England, declared herself ready to make answer whenever she was furnished with the papers produced against her, or even with copies. This crushing statement they followed up with complaint that Murray and his associates, although accused by their mistress with the murder of her husband, had been allowed to return to Scotland. Cecil, in reply, had not another word to say about the written promise from Mary, and remarked that as to Murray, he had promised to return if his presence should be required at any time, "but in the mean time," he added, "the Queen of Scotland could not be suffered to depart, for divers respects." In other words, the charges against her, admitted by themselves to be groundless, should be taken as true, and she should be held a prisoner in any event. The proceedings then closed with a notarial protest of Mary's Commissioners against her detention, while the rebel lords were allowed to return to Scotland.

The reader thus clearly sees — unless he accepts rhetoric and invention for documentary evidence — that it was Elizabeth, Cecil, and Murray — not Mary Stuart, who, says Hume, "recoiled from the inquiry at the very critical moment when a scrutiny was demanded of their evidence, and when the truth could have been fully cleared," and that, by so doing, they have ratified every argument and proof of forgery that is now brought against the casket-letters.

The attention of the reader is requested to the device of Mr. Froude in placing his mangled account of the proceedings of January 13 (p. 390) *before* Cecil's declaration of January 10 (p. 391), concealing the date of that declaration, and thus making a hopeless muddle of his already confused narration. It is constantly insinuated that Mary had no real desire, nor did she make any serious attempt to obtain copies of the casket-letters. We have seen what efforts she has made to obtain them, and here is another.

Mary now laid before the French Ambassador at London an account of her fruitless efforts to obtain, at least, copies of the papers produced by Murray, and the Ambassador (La Mothe Fénélon) expressed to Elizabeth his hope and belief that she would see justice done between the Scottish Queen and her rebellious subjects, and that she would cause the papers which they had produced at Westminster to be furnished her.[1] Fénélon says that she listened to him with visible emotion, and promised that on the following day the writings should be placed in the hands of Mary's Commissioners. (Que le lendemain elle accorderait aux depputez de la dicte dame la dicte communication.) Now, Elizabeth "was an admirable actress," and having played her little part for the day, thought no more of Fénélon or of Mary Stuart. Patient and polite, the French Ambassador waited not one day but ten days, and on the 30th of January took occasion to remind the English Queen of her promise. "The accomplished actress," on this occasion also showed "visible emotion," and, having her cue from Cecil, flew into a passion, asserting that Mary had written a letter to some one complaining of her gross partiality at the conferences, and charging Murray with designs upon her crown, etc. It appears to be doubtful that such a letter was ever written by Mary. But if it had been, it does not affect the absurdity of Elizabeth's pretext, nor the inexcusable grossness of her demeanor.

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[1] With daring intrepidity of statement Mr. Froude assures his reader (ix. 400), that Mary "did everything in her power to prevent them (the letters) from being examined." In so doing, he simply furnishes his own explanation of his reasons for deliberately suppressing her reiterated demand to meet and answer them.

The result of the proceedings was, necessarily, a strong reaction in favor of Mary. It was plain there was no proof against her. The majority of the English Commissioners had been satisfied of the worthlessness of the casket-letters. The Duke of Norfolk, who was of both conferences, York and Westminster, was anxious to obtain Mary Stuart's hand, and the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland found in them proof of but one thing, and that was Murray's utter vileness. But a few weeks later, and we find among the open supporters of Mary the Earls of Arundel, Westmoreland, Pembroke, Northumberland, Southampton, Derby, Sussex, and Cumberland, the Lords Clinton and Lumley, the Marquis of Winchester, and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the majority of whom devoted the remainder of their lives to her cause.

Northumberland and Westmoreland were fully advised of the indignation of the best men of the north at Murray's infamous conduct. Hence they made no objection whatever to a resolution of the leading gentry of Durham and Yorkshire to attack Murray and his band on their return to Scotland. But the wily Regent had a cunning device. He threw himself into Norfolk's way,[1] wormed himself into his confidence with protestations of friendship to himself and regard for his sister, and through Norfolk obtained from Westmoreland a safe conduct through the northern counties, — Westmoreland having previously inquired of Mary Stuart if she consented to it, which she unhesitatingly did. Norfolk was completely deceived by Murray, gave him his whole confidence, and at parting said: "Earl of Murray, thou hast Norfolk's life in thy hands." Prophetically and sadly true. He had Norfolk's life in his hands, and he basely betrayed it to Elizabeth.

[1] We are aware that Mr. Froude says "he consented to an interview," but that is of no consequence by the side of Murray's own account of the meeting.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CAPTIVITY.

"Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose on the brae;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang,
But I, the Queen o' a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang."
ROBERT BURNS.

MARY STUART's position on the termination of the Westminster Conference cannot be better described than she herself in terms of truthful eloquence stated it in a letter addressed to Elizabeth, January 22, 1569 : —

"I cannot but deplore my evil fortune, seeing you have been pleased not only to deny me your presence, causing me to be declared unworthy of it by your nobles, but suffered me also to be torn to pieces by my rebels without making reply to what I had alleged against them; *neither allowing me to have copies of their false accusations, nor opportunity to disprove them*; permitting them to retire, virtually absolving them, and confirming them in their usurped, pretended regency, and covertly throwing the blame on me, by condemning me unheard, detaining my ministers, and ordering me to be removed by force, without being informed what has been resolved on my affairs, why I am to be sent to another place, when I shall be allowed to depart, how I am to be treated, nor for what purpose I am detained — all support denied, and my requests refused."

The queenly prisoner was forced to quit Bolton Castle in midwinter, for her new prison at Tutbury. Mary and her friend Lady Livingstone, the voluntary companion of her exile, were both sick and were taken in a litter, the other ladies travelled on horseback. It was a desolate and dreary journey of eight days over wretched roads; and Lady Livingstone was left at Rotherham, too sick to proceed. This is the Lady Livingstone at whose house Mary passed a night on her way from Edinburgh to Glasgow to visit Darnley, and with whom she previously spent a day in order to be present as godmother at the baptism of Lady Livingstone's child. In the first forged Glasgow letter, her husband, Lord Livingstone, is described "at supper" jesting with Lady Reres in the Queen's presence on the guilty intimacy of the latter with Bothwell, bantering the Queen on her fondness for Bothwell, and on her visiting her sick husband, at which pleasantries the Queen is made to express herself pleased and flattered, to lean upon him bodily at the fireside, and ask him to whom he refers, to which Livingstone in reply, — she is made to write, — "thristit her body;" that is to say, "nudged her majesty in the ribs."[1] Comment is not needed. Lord and Lady Livingstone were both Protestants; they both followed Mary Stuart into exile, and shared her exile and misfortune to the last. It may here be remarked that numbers of the ladies of the Scotch aristocracy earnestly entreated of Elizabeth permission to wait upon Mary in her prison. Among them were the wife and daughter of the Earl of Atholl, Lady Lethington, and the two ladies Mowbray, daughters of the rebel laird of Barnbogle.[2]

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[1] "The colors are too glaring and too gross. Not only is the Queen represented with the morals of a Messalina, and with manners that would disgrace a kitchen wench, but she actually describes to her paramour her suspicious familiarities with another man." — *Hosack*, p. 199.

[2] "It must be obvious to common sense, that if Mary had been so lost to shame and decency as her libeler, Buchanan, pretends, and the forged letters infer, her service would have been deserted in disgust by every noble Scotch lady, especially those who were of the reformed faith. Can it be supposed that a man of Lord Livingstone's high rank and unsullied honor, a leading member of the Congregation withal, would have ruined his fortune and outraged conscience and propriety by supporting her cause,

In stating (ix. 458) the proposition made to Mary with the approval of Cecil and Elizabeth, Mr. Froude forgets to add the names of Norfolk and Arundel to those of Pembroke and Leicester, as its originators, and studiously conceals the extraordinary inducement held out to her to accept the conditions proposed. It was that Mary should be restored as Queen of Scotland, and be confirmed in her claim as *next in succession to the crown of England.* True, he says that "if she should not ratify the treaty of Leith, it should not be insisted on" (ix. 457), from which, in strictness, may possibly be drawn the conclusion that her succession to the English crown is admitted, although the concealment on the historian's part is elaborate. Small wonder that he makes this desperate effort; small wonder that this matter troubles him so deeply. This proposition made by the four earls, "conceived in a spirit of undoubted loyalty to Elizabeth," and composed by Cecil himself (ix. 459), was warmly supported by the Earls of Shrewsbury, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Bedford, and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the leading nobility and statesmen of England. The two last named knew Mary well, and Bedford, as we have seen, was in Scotland just before Darnley's murder, and these men declared themselves not only in favor of restoring Mary to her throne, but *as ready to recognize her as heir presumptive of the English crown.*[1]

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and permitting his beautiful and virtuous wife, the mother of his children, to wait upon her, share her perils and her wanderings, and partake her prisons without reward, had there been the slightest grounds for the odious accusations with which the traitors who had murdered her husband, given her over as a prey to Bothwell, and usurped her throne, sought to justify their proceedings and cloak their own crimes?"—Miss Strickland's *Mary*, vol. vi. p. 326.

[1] "It is obvious," says Mr. Hosack, "that their conduct at this time can admit of only two explanations. Every one of the men who gave his assent to the proposal made to the Scottish Queen, had, with the exception of Throckmorton, a very short time before seen, either at Westminster or at Hampton Court, the whole of the evidence produced against her; and if they believed it to be genuine, they were so utterly lost to all sense of honor and shame as to recommend that a murderess of the worst description should

Some twenty pages later, Mr. Froude is forced into an acknowledgment — still veiled — of the readiness in England to acknowledge his "murderess of Kirk o' Field," his "ferocious animal," his "snake," his "panther," his "wild-cat," his "brute," as the coming Queen of England! He states (ix. 477): —

> "Still the stream ran so violently, that on the 27th of August a vote was carried in full council for the settlement of the succession by the marriage of the Queen of Scots to some English nobleman; and many peers, according to Don Gueran, the greatest in the land, set their hands to a bond to stand by Norfolk in carrying the resolution into effect."

What was thought in France, Spain, and Italy, of Mary's innocence,[1] may be deduced from the facts that "France already had its eye upon her, as a fit match, could she escape, for the Duke of Anjou" (ix. 484); Philip of Spain was desirous of bringing about her marriage with his brother, Don John of Austria, soon to be the victor of Lepanto; and Cosmo de Medici was advised from London, "That it was known to all without the slightest doubt that she was most innocent, and that her accusers were guilty of the deed." (Labanoff, vol. vii. p. 147.)

Inadvertently, our historian occasionally lets in a ray of light, as, where he says: "Unfortunately for Mary Stuart's

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be acknowledged as the successor of their sovereign. If, on the other hand, they gave, like Elizabeth, no credit to the unverified accusations of Mary's enemies, their conduct is sufficiently explained. On which side the probability lies the reader will determine for himself." — *Hosack*, p. 482.

[1] Mr. Froude's curious infelicity of translation again appears here. He makes Elizabeth say to the Spanish Ambassador (ix. 272), that Mary's "*acquittal* should be so contrived that a *shadow of guilt* should be allowed to remain; . . . . to declare her *entirely innocent* would be dangerous," etc. But declare her *innocent* does not correctly translate it. *Si se declaraba su innocencia* is the Spanish. To declare a person's innocence is a very different thing from declaring that he or she is innocent. Elizabeth knew Mary's *innocence*, but hesitated to declare it. She might declare her *innocent*, knowing her to be guilty. "Acquittal" and "shadow of guilt" are not in the Spanish. To leave a case in doubt (*en dubio*) is not to leave a shadow of guilt upon it, and *justificacion* is not *acquittal*.

prospects, she had too many friends. France and Spain both wished her well, but could not trust each other," etc. (x. 48.)

Mary's answer to the proposition was, Mr. Froude says, "graceful, dignified, self-respecting;" but his handsome compliment is more than neutralized by his ruthless exposure of what was passing in her mind at the time, and an enumeration of the wicked projects she formed. "The part was well played," he tells us (ix. 462). Alas! it is impossible to contend with such an adversary as this. You may prove — contemporary documents and abundant testimony in hand, a + b — a certain state of fact as to — Mary Stuart, for instance. You and your documents are contemptuously thrust aside with a psychological diagnosis, and the historian passes on to glorify Drake's piracy, Elizabeth's money-making in the slave-trade, or Cecil's Christian statesmanship at the Tower.

By the time the scales had fallen from Mary's eyes, Elizabeth's art and duplicity had woven a web from which she could not be extricated. Her remaining years of life were one long, heart-sickening struggle against treachery, spies, insult to her person, her reputation, and her faith;[1] confinement, cold, sickness, neuralgic agony, want; deprivation of all luxuries, of medical attendance, and of the consolations of religion. At every fresh spasm of alarm on the part of Elizabeth, Mary's prison was changed.[2] This, too, frequently in dead of winter, and generally without any provision for the commonest conveniences of life. More than once, taken into a naked, cold castle, Mary's jailers had to rely on the charity of the neighbors for even a bed for their royal prisoner. At Tutbury, her rooms were so dark and comfortless, and the surroundings so filthy — there is no other word for it — that the English physician refused to charge himself with her health. But enough. All know the sad story.

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[1] She wrote from Tutbury (November, 1571) to Fénélon, the French Ambassador, "I had begged for a priest to administer the holy sacrament and to help me relieve my conscience in this condition of mine; and they who carried my letter brought me instead of consolation the *diffamatory book of the atheist* George Buchanan.

[2] For a list of her English prisons see Appendix No. 10.

Any fair recital of Mary Stuart's life during her long imprisonment strongly negatives the worst case that can be made against her. The elevated qualities she displayed during these nineteen years have challenged the sympathizing admiration of posterity. "The most amiable of women," as Hume styles her, was here truly grand in her dignity, her fortitude, and her resignation. It was the contemplation of this spectacle which so affected the historian Robertson that, although, on insufficient data, he accepts the theory of her guilt, he yet, by a seeming singular inconsistency, enlists our sympathies for her as one who died the death of the innocent. But mere admiration for her noble nature, compassion for her sufferings, indignation at her persecutors, and pity for her fate, are not asked for on an appeal for merely a just verdict on the evidence. In asking this we would eliminate the mawkish palliative of loose talk, touching the influence of the so-called "school of Catherine de Medici," and we would even consent to set aside the really extenuating facts of her extreme youth, inexperience, and friendlessness amid the treasonable plots of the titled villains by whom she was surrounded and betrayed. The cause of Mary Stuart is sufficiently strong to challenge the decision of the sternest justice divorced from mere sympathy.

But, although Mr. Froude's "History" has been lauded for "its broad charity, its tender human sympathy, its ever present dignity, its outbursts of truest pathos," — although the historian has spoken in such eloquent terms of touching sensibility of Anne Boleyn — "the tragedy of whose fate has blotted out the remembrance of her sins — if her sins were indeed, and in reality, more than imaginary," and although in giving expression to such sentiments as these, he writes like a man who has a heart in his bosom, we look — and look in vain through all his pages on Mary Stuart — not for "broad charity," not for "tender human sympathy, not for "ever present dignity," not for "outbursts of truest pathos," not for some consideration for the infirmities of "a lady whose faults were so fearfully and terribly expiated," but for some distant approach to the truth of history, for decency of phrase, for common humanity. Mary Stuart's long years of suffering and imprisonment afford Mr. Froude unalloyed delight, and when, with insinuation steeped in venom, our historian is not busy misrepresenting the unhappy captive, he indulges in the vulgar insolence of referring to her as "the lady of Tutbury" or "the lady of Sheffield."

We have sought to throw some light upon the disputed points of Mary Stuart's history. Our task is practically completed, and there is, therefore, no occasion closely to follow Mr. Froude any further in the unpleasant task of exposition we have undertaken. *False in one, false in all*, is an established maxim which would have long since warranted us in stopping short at an early stage of the examination, and in claiming on all the remaining volumes of his record of Mary Stuart the verdict we were entitled to ask upon the first.

CHAPTER XXIV.

> "He trained up was in the school of Satan's lying grace,
> Where he had learned a finer feat that Richard erst did see
> To *do the deed and lay the blame on them that harmless be.*
> For he and his companions eke agreeing all in one,
> Did *kill the King* and lay the blame the sackless Queen upon."
> *Contemporary Ballad,* 1568.

AND now the spirit of all evil held high carnival in Scotland. Murray, on his return with his casket and his vilely earned £5,000, issued a proclamation which we are assured (ix. 463) contained "a true account of the investigation at Hampton Court." This true account told the Scotch people that the charge against his sister for the murder of her husband "was sufficiently verified and by the Queen's handwrit notoriously proven." Murray avers that the Council found the Queen guilty, when, as we have seen, they found "nothing sufficiently produced nor shown against the Queen;" and yet the historian says Murray's account is a true one. The English proposition to restore Mary did not suit the Regent. His power and wealth he was determined to keep. By treachery he waylaid and imprisoned Lord Herries and the Duke of Chatelherault, and arrested Maitland, who was rescued by Kirkaldy. He then sent for Grange, Morton having prepared four assassins in ambush to murder him. Grange declined the invitation. Then Murray went to the castle, "for," says Sir James Melville, "he durst trust Kirkaldy, though Kirkaldy durst not trust him." Kirkaldy, urged Murray, should give up Maitland to be tried for the murder of Darnley. Yes, replied Grange, if you arrest and try Morton and Archie Douglas as principals in the same murder. Maitland favored the proposed marriage with Norfolk, and was to go to London to negotiate for Scotland. Hence Murray's action.

And now Murray betrayed Norfolk by sending his letter to Elizabeth. Norfolk was arrested and sent to the Tower. When afterwards tried and his letter produced, he exclaimed, "The Earl of Murray sought my life;" but Mr. Froude is unable to see the record in "State Trials." (i. 985.)

Murray had held Paris (Nicholas Hubert) secretly in prison since the month of October, 1568, and might have produced him as a witness against the Queen at the Conference in December. Good reason had he for not doing it. In June, 1569, he writes Elizabeth that Paris has just arrived at Leith. Elizabeth, Cecil, and the Countess of Lennox make the most pressing instances to send Hubert to London, a request with which the Regent is careful not to comply, but sends instead what he calls the deposition of Paris, implicating precisely those of the lords who had just broken with him and declared for the Queen.

In November (1569) the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland broke out in open rebellion with the immediate object of releasing Mary from her imprisonment. Their effort failed. Many fled, and of the numerous prisoners, Elizabeth, with keen discrimination and "a frugal mind," ordered conviction as traitors for those who held property susceptible of confiscation, but immediate hanging for those without "substance of lands," — "the bodies not to be removed but to remain till they fell to pieces where they hung." Some seven or eight hundred were executed, and more would have followed if it had not been represented to the virgin Queen that "many places would be left naked of inhabitants" if her orders were obeyed.[1]

Murray wrote to Elizabeth claiming great merit for his arrest of Northumberland, and alarming her with reports of the extension of the rebellion; that it had "more dangerous branches," and that her prisoner Mary, the cause of them all, was "at her commission." Soon after came a letter from John Knox of same date with Murray's. "If ye strike not at the root," was the suggestion it contained. "Supreme and commanding integrity" (ix. 557) had taken the Earl of Northumberland prisoner, with aid of the spy Hector of Harlaw, a name ever since infamous in Border history, and would have sold him to Elizabeth had he dared, for if he had all Scotland would have risen against him, thinking it "a great reproach and ignominy to the whole country to deliver any banished man to the slaughter." Murray undertook to arrest Westmoreland, the Ratcliffes, Nevils, Swynburnes, Nortons, and other English gentlemen, but the Borderers defied him, and six out of eight hundred of his own men deserted him. The consummation of the infamy was reserved for Morton. It is most probable that Murray would have succeeded in giving up Northumberland in part payment for the surrender of his sister, but he was shot down in the streets of Linlithgow. The historian who has recorded the murders of Beaton, Black, and Riccio with exuberant jubilation is simply amusing with his "vile assassination."[1] "Whether or no" . . . . (ix. 593) "his memory has been sacrificed to sentimentalism" (ix. 587), we cannot say. Certain are we that his memory is not lovely in the eyes of the present generation, although we are now assured that "France tried to bribe him in vain;" that "he quarreled once with Knox, so that they spoke not together for eighteen months," because he insisted that while his sister remained a Catholic she should not be interdicted from the mass;[1] that "as a ruler he was severe but inflexibly just;" and that, finally, he was, "in the best sense of the word, a servant of God!"

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[1] Mr. Froude assures us that to Elizabeth "nothing naturally was more distasteful than cruelty." (ix. 568.)

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[1] M. Mignet finds it perfectly natural, and conformable to the eternal fitness of things, that Murray, "the author of civil war, should fall its victim; and that as the accomplice of a first murder and an accessary after the fact to a second he should perish by the hand of an assassin. The means by which men rise are very often the same by which they fall. Such is the ordinary law of events in which the hidden justice of Providence manifests itself." ("Auteur de la guerre civile, il finit par en être victime; complice d'un premier meurtre et en ayant toléré un second il périt victime d'un assassinat. Les procédés par lesquels on s'élève sont bien souvent ceux par lesquels on tombe. Telle est la loi ordinaire des événements, dans laquelle éclate la justice cachée de la Providence!") *Mignet*, vol. ii. p. 117.

The barbarity of Elizabeth in hanging peasants by batches, after the rebellion had been put down, had excited bitter resentment among the people of the northern counties, and disaffection was strong among all classes. "There be not in all this country," writes Sadler to Cecil, from York, "ten gentlemen that do favor and allow her majesty's proceedings in the cause of religion, and that the hearts of the common people, for the most part, be with the rebels." Again the rebellion broke out (February, 1570). Leonard Dacre, at the head of 3,000 men, marched to make a junction with 5,000 Scots from over the Border, but was defeated by a small force of veterans under Lord Hunsdon. Dacre attacked, and "it was," says Hunsdon, "the proudest charge I ever saw."

One of the strong points relied on by our historian throughout his work, is the attitude of the Earl of Lennox and Lady Lennox, towards Mary Stuart after the murder of Darnley. Lennox, in league with the rebel lords, appeared as the accuser of Mary on several occasions, and Mr. Froude cites, with great zest (x. 96), a letter of the Countess of Lennox (September 8, 1570) to Cecil, expressing her conviction of Mary's guilt of the murder of Darnley. To this letter is opposed the declaration of Mary Stuart, in a letter to her ambassador at Paris, in 1578, from which it would appear that Lady Lennox had become convinced of her error in accusing the Queen. Mary wrote: —

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[1] It would appear from this statement of Mr. Froude that John Knox has told a falsehood concerning this "spoke not." Nevertheless we prefer Knox's version.—*Ante*, p. 57.

> "This good lady was, thanks to God, in very good correspondence with me these five or six years bygone, and has confessed to by sundry letters under her own hand, which I carefully preserve, the injury she did me by the unjust pursuits which she allowed to go out against me in her name through bad information, but principally, she said, through the express orders of the Queen of England and the persuasion of her council; who also took much solicitude that she and I might never come to good understanding together. But how soon (as soon as) she came to know of my innocence, she desisted from any further pursuit against me; nay, went so far as to refuse her consent to anything they should act against me in her name."

From time to time, during Mary's imprisonment, her apartments were invaded, and all her money, private papers, etc., taken from her and sent to London. The letters of the Countess of Lennox, referred to by Mary, of course disappeared forever, and Mary's statement of their contents was scouted as amounting, after all, to nothing more than the affirmation of her own innocence. But the following letter, addressed to Mary by the Countess of Lennox, written in November, 1575, has been found among Cecil's papers, and fully confirms Mary's statement: —

MARGARET COUNTESS OF LENNOX TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

> "It may please your majesty, I have received your token and mind, both by your letter and other ways, much to my comfort, specially perceiving what zealous natural care your majesty hath of our sweet and peerless jewel in Scotland. I have been no less fearful and careful as your majesty of him, that the wicked governor (Morton) should not have power to do ill to his person, whom God preserve from his enemies! (*Here a passage as to sending a messenger to Edinburgh.*) I beseech your majesty fear not, but trust in God that all shall be well; the treachery of your

traitors is better known than before. I shall always play my part to your majesty's content, willing God, so as may tend to both our comforts. And now must I yield your majesty my most humble thanks for your good remembrances and bounty to our little daughter here (Arabella Stuart) who some day may serve your Highness, Almighty God grant, and to your majesty long and happy life.

"HACKNEY, this vith of November.

"Your majesty's most humble and loving mother and aunt,
"MARGARET LENNOX."

This letter was intercepted, and never reached Mary. The original is yet in the Record Office, indorsed, "*My Lady's Grace the Countess of Lennox to the Queen of Scots.*" Thomas Nelson, one of Darnley's servants, was tampered with by Murray, and his deposition concerning the murder is, in several points, manifestly false. He entered the service of the Countess of Lennox immediately thereafter, and in good time she doubtless heard from him the true story. Again, the Earl of Lennox, an unprincipled man, was killed in Scotland two years before his Countess wrote this letter. His papers were in her hands, and perhaps revealed the truth. These are conjectures. Certain it is, nevertheless, that for reasons good and sufficient to herself she totally changed her opinion as to the murder of her son, and bore testimony not only to Mary's innocence, but to Elizabeth's secret prompting of her accusation. — Elizabeth, who, through all Mr. Froude's volumes, is solicitous only for the preservation of Mary's reputation.

The weight and importance of the testimony of the Countess of Lennox cannot be overrated, and Mary Stuart's defenders may well be satisfied to be of the same belief as the mother of the murdered Darnley.

Mr. Froude, so thoroughly familiar with the history of that period, and so entirely at home in the English Record Office, has not yet discovered this letter, and resolutely declines any offer to have it discovered unto him.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOTHERINGAY.

"There are few judiciary proceedings, passing over the question of jurisdiction, so suspicious, and, it may be said, so tainted, as the case and proceedings against the Queen of Scots!" — SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

"BUT it is false, absolutely and utterly, that the plot was set on foot by agents of Walsingham to tempt her to join it in her desperation, and then to destroy her." This is Mr. Froude's shrill scream (xii. 264) at the mention of the conspiracy by which Mary Stuart's life was taken away; and his very peculiar statements as to the plot are the variations on that *thema*. His history of the conspiracy,[1] and of the trial of the Scottish Queen, is highly creditable to his ingenuity,[2] his rhetoric, and his peculiar talent as a writer.

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[1] As having an important bearing upon the whole subject under discussion, the attention of the reader is specially requested to the officially declared opinion of the custodian of the English Record Office. See Appendix No 11.

[2] No opportunity is omitted in the "History" to impress the reader with the belief that plots to assassinate Elizabeth were at all times rife, and that they were formed in Mary Stuart's interest and with her knowledge. One very reprehensible attempt of this nature is made in which the historian combines a double blow at Mary Stuart and the other special object of his hatred. Referring to the "Sacred College" at Rome, he says (viii. 69): "It had been decided in secret council to permit Catholics in disguise to hold benefices in England, to take the oaths of allegiance, and to serve Holy Church in the camp of the enemy. 'Remission of sin to them and their heirs — with annuities, honors, and promotions,' was offered 'to any cook, brewer, baker, vintner, physician, grocer, surgeon, or other who would make away with the Queen;' the curse of God and his vicar was threatened against all those 'who would not promote and assist by money or otherwise the pretenses of the Queen of Scots to the English Crown.'" As

Mr. Burton, scarcely recovered from the unseemly elation of his "here the trap was laid in which she was caught," finds himself forced to admit that "the one great point on which the justice of putting Queen Mary to death is held to turn — her own part in the conspiracy to put Elizabeth to death — is in this position. If we suppose a certain cipher to have been forged by Walsingham's instruments, then the charge has not been proved." (vi. 14.)

Under the Act of Parliament of 1585 it was enacted, substantially, that if any one should plot for Mary Stuart,[1] "her majesty's subjects might lawfully" pursue her to her death. Plots could now hardly fail to appear, and they did appear. There were plots to release the Queen of Scots, and there was a plot to assassinate Elizabeth. Cecil and Walsingham, with aid of spies and informers, skilled letter openers, and forgers, managed to connect them, and the next step was to connect them with Mary.

Walsingham specially distinguished himself by his ingenuity in perfecting a plot by which he contrived to surround the captive Queen with spies, informers, and double-faced agents, who should furnish facilities and inducements for correspondence to tempt her into his snare. Intensely in-

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his authority for this remarkable information, Mr. Froude cites "Report of E. Dennum, April 13, 1564: Strype's *Annals of Elizabeth*."

Criticism in England has already exposed this performance. Mr. Froude boldly states the text as though it rested on undoubted authority. There is such a report as cited, but Strype has the honesty to warn his reader that this Dennum was a paid spy of Cecil; that he was sent over to the Continent for the express purpose of furnishing Elizabeth's minister "intelligence of foreign conspiracies and contrivances," and his report professes to have been attended by "making use of money," and thus "getting several notices of the Pope and what he was doing, in his privy cabals," and Strype further describes his document as a copy. Small wonder that even English Protestant criticism is surprised that Mr. Froude "takes the strange and unwarrantable course of commencing by *assuming the genuineness of the documents*," and that it should also find in such a performance the evidence of "reckless partisanship and shallow precipitancy."

[1] "It is unnecessary," observes Sir James Mackintosh, "to point out the monstrous hardship of making the Queen of Scots, a prisoner in the hands of Elizabeth, responsible for acts done for her and in her name."

terested in the success of his device, he left nothing undone to insure that success. Does any one believe that the man who could associate himself with such debased instruments to obtain the evidence he so ardently desired, would for a moment hesitate to tamper with it when once obtained? Can Mr. Froude explain away the more than suspicious correspondence of Sir Amyas Paulet with Walsingham and Philips of June 29th, just preceding the arrival of Babington's letter of July 6th. He writes to Walsingham that "he dares not put Phillips' plans in execution," and to Philips the same day that he "dares not proceed to the execution of the plan in all things, *therefore returns his packet*."[1] The question is here concerning a plan of Philips the forger. (See Appendix No 11.) Walsingham is aware of the plan which, originating with Philips and requiring for its completion the aid of Mary Stuart's jailer, is clearly aimed at her. Paulet is a brutal bigot; but to Elizabeth he refuses to be Mary's assassin, and here refuses to do some vile thing. What was it? *The packet is returned* because of this refusal. Did not this packet contain forged letters which Paulet was asked to place surreptitiously among Mary Stuart's papers with intent to seize and find them there? But the Babington letter soon followed, and the trap — as Mr. Burton has it — was sprung.

Pooley, Walsingham's spy, had wormed himself into Babington's confidence, and suggested that the Scottish Queen should be written to. Babington acquiesced, and wrote her a letter which went straight into Walsingham's hands. It was then forwarded to Mary, but with how much interpolation or change before it left Walsingham cannot now be ascertained. Maintaining a large correspondence, the Queen had two secretaries, Curle and Nau. One of these wrote out her letters from her notes or under her dictation, and when required to be sent in cipher, Nau did the work. The only letters upon which accusation was based, were those in cipher, and the documentary evidence upon which Mary was found guilty were so-called copies of deciphers of the letters, deciphered, not by Nau, but by one Philipps, a man in Walsingham's employment,[1] to whom on one occasion (November 30, 1586) he wrote that he sent him a letter, "*which if it may be deciphered*, will, I hope, lay open the treachery that reigneth among us. Her majesty hath promised to *double* your pension, and to be otherwise good unto you. And so I commit you to God." (Cotton MSS.) A sketch of the personal appearance of this Philipps has been preserved: "Of low stature, slender every way, dark, yellow-haired on the head, and clear yellow-bearded, eated in the face with small pockes, of short sight."

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[1] *Calendar of State Papers*, vol. ii. Scottish Series, and Appendix No. 11.

When Nau and Curle were arrested, promises and threats of torture were alternately made them. September 4th, Cecil writes to Hatton that he thought they were ready "to yield somewhat to confirm their mistress' crimes, if they were persuaded that themselves might scape and the blow fall upon their Mrs. betwixt her head and her shoulders." The fact that, two days before Cecil wrote this letter, Walsingham informed the French Ambassador that Nau and Curle had confessed more than was wanted, is more than suggestive. Babington and thirteen others were meantime convicted and sentenced to be hanged, cut down before they were dead, embowelled, and quartered. Queen Elizabeth desired that they should suffer death in some manner more excruciating. Being told that it would be illegal, she kindly consented that the law should take its course, provided the executions were "protracted to the extremitie of payne in them," and in full sight of the people.

Nau and Curle were compelled to witness these executions — probably to put them in a proper frame of mind to answer interrogatories. On their examination they were shown — not the original cipher sent — not a copy of the cipher — not even a copy of the decipher, of Mary's letter to Babington — the correctness of which was the all important point — the only question, in fact, at issue, but "*an abstract of the principal points*" contained in it. The official record recites that they answered in the affirmative; but this is in terms so ambiguous that it is impossible to apply their admission to the passages disclaimed by Mary, and which have since been demonstrated to be forgeries. "It was the same, or like it," they said. But official records in England in all matters touching Mary Stuart command but little respect for their integrity — as witness the erasures, interlineations, and interpolations of the minutes in Cecil's own hand of the proceedings when the casket-letters were produced. Nau afterwards positively affirmed "that the principal heads of accusation against the Queen, his mistress, were false," and demanded that his protest should be recorded. Curle, when dying, protested that, as he should answer to God, "he had maintained the Queen's innocence both in her life and after her death."

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[1] "C'est à l'aide de ces misérables instruments qu'il prépara la ruine de Marie Stuart" (*Mignet*, vol. ii. p. 265): for even M. Mignet can see clearly here, now that he has left Buchanan behind him.

Did Nau or Curle identify and swear to the pretended passages in the cipher letters, which were produced to show Mary's complicity in the plot? Did they testify that they, or either of them, wrote those passages under her dictation, or from her notes? There is no other question in that portion of the case; and when Mr. Froude says that "Philipps' copy of the cipher was examined by the Privy Council and the decipher verified" (xii. 260), he recoils from discussion of the real point at issue, as instinctively as he shrinks from examination into the origin of the casket-letters. However, he makes amends for the debility of this passage by the epileptic nerve of another at page 293, in which he states that on examination of

Mary's papers, taken from her at Chartley, proof was found that "the worst suspicions formed about her had fallen short of the reality,"[1] — the fact being that not a line, not a word of all Mary's papers and correspondence — the accumulation of years — was ever produced against her.

Of the trial and execution of Babington and his associates, of the examination of her secretaries, and their pretended admissions, Mary had heard nothing. For seventeen days she was kept in solitary confinement at Tixall, and meantime all her books, papers, letters, and money were seized and sent to London.

A commission was now ordered for her trial. The French Ambassador, in the king's name, demanded that she might have the aid of counsel, to which, two days afterwards, Elizabeth sent verbal reply that "she did not believe his king had given him orders to *school her;* his advice was not needed, and as the law considered a person in the situation of the Scottish Queen unworthy of counsel, she would abide by the ordinary forms of justice."

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[1] To the historian who so clearly sees Mary Stuart proven guilty at Fotheringay, whose knowledge of the existence of such a thing in English law as the *peine forte et dure* was acquired under such untoward circumstances, and who has "never seen the face of an English justice," we warmly recommend perusal of Lord Brougham's remarks on the error of a really able historian — Hume: "This error," says Lord Brougham, "shows that he knew very little of what legal evidence is, how expertly soever he might deal with historical evidence. After enumerating the proofs adduced at the trial of Mary's accession to the assassination part of Babington's plot, namely, copies taken in Walsingham's office of correspondence with Babington; the confessions of her two secretaries, without torture, but in her absence, and without confronting or cross-examination; Babington's confession, and the confession of Ballard and Savage, that Babington had shown them Mary's letters in cipher, — the historian adds that, 'in the case of an ordinary criminal, this proof would be esteemed legal and even satisfactory, if not opposed by some other circumstances which shake the credit of the witnesses.'

"Nothing can betray greater ignorance of the very first principles of the law of evidence. The witnesses he speaks of do not even exist; there is nothing like a witness mentioned in his enumeration of proofs; and how any man of Mr. Hume's acuteness could fancy that what one person confesses behind a prisoner's back, that he heard a third person say to a prisoner, or rather that this third person showed him ciphered letters not produced of that prisoner, could be anything like evidence to affect him, is truly astonishing, and shows how dangerous a thing it is for the artist most expert in his own line to pronounce an opinion on matters beyond it."

Forms must be gone through. Leicester, then in Holland, had written to recommend the sure remedy of poison, and even sent a learned divine over to prove the lawfulness of adopting its use. The prevailing opinion in Elizabeth's council was, that "her death was indispensably requisite to the establishment of the new religion." (Camden.) But the forms were necessary, if only for decency's sake. Mary was, in fact, already condemned to death,[1] and so she told the Commissioners on their arrival at Fotheringay. Their proceedings, she said, were "merely formal, for that *she was already condemned* by them that should try her." "Yet I adjure you," she added, "to look to your consciences in this matter, for remember THE THEATRE OF THE WORLD IS WIDER THAN THE REALM OF ENGLAND."

Mary, at first, refused to appear before the Commissioners, knowing that they had not a shadow of right or law to try her. Several attempts were unsuccessful in shaking this resolution. "What was their authority?" she asked. The Queen? The Queen was merely her equal, not her superior. Their sovereign, in her letter, said that she (Mary) "was living in England under the Queen's protection." She could not understand that statement. Would the Lord Chancellor explain it? Sorely embarrassed for reply was the Lord Chancellor. He was of opinion that "it was not for subjects to interpret their sovereign's letters."

"The laws and statutes of England," said Mary, "are to me unknown. I am destitute of counselors. My papers and notes are taken from me, and no man dareth speak in my justification, though I be innocent. I am clear from any practice to the hurt of your Queen. Let her convict me of the same by my words or my writings; but sure I am neither can be produced against me." Further, she told them it was plain she was prejudged as guilty of the crime, therefore it was useless for her to appear.

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[1] "Leicester's bond of association for the protection of Elizabeth against popish conspirators, and the Act of Parliament in which it was authorized and embodied, were engines framed for as direct agency in the execution of the Queen of Scots, as the executioners, the axe, and the block."—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

It is thought by many that she should have held out in her decision, by declining the competency of the tribunal. But Hatton had said to her, "If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear, but by avoiding a trial you stain your reputation with an eternal blot." It is reasonably conjectured that this consideration, joined to the reflection that her enemies were determined to have her life, and that if she were secretly assassinated suicide would be imputed, decided her to appear.

On the morning of the 14th October (O. S.), enfeebled by illness, and walking with the support of her physician's arm, the Queen of Scotland entered the great hall of Fotheringay Castle. The ablest statesmen and lawyers of England, and the most distinguished of its nobility were assembled to try her — at once, prosecutors, judges, and jurors. Of the forty-two appointed, thirty-six had assembled, and to these was now added the Queen's jailer, Sir Amyas Paulet.

Nine earls, thirteen lords, Viscount Montague, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, Elizabeth's Privy Councilors, Hatton, Walsingham, Croft, Sadler, and Mildmay; Wray and Anderson, Chief Justices of the Common Pleas and Queen's Bench; Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and Gandy and Periam, Justices of the Common Pleas and Queen's Bench, formed the array, and to aid them, for the prosecution, appeared the Attorney-general, Popham, and the Solicitor-general, Egerton.

"Alas!" said the unfortunate prisoner, "how many learned counselors are here, and yet not one for me!"

No, not one! and this prisoner was a friendless woman, for nineteen years deprived of her liberty, unaware of the late trials which were held by her judges to be proofs against her, without witnesses, papers, or even the poor aid of a scribe, and ignorant of judicial forms and of the laws of England.

That Christian statesman, Lord Burghley, manifested his appreciation of her sad condition by circulating among the members of the Commission, "A note of the indignities and wrongs offered by the Queen of Scots to the Queen's majesty," and a distinguished English historian — we do not refer to Mr. Froude — has thus described the incident: "No pettifogging advocate could employ falsehood and sophistry with more license than this statesman acting in the sacred character of a judge."

But this woman was Mary Stuart, and alone and unaided she baffled their ability, their learning, their skill, and their manifest injustice, with weapons drawn from her sense of natural rights, and the consciousness of her integrity.[1]

The papers used in evidence were all copies, and *no witnesses* were produced against her.[2] Babington's confession was presented as criminating her. "If Babington confessed such things," she replied, "why was he put to death, instead of being brought face to face with me?" and she appealed to the statute (15th Elizabeth) by which "the testimony and oath of two lawful witnesses, brought face to face with the accused, were necessary to convict." Reply made, "they had her letters," and copies of

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[1] "It is impossible to read, without admiration, in the minute records of the trial, the self-possessed, prompt, clear, and sagacious replies by which this forlorn woman defended herself against the most expert lawyers and politicians of the age, who, instead of examining her as judges, pressed her with the unscrupulous ingenuity of enemies."— *Sir James Mackintosh.*

[2] "At Fotheringay the accused was examined without the witnesses, and at Westminster, the witnesses without the accused."—*Mignet*, vol. ii. p. 321.

Philipps' handiwork were produced. "Nay," she objected, "bring me mine own hand-writ;[1] anything to suit a purpose may be put in what be called copies. This is not the first time that my letters have been copied and interpolated. It is an easy matter to counterfeit ciphers and characters." "She greatly feared," she added, "that it had been done by Walsingham to bring her to the scaffold, for if she were rightly informed, he had, before this, practiced against her life."

This was not "a random shot," and the blow told with terrible effect. Walsingham was greatly agitated, as well he might be. Behold, the judge is now the criminal. He called "God to record" his reply which was no denial, but an evasion of Mary's charge.

"I have no counsel," again she told them; "you have deprived me of my papers, and all means of preparing my defense, which must, therefore, be confined to a solemn denial of the crime imputed to me; and I protest, on the sacred honor of a queen, that I am innocent of practicing against your sovereign's life. I do not, indeed, deny that I have longed for liberty, and earnestly labored to procure it. Nature impelled me to do so; but I call God to witness that I have never conspired the death of the Queen of England."

In asking the Commissioners why Curle and Nau were not confronted with her, and why her own writings were not produced, she put questions they dared not answer. It is an all-sufficient commentary on the monstrous nature of these proceedings, and the actual despotism then existing in England, that, anticipating Mary's demand to be confronted with her secretaries, Elizabeth herself had written to Cecil "that she considered it unnecessary." Gandy, one of the judges, and the Lord Chancellor, failed to embarrass Mary, and Lord Burghley himself more signally failed to browbeat her. But Cecil had his revenge; for he boasted to his mistress of "so encountering her with his reason and experience in such sort, as she had not that advantage she looked for." Swiftly the Commission adjourned to Westminster, and did what was required of them. A verdict of guilty was signed,[1] not only by the thirty-six Commissioners present at Fotheringay, but by twelve who were absent. Why not? The twelve who were absent saw fully as much evidence of the prisoner's guilt as those who were present.

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[1] Walsingham had Mary's own note of her answer to Babington. He also had the French letter written by Nau in conformity with the notes. He did not produce them. He dared not produce them; and he asked her conviction — himself being one of her judges — on a copy of Philipps' decipher of the cipher into which that French letter had been put.

In connection with this trial, we have never seen cited the very remarkable opinion of Lord Brougham, who sums up the whole case in a compact legal argument, to which any effective reply, in whole or in part, would be exceedingly difficult.

1. "When Mary took refuge in England, all her previous misconduct[2] gave Elizabeth no kind of title to detain her as a prisoner, nor any right even to deliver her up as prisoner at the request of the Scots, had they demanded her.

2. "In keeping her a prisoner for twenty years, under various pretexts, Elizabeth gave her ample license and complete justification for whatever designs she might form to regain her liberty.

3. "The conspiracy of Norfolk looked only to the maintaining of her strict rights, the restoration of her personal liberty, and her marriage with that ill-fated nobleman, which she was willing to solemnize as soon as she could be divorced from Bothwell.

4. "Babington's conspiracy included rebellion, and also

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[1] With the exception of Lord Zouch, on the separate charge of assassination.

[2] Lord Brougham had no lights on Mary's previous history beyond the versions of Hume and Robertson.

the assassination of Elizabeth; and great, and certainly very fruitless, pains are taken by Mary's partisans to rebut the proofs of her having joined it. She, indeed, never pretended to resist the proof that she was a party to the conspiracy in general; she only denied her knowledge of the projected assassination. But, supposing her to have been also cognizant of that, it seems not too relaxed a view of duty to hold that one sovereign princess, detained unjustifiably in captivity by another for twenty years, has a right to use even extreme measures of revenge. In self-defense, all means are justifiable, and Mary had no other means than war to the knife against her oppressor.

5. "For this accession to Babington's conspiracy, chiefly, she was brought to trial by that oppressor who had violated every principle of justice, and every form of law, in holding her a prisoner for twenty years.

6. "Being convicted on this trial, the sentence was executed by Elizabeth's express authority; although, with a complication of falsehood utterly disgusting, and which holds her character up to the scorn of mankind in all ages, she pretended that it had been done without her leave, and against her will, and basely ruined the unfortunate man, who, yielding to her commands, had conveyed to be executed the orders she had signed with her own hand."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WARRANT.

"For the clumsy, cunning, and brazen mendacity with which her triumphant rival (Elizabeth) concluded the scene, no one has any palliation." — BURTON, *History of Scotland*, vol. vi. p. 20.

THE crushing calamities and deep sorrow of the Queen of Scots were contemplated with a calm and cheerful resignation by Elizabeth and her secretaries. While the trial was in progress the kind English Queen sent messages by Davison expressing great desire to hear how her *Spirit* and her *Moon* (her pet names for Cecil (Lord Burghley) and Walsingham) found themselves after "their long and distressing journey." From the same correspondence we find, too, that Mr. Froude's airy insolence in designating the Scottish Queen as "The Lady at Tutbury," has not even the poor merit of originality, for Burghley speaks of her to Elizabeth as "The Queen of the Castle."

Parliament united in petition that the death sentence be carried to speedy execution. To whom Elizabeth replied that she would deliberate, and "commend herself to be directed by God's holy Spirit." Then Sir James Croft moved that "*some earnest and devout prayer to God*, to incline her majesty's heart to grant the petition, be printed for daily use in the House of Commons and by the members in their chambers and lodgings." The Speaker, one Puckering, reminded her majesty that by their oath of association they were bound to kill the Queen of Scots. To do it without license would be to incur the indignation of her majesty; not to do it would be for them perjury and the indignation of God. To her majesty they held up the awful examples of "Saul who spared Agag, and of Ahab who spared Benhadad — wicked princes whom God had delivered into their hands, of purpose to be slain to death by them."

If Mr. Froude is correct in saying of Elizabeth, "She could not write an English sentence without the most intricate involutions," she would appear to carry the same quality into her verbal communications. Her reply to Parliament was: —

> "If I should say that I meant not to grant your petition, by my faith, I should say unto you more perhaps than I mean. And if I should say that I meant to grant it, I should tell you more than is fit for you to know. Thus I must deliver unto you an answer answerless." [1]

Although an enemy of every member of the house of Guise, the French King could not stand idly by and see Mary Stuart murdered. He dispatched Belièvre as special Ambassador to the English court, Chateauneuf being already there. Elizabeth wanted delay in the remonstrances of the French King. She is credited with a ready wit, and here is a specimen of it. Young Stafford, brother of Elizabeth's Ambassador at Paris, invented a story charging Chateauneuf's secretary with entering into a conspiracy against the Queen's life. This Stafford, says Mr. Froude, was "a notorious reprobate," which is altogether likely. He was a hardened reprobate, too, and a good actor, for he reiterated the charge in presence of Chateauneuf and the council, and even accused the Ambassador himself with guilty knowledge. The "accomplished actress" at the palace was meantime *a la hauteur de son rôle*, the council had caught her histrionic inspiration, for, as our histrionic historian assures us, they "gravely told" (xii. 339) the Ambassador that "he had been guilty of a serious fault."

The impudent farce was kept up as long as it was thought necessary; then an apology was made for the inconveniences to which the Ambassador had been subjected by an ignoble plot of which Elizabeth herself was the instigator. (See xii. 338.)

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[1] A reply which has been styled oracular for its ambiguity and imposture.

The interpolation and forgery then in vogue in English court procedure manifested itself even in this miserable affair. Forged and falsified documents were used by "these charming English councilors," no original documents being presented, but *copies* only, in which they add or omit what they please.[1]

Meantime popular anger had been aroused and kept up against the French and against Mary Stuart by this supposed discovery of a supposed plot against the life of the Queen. The French secretary was kept imprisoned in the Tower "after the groundlessness of the charge had been confessed, lest," — says Mr. Froude with a knowing wink to his reader, — "lest it should seem as if he had been arrested without cause." When all was over, Elizabeth entertained the French Ambassador with a merry joke concerning it. On the vulgar infamy of this disgraceful affair, Mr Froude's final opinion is that "it formed a poor and undignified episode in the tragedy in which it was imbedded, and it tarnished a proceeding which so far had been moderate and just."

"Tarnished," is good. So also is "moderate." "Just," is simply admirable.

Mr. Froude's "History of England" has been characterized as a piece of "masking and mumming, with inference, supposition, and insinuation, with forced citations and patched references." To which may be added, false translations.[2] These characteristics abound throughout the narration of the events from Walsingham's initiation of the plot to take Mary Stuart's life, down to the closing scene of the tragedy at Fotheringay. Elizabeth dallied and hesitated between her appreciation of the infamy of the act and her desire for the death of the victim. To her aid, for the eyes of the nineteenth century, skilful historian brings a supposed public clamor for the execution. Elizabeth's "clumsy, cunning, and brazen mendacity," referred by Mr. Burton, are found in her denial of wishing the execution forwarded and her persecution of Secretary Davison, who was guilty of obeying her orders. After she had signed the warrant for the execution, she told Davison of a dream she had the night before; the Queen of Scots, she dreamed, was executed. "She laughed as she was speaking." (xii. 349.) "Had she changed her mind? Did she not mean to go on with the execution?" inquired Davison.

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[1] "Avaient ces beaux conseillers d'Angleterre forgé, falsifié, et composé toutes telles escritures qu'ils avaient voullu sur ce faict par eux inventé et projetté. Car il faut notter que jamais ne produisent les mesmes *pièces originaulx des procedures, mais seulement des copies*, esquelles ils ajoutent ou diminuent ce qu'il leur plait." — Villeroy's *Régistre* in *Life of Lord Egerton*, p. 101.

[2] See a flagrant instance at xii. 308.

"YEA! BY GOD," was her reply, "but it might receive a better form, for this casteth the whole burthen upon myself." And here, we trust, the reader will give his best attention to Mr. Froude's gentle reflection: "*Elizabeth's conduct was not noble, but it was natural and pardonable.*"

Effort had been made to cast a part of this "burthen" upon Sir Amyas Paulet by requesting him to assassinate Mary. He chose not to understand the drift of Elizabeth's letter "To my Loving Amias;" and a modern historian can see no malice in the celebrated "*non omnibus datum*" epistle. Afterwards Walsingham wrote to Paulet (and Drury) without involution or honeyed speech:—

> "We find by a speech lately made by her majesty, that she doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal for her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not all this time (of yourselves without further provocation) found out some way to shorten the life of the Scots Queen, considering the great peril she is hourly subject to, so long as the said Queen shall live."

Now Paulet was Mary Stuart's bitter enemy. He had been to her a cruel jailer and an unjust judge; he had behaved towards her with ruffianly brutality, and was ready, in case her rescue were attempted, to slay her with his own hand; but he was not a sneaking assassin. He answered Walsingham, expressing his great grief and bitterness —

> "As living to see this unhappy day in which I am required, by directions of my most gracious sovereign, to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth. My goods and life are at her majesty's disposition, and I am ready to lose them the next morrow if it shall please her. But God forbid I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, and shed blood without law or warrant."

The historian Burton finds in "that terrible letter" of Walsingham "one of the foulest blots in English history;" but why it should be as foul as the suggestion or command which inspired it, we cannot see. Nor indeed, in reality, can Mr. Burton, and he says so, but with qualification of hypothesis.

A greater Scot than he sees the case plainly, and states it forcibly: "With a complication of falsehood utterly disgusting, and which holds her character up to the scorn of mankind in all ages, she pretended that it had been done without her leave and against her will." Elsewhere he says: —

> "But if there be any one passage of her life which calls forth this sentiment (disgust) more than another, it is her vile conduct respecting the execution of Mary Stuart — her hateful duplicity, her execrable treachery towards the instruments she used and sacrificed, her cowardly skulking behind those instruments to escape the censures of the world. This was the crowning act of a whole life of despicable fraud and hypocrisy." (Lord Brougham.)

In the last letter Mary Stuart wrote Elizabeth she reiterated the denial she had always uniformly made of participation in any design upon Elizabeth's life: —

"As to practicing any ill against you, I declare, in the presence of God, I am not guilty of that crime; but God will let you see the truth of all plainly after my death."

Her letter concludes thus: —

"I beseech the God of mercy and justice to enlighten you with his Holy Spirit, and to give me the grace to die in perfect charity, as I endeavor to do, pardoning my death to all those who have either caused or coöperated in it; and this will be my prayer to the end. . . . . Accuse me not of presumption if, in leaving this world and preparing myself for a better, I remind you that you will have one day to give an account of your charge, in like manner as those who have preceded you in it, and that my blood and the misery of my country will be remembered; wherefore, from the earliest dawn of our comprehension we ought to dispose our minds to make things temporal yield to those of eternity. From Fotheringay this 19th of December, 1586.

"Your sister and cousin, wrongfully a prisoner.

"MARIE ROYNE." [1]

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[1] See Appendix No. 14 for another epistle of Mary Stuart to Queen Elizabeth. Whether we consider the circumstances under which it was written, the compact logic of its reasoning, the energy of its style, the beauty of its diction, or the pathos of its tone, it is one of the most remarkable letters in the history of literature; and it is doubtful if any defender of the unfortunate Queen has better succeeded in presenting the merits of her case and the argument for her innocence, than has Mary Stuart herself in this production.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SCAFFOLD.

"As for the victim, no martyr, conscious of a life of unsullied purity, ever met her fate with greater dignity. . . . . She did her expiation with a noble simplicity. For many years she had submitted quietly to restraints and humiliations, rather as one who was in that shape raising herself above her persecutor, than from weakness or servility." — BURTON, *History of Scotland*, vol. vi. p. 22.

"The circumstances of her death equal that of an ancient martyr."— JOHN WESLEY.

FOR months Mary Stuart had been under sentence of death. For weeks the warrant for her execution had been signed. And yet, after so much delay, the warning that she must prepare to die at last came suddenly, and the time allowed was short. On the afternoon of the 7th of February, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived. Admitted to her presence, the death-warrant was read to her. The Queen listened in dignified composure, and thanked them for their message. Death, she said, should be welcome to her, although "brought about by artifice and fraud." Then, laying her hand on a Testament, she called upon God to witness that, "As for the death of your sovereign, I never imagined, never sought it, never consented to it."

The Earl of Kent objected that the book was a popish Testament, and the oath, therefore, of no value. "It is a Catholic Testament," rejoined Mary; "on that account I prize it the more; and, therefore, according to your own reasoning, you ought to judge my oath the more satisfactory."

She then requested, as the single indulgence she would ask, that she might have the attendance of her almoner, who was still in the castle. Her request, she was told, could not be granted. "It was contrary to the law of God and the law of the land, and *would endanger both the souls and bodies of the Commissioners.*" Kent then suggested that she should receive the Dean of Peterborough, a very learned theologian, who would instruct her in the truth, and show her the error of the false religion in which she had been brought up; with more to the same effect. The Queen declined the services of the dean. She would die in the religion in which she had been baptized. "Madame," interrupted the earl, "your life would be the death of our religion, and your death will be its preservation."

In reply to her question when she was to die, — "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock," was the answer.

"That is very sudden," said the Queen, and asked for some slight extension of the time. "It is not in our power," replied the earl; "you must die to-morrow at the hour we have named." And so they parted.

Calm and self-possessed herself, the Queen's greatest effort was now to check the wild sobbing and frantic grief of her attendants. To her physician she remarked, "They said I was to die for attempting the life of the Queen of England, of which, you know, I am innocent; but now this earl lets out the fact that it is on account of my religion."

Soon was heard the noise of hammering on the planks of the scaffold in the great hall adjoining. With this sound ringing in her ears, she passed the entire night in writing letters, and her will, and in her devotions. At four o'clock she sought a short repose on her pillow, but her attendants remarked that she did not sleep, and that her lips were constantly moving as in prayer. At six o'clock she told her ladies "she had but two hours to live," and to "dress her as for a festival."

We have witnessed the struggle with the Earl of Kent for the rights of conscience. Now came another on a question of humanity — of decency. They had already entered the hall. The Queen asked that she might have the attendance of her women to disrobe her. — Refused!

"I trust, my lords, that your mistress, being a maiden Queen, will vouchsafe, in regard of womanhood, that I may have some of my own women about me at my death. A far greater courtesy might be extended to me, even were I a woman of far meaner calling."

No answer.

"I am cousin to your Queen, my lords, descended of the blood royal of Henry VII., a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland."

Upon consultation, the earls consented to allow two of her women to attend her.

On her way to the hall, Mary was met by her faithful servant, Andrew Melville, who threw himself on his knees before her, wringing his hands in uncontrollable agony. "Woe is me," he said, "that it should be my hard lot to carry back such tidings to Scotland."

"Weep not, Melville, my good and faithful servant; thou should'st rather rejoice to see the end of the long troubles of Mary Stuart. This world is vanity, and full of sorrows. I am a Catholic, thou Protestant; but as there is but one Christ, I charge thee, in his name, to bear witness that I die firm to my religion, a true Scotchwoman, and true to France." And then, with a message to her son, she concluded: "May God forgive them that have thirsted for my blood."

On account of her lameness, the Queen had descended the stairway to the hall with difficulty, and was obliged to accept the offer of Paulet's assistance to mount the two steps to the scaffold. "I thank you, sir," she said; "it is the last trouble I will ever give you." The death-warrant was again read by Beale, in a loud voice. One of its recitals is, that "execution against her person" was to be done, "as well for the cause of the gospel and true religion of Christ, as for the peace of the whole realm." Then the Dean of Peterborough began to address her: His mistress, he said, was careful of the welfare of her (Mary's) soul, and had sent him to bring her out of that creed, "in which, continuing, she must be damned." Mary begged him not to concern himself with her. He persisted. She turned away. He walked around the scaffold, again confronted her, and again he began.

The scene was horrible and scandalous. The Earl of Kent bade him stop preaching and begin to pray. He did so, and his prayer was the echo of his sermon.

But now, Mary heeded him no more, and took refuge in her own prayers and the repetition of the psalms for the dying. She prayed for her son, and for Queen Elizabeth, for the peace and prosperity of Scotland; for her enemies, and for herself. She then arose, crucifix in hand, and exclaimed: "As Thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of Thy mercy, and forgive me my sins."

"Madame," said the Earl of Kent, "it were better for you to leave such popish trumperies, and bear Him in your heart."

"Can I," she replied, "hold the representation of my crucified Redeemer in my hand without bearing him at the same time in my heart?" Then she knelt down, saying: "O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

The first blow of the executioner inflicted a ghastly wound on the lower part of the skull. Not a scream, nor groan — not a sigh escaped her, but the convulsion of her features showed the horrible suffering caused by the wound. The eye-witness of the execution whose account is published in Teulet, thus relates this incident: "Thereupon the headsman brought down his axe, but, missing the proper place, gave her a terrible blow on the upper extremity of the neck, but — worthy of an unexampled fortitude — she remained perfectly still, and did not even heave a sigh." [1]

At the second stroke,[2] the neck was severed from the body, and held up to the gaze of the bystanders. The executioner repeated his formula, "God save Queen Elizabeth."

"So perish all her enemies," added the Dean of Peterborough.

"So perish all the enemies of the gospel," exclaimed the Earl of Kent.

But not one voice was heard to say "Amen!" [3]

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[1] Et sur ce l'executeur frappa de sa hache, mars faillant à trouver la jointure, luy donna un grand coup sur le chignon du col, mais, ce qui fut digne d'une constance non pareille, est que l'on ne vit remuer aucune partie de son corps, ny pas seulement jetter un soupir."—*Vray Rapport*, Teulet.

[2] Some authorities say the third.

[3] Lingard.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HISTORIAN AND HEADSMAN.

"It is so painful to dwell upon the words and actions of a poor woman in her moments of misery." — *History of England*, by J. A. FROUDE, vol. ii. p. 455.

"It is a miserable duty to be compelled to search for these indications of human infirmities; above all, when they are the infirmities of a lady whose faults, let them have been what they would, were so fearfully and terribly expiated." — *History of England*, by J. A. FROUDE, vol. i. p. 179.

WE have already stated that a serious objection to Mr. Froude as a historian is his total want of a uniform standard of justice, of the ethical principle which estimates actions as they are in themselves and not in the light of personal like or dislike of his historical personages. Read the two passages which head this chapter. They are specimens of the "outbursts of truest pathos," of "tender human sympathy," so lauded by one of his admirers. The historian penned them with reference to the case of Anne Boleyn, and when we reach his narrative of Mary Stuart's death we find that they are not the expression of any abiding sentiment or belief, but mere specimens of rhetoric *de circonstance*, to be classed among those elaborate impromptus carefully labored at leisure with which he ornaments his pages. When he tells us of Mary Stuart's death, we find that so far from being painful to him it affords him the most exquisite delight "to dwell upon the words and actions of a poor woman in her moments of misery;" and we further find that, not content with the record of her words and actions as furnished by history, he finds it expedient to invent others in order to prolong and, if possible, heighten his pleasure.

Hollow brass and tinkling cymbal too is his "miserable duty to be compelled to search for human infirmities, *above all when they are the infirmities of a lady*," etc., when we find him complacently inviting his readers to join with him in the gaze of the two brutal earls at the scars left by illness on the shoulders of the helpless victim.

If Mr Froude really believes the Queen of Scots to be the guilty woman he describes — and we seriously doubt it; if he attaches any serious signification to the vituperative abuse he showers upon her throughout his work, we can well imagine the bitter disappointment which must have seized him when, contemplating his victim at the hour of death and on the edge of the grave, he beholds her raised so infinitely above her persecutors by her dignity and Christian resignation. We can well understand, too, how at the spectacle of what his more conscientious ally (Burton) calls the "noble simplicity of her expiation," this disappointment should deepen into an angry rage that seeks revenge. That revenge — the only one in his power — he has taken.

Friends and enemies of Mary Stuart — sympathizers, proclaimers of her guilt, and advocates of her innocence — have written concerning that most remarkable death scene, of which several descriptions have come down to us; but no such strange and shocking narrative as that of Mr. Froude has ever grieved the judicious and blotted the page of history. His pen alone was equal to such a performance. It is one of the monstrosities of modern literature, and stands on "a bad eminence."

There was no refinement of cruelty, there was no excess of brutality left uninflicted on that unfortunate woman as she stood facing the axe and the block. One would think that the veriest ruffian stained with a thousand crimes would, in that hour supreme, be permitted to seek and enjoy unmolested whatever to him might constitute spiritual consolation. But it was not allowed this dying woman.

The only religious aid she required was denied her, although her almoner was in the house. A man whose services she declined, bellowed his remonstrances and warnings in her ear, telling her — by way of encouragement — that she was damned. "He had been evidently instructed to impair the Catholic complexion of the scene," suggests Mr. Froude. We think it highly probable, inasmuch as the official report states that, "according to a direction that he had received the night before, he would have made a godly admonition," etc. From Kent and Shrewsbury there was nought for this unhappy woman but inhumanity and insult. And all this seems to our historian not only eminently proper, but immensely gratifying.

Sensible to the last, he keeps up his "masking and mumming, with inference, supposition, and insinuation, with forced citations, and patched references." His narrative of the execution is little more than a paraphrase of the account written to Burghley by Richard Wigmore, who was Cecil's secret agent and present at the scene.[1] But the reader must not suppose from the fact that he was a sort of spy and that his account appears from the paraphrase to be so heartless and cynical, that this man Wigmore was utterly vile. He would not seem so if Mr. Froude had not carefully eliminated from his letter every passage and expression which renders justice to Mary Stuart's dignity and Christian resignation.

And this unhappy woman's bearing on the scaffold, — standing thus face to face with the King of Terrors, and preparing, as best she might amid inhuman interruptions, to meet her God, was all — so Mr. Froude informs us — mere acting! — a sacrilegious invention he strives to bolster by a citation from the anonymous account of Mary's death published in Teulet. Mr. Froude falsifies the citation and falsifies its meaning. Judge.

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[1] To this are added a few details from other sources.

As cited by Mr. Froude. (xii. 362.)	The Original Passage.
"Si le plus parfait tragique qui fust jamais venoit à présent avec un désir et soing indicible de représenter sa contenance, parolles et gestes et façon de faire sur un théâtre, il pourrait mériter quelques louanges, mais on le trouverait court."— *Vray Rapport*, etc.: Teulet, vol. iv.	"Si le plus parfait tragique qui fust jamais venoit à présent avec un désir et soing indicible de représenter sa contenance, parolles et gestes et façon de faire sur un théâtre, il pourrait mériter quelques louanges, mais on le trouverait court, faisant demonstration de la contenance naturelle et singulière modestie qui, contre toute expectation régnait en cette princesse, tellement que à grande peine par personnes empruntées (se pourrait il représenter)."

By the substitution of a period for a comma at the end of the first half of the sentence, and by the total omission of the latter part, the idea of the writer is left undeveloped and his meaning entirely perverted. That it was written by one of her warmest admirers is Mr. Froude's assumption. On the contrary, the passage itself would appear to come from one who had been prejudiced against her. So far from describing "her bearing as infinitely transcending the power of the most accomplished actor to represent" — thus leaving in doubt whether what was seen in her was artifice or natural, the passage states the powerlesness of any acting, to represent the manifestation of nature in "the unaffected expression and singular modesty which distinguished this princess;" the "contre toute expectation," appearing to imply some previous prejudice.

Characteristically ingenious is the device of Mr. Froude to carry out and give force to his dramatic theory by dwelling on Mary's rich dress and false hair. If Mary had arrayed herself otherwise than she did, her costume might have been properly criticised as singular and affected. It was in strict conformity with the fashion of the age, of which rich dress was a characteristic. When Elizabeth died, she left eighty *atiers* or wigs ornamented with jewels. They formed at the time a part of every lady's wardrobe, and were of various colors. Mary's omission to wear one would have been thought strange. She had that morning told her women to "dress her as for a festival." Their choice of garments was naturally for the richest from an assortment by no means large. It appears that under her black robe Mary Stuart wore a sort of black jacket. Both these were taken off preparatory to the execution, and under them appeared a body of crimson satin, which with her petticoat of crimson, and a pair of crimson sleeves handed her by one of her ladies, to cover her naked arms, made the dress all red — "blood red from head to foot," as Mr. Froude states it in his delight. We are further informed that this was all done with design, and that "the pictorial effect must have been appalling." We venture to surmise that a Christian about to stand in the presence of God has but little room in his or her mind for "pictorial effects," and that Mary Stuart's thoughts in that last hour of her life were not for this world. But see how powerless is any reasonable surmise in the presence of Mr. Froude's positive knowledge, for we have his assurance that she gave the subject of this under-clothing careful study, and had her own motives for adopting it. Listen. "Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. *It is only certain* [1] *that it must have been carefully studied*," etc. (xii. 359.) When the head of the victim was laid on the block, the executioner, a stalwart man, brought down his axe; but it was an uncertainly directed blow and only inflicted a ghastly wound. We have already cited the passage from Mr. Froude's favorite "Vray Rapport" which relates this incident. He does not see that passage. It is a well established principle of that historian that no one who comes in hostile contact with Mary Stuart shall be capable of error. And so we are told: "The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin."

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[1] A distinguished English historian aptly remarks that "Intuitive certainty is beyond the reach of argument." (*J. A. Froude*, vol. xii. p. 311.) But this is said in connection with a stern rebuke administered by him to persons pretending to interpret the motives of Queen Elizabeth — "those to whom it has been given to have a perfect insight into the motives of human actions."

But the gratification, the joy manifested throughout this narrative of brutality, bigotry, and blood, culminates in delight when he tells us —

> "The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman."

We are inclined to believe that what was seen was a face whose features were yet convulsed by the agonizing suffering from the executioner's first blow.[1]

When Mary Stuart bowed her head to the axe which should end her sufferings, the executioner remarked that her fingers were upon the block in such a position under her neck, that when he struck, they would be cut off. The man's trade was death, his calling brutal, his occupation bloody. But he had no desire needlessly to multiply the horror of the scene by maiming and mangling even a body which must, the next instant, be a lifeless corpse; and he gently removed the hands.

The example of this social pariah should have commended itself to Mr. Froude, for whom it is not enough that this woman should be made to suffer for a crime of which she was innocent — not enough that inhuman men should mock her infirmities in that awful moment, — not enough that in her preparation for death she should be denied the consolations of her own faith, — not enough that a religious bigot should be ordered to thrust himself between the victim and her Maker — not enough that she should receive vociferous assurance that her damnation was certain.

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[1] See Appendix No. 12.

Not enough all this. He must do more. He is determined that Mary Stuart shall not thus escape him, and — standing on this side of a grave, cold in the shadow of three hundred years — we shudder as we see him warm up to his ghoul-like task, travestie her bearing, mock her words, inventory her garments, play the costumer, degrade the historian into a man-milliner, and — falsifying her motives — blasphemously challenge as dramatic affectation the last appeal of a poor soul to God, betray a revolting satisfaction in her suffering, positive delight in the discovery that she was no longer in the maturity of grace and loveliness, and, with a hideous leer, call on his readers to feast with him their gaze on the withered features of a wrinkled old woman, assuring them, meanwhile, that she leaves the world with a lie on her lips !

We shrink from the revolting horror of the picture as we wonder at its mendacity.

Decidedly, the headsman with his bloody axe rises in our gaze, beside this historian, to the full proportions of one of nature's noblemen.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONCLUSION.

"The one primary qualification in a historian is that he should inspire confidence in the minds of educated readers, and a fair belief in his guidance. Mr. Froude utterly fails to do this."— *London Quarterly Review.*

As already stated, serious doubt exists as to whether or not Mr. Froude really believes the Queen of Scots to be the guilty woman he describes.[1] We have a theory that, as an intelligent gentleman, and as one who has had before his eyes the clearest proofs of Mary Stuart's innocence, he does not assuredly credit her guilt, nor does he attach the slightest credit to Buchanan's falsehoods concerning her.

This view of Mr. Froude, as a historian, may excite some susprise. Nevertheless, we are satisfied of its correctness, and thus explain it.

Mr. Froude, evidently, does not approve of the humdrum plodding honesty of the conscientious historian who, in statements concerning the great dead of bygone ages, is profuse in authority, sober in imputation of motives, and totally abstemious in flights of imagination. He is disgusted with the blameless inanity of sincerity, with the imprudent weakness of telling all the truth, with the silly hesitation to be unscrupulous where a point is to be made, and with the slow pace of a style unadorned by fancy sketches and sensational pictures.

Thus worshipping art more than truth, he resolved to give to the world a history which should be read for its piquancy and its brilliancy — which should be at once better than a novel and as good as a play.

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[1] A belief "credible only to those who form opinions by their wills, and believe or disbelieve as they choose." (ii. 488.)

Such, it seems to us, was his high purpose. And if any object that we attribute to this distinguished historian a questionable motive, we reply that we have the best authority for so doing, and that we frame our opinion on a principle which Mr. Froude himself openly declares to be his. Speaking of Queen Elizabeth, our historian says (xi. 27): —

"How she worked in detail, how uncertain, how vacillating, how false and unscrupulous she could be when occasion tempted, has appeared already, and will appear more and more; but her object in itself was excellent; *AND THOSE WHO PURSUE HIGH PURPOSES THROUGH CROOKED WAYS DESERVE BETTER OF MANKIND, ON THE WHOLE, THAN THOSE WHO PICK THEIR WAY IN BLAMELESS INANITY, AND, IF INNOCENT OF ILL, ARE EQUALLY INNOCENT OF GOOD.*"

APPENDIX.

No. I.

"Catherine de Medicis ne devait à son titre de reine que l'honneur de donner des enfants au roi. La longue contrainte où vécut Catherine, les habitudes de froide réserve et de constante dissimulation qu'elle s'imposa — formèrent dans l'ombre ce génie Machiavelique et ce scepticisme universel qu'elle déploya depuis dans de si térribles conjonctures." — Martin, *Histoire de France*, vol. ix. p. 471.

No. II.

In describing the entrance of Charles and his mother into the council hall when Charles was saluted King, Sismondi says: "La reine mère ne s'était point flattée de trouver un tel accord, une telle promptitude; accomtumée à être *peu consultée*, peu ménagée, à ce que sa qualité d'étrangère excitât contre elle la défiance et la haine, loin de compter sur ses droits, elle ne comptait pas même sur ceux de son fils, ... elle n'aimait personne, et n'était aimée de personne." — *Histoire des Français*, vol. xviii. p. 187.

"Catherine de Medicis, qui depuis vingt sept ans qu'elle était en France, avait toujours été écartée du pouvoir, loin d'être reconnue comme ayant droit à la tutelle ou à la régence de son fils, se voyait comme femme et comme étrangère l'objet d'une violente jalousie." — Sismondi, *Histoire des Français*, vol. xviii. p. 185.

No. III.

M. Mignet, a distinguished French historian, has written a "Histoire de Marie Stuart," in the preparation of which he appears to be the victim of a work constantly cited by him as "Memoires de l'Estat de la France sous Charles IX." Many scholars familiar with the literature of the Mary Stuart controversy failed to recognize this work as an authority heretofore received. On examination the "Memoires" turn out to be nothing more than a French translation of Buchanan's "Detection," and of the silver-casket letters with an absurdly ambitious title. With this short explanation the reader will readily see in what light Mary Stuart must be made to appear in M. Mignet's pages. We have Buchanan all over again. He also quotes De Thou without appearing to be aware that De Thou also is a mere repetition of Buchanan. Away from this source of inspiration, M. Mignet displays many of the traits that have won for his other historical works such high appreciation.

No. IV.

"Aprés la mort de son mari, la jeune veuve de François II. qui s'était attiré la haine de sa belle mère Cathérine de Medicis en servant trop vivement les interêts de ses oncles de Guise, se retira en Lorraine durant quelques mois; ses oncles qui ne l'aimaient que comme un instrument utile à leur politique, *la pressèrent, la forcèrent* pour ainsi dire de retourner en Ecosse pour tacher d'y relever le parti catholique. La pauvre Marie partit avec desespoir." — Martin, *Histoire de France*, vol. x. p. 177.

No. V.

PRINCE ALEXANDER LABANOFF.

"*Lettres, Instructions, et Memoires de Marie Stuart, Reine d'Ecosse, publiés sur les originaux et les Manuscrits du State Paper Office de Londres, et des principales archives bibliothèques de l'Europe.*" 7 vols. 8vo. London and Paris.

This admirable collection is the result of fourteen years' research among state archives, collections, and libraries throughout Europe. It is composed mainly of letters and documents written by Mary Stuart. They number seven hundred and thirty-six (736), of which more than four hundred were unknown until published in this work. Out of these four hundred new letters, about two hundred found in the English State Paper Office, were mostly intercepted letters of Mary Stuart which never reached their destination. In these papers and letters the reader may see

Mary Stuart's soul and intellect reflected almost day by day throughout her reign, and no man can read them and not be impressed by the elevation of her mind, the soundness of her judgment, and the purity of her thoughts. No man, moreover, can read them and believe that these letters and the casket-letters could ever possibly come from the same source.

No. VI.

EXTRACT FROM A CONTEMPORARY BALLAD (1568).

"For they, to seem more innocent of this most heinous deed,
Did forthwith catch four murderers, and put to death with speed;
As Hepburn, Dalgleish, Powry too, John Hay made up the mess;
Which four, when they were put to death, the treason did confess,
And said that Moray, Morton too, with others of that rout,
Were guilty of that murder vile, though now they look so stout.
Yet some perchance may think that I speak for affection here,
Though I would so, three thousand can herein true witness bear,
Who present were as well as I at the execution time,
And heard how these, in conscience prickt, confessed who did the crime."

Contemporary Ballad, *Tom Treuth*, State Paper MS., *December*, 1568.

No. VII.

BOND MADE BY A NUMBER OF THE NOBILITY IN FAVOR OF THE EARL OF BOTHWELL, 19TH APRIL, 1567.

"We undersubscribing, understanding, that altho' the noble and mighty Lord James Earl Bothwell, Lord Hailes, Crichton, and Liddesdale, Great Admiral of Scotland, and Lieutenant to our Sovereign Lady over all the Marches thereof, being not only bruited and calumniated by placards privily affixed on the public places of the Kirk of Edinburg, and otherways slandered by his evil willers and privy Enemies, as Art and Part of the heinous Murder of the King, the Queen's Majesty's late Husband, but also by special Letters sent to her Highness by the Earl of Lennox and dilated of the same crime, who in his Letters earnestly desired and required the said Earl Bothwell to be tried of the said murder, — he, by condign Inquest and Assize of certain Noblemen his Peers, and other Barons of good reputation, is found guiltless and innocent of the odious crime objected to him, and acquitted thereof, conform to the Laws of this Realm; who also, for further trial of his part, has offered himself readie to defend and maintain his innocence against all that will impugn the same by the Law of Arms, and so has omitted nothing for the perfect trial of his accusation, that any Nobleman of honour, or by the Laws ought to underlie and accomplish. And We considering the Ancientness and Nobleness of his House, the honourable and good service done by his predecessors, and specially by himself, to our Sovereign, and for the defence of this her Highness' Realm against the enemies thereof and the Amity and Friendship which so long has persevered betwixt his House and every one of us, and others our Predecessors in particular: and therewithal seeing how all Noblemen, being in reputation, honour, and credit with their Sovereign, are commonly subject to sustain as well the vain bruits of the inconstant common people, as the accusations and calumnies of their adversaries, envious of our Place and Vocation, which we of our duty and friendship are astricted and debt-bound to repress and withstand; THEREFORE oblige us, and each one of us, upon our Faith and Honours, and Truth in our bodies, as we are Noblemen, and will answer to God, that in case hereafter any manner of person or persons, in whatsoever manner, shall happen to insist further to the slander and calumniation of the said Earl of Bothwell, as participant, Art or Part, of the said heinous murder, whereof ordinary Justice has acquitted him, and for which he has offered to do his Devoir by the Law of Arms in manner above rehearsed; we, and every one of us, by ourselves, our kin, friends, assisters, partakers, and all that will do for us, shall take true, honest, plain, and upright Part with him, to the Defence and Maintenance of his Quarrell, with our bodies, heritage, and goods, against his private or public calumniators, byepast or to come, or any others presuming anything in Word or Deed to his Reproach, Dishonour, or Infamy. MOREOVER, weighing and considering the time present, and how our Sovereign the Queen's Majesty is now destitute of a Husband, in the which solitary state the Commonweale of this Realme may not permit her Highnesse to continue and endure, but at some time her Highness in appearance may be inclined to yield into a Marriage; and therefore, in case the former affectionate and hearty service of the said Earl done to her Majesty from time to time, and his other good Qualities and Behaviour, may move her Majesty so far to humble herself, as, preferring one of her native born subjects unto all foreign Princes, to take to Husband the said Earl, We and every one of us undersubscribing, upon our Honours and Fidelity, oblige us and promise, not only to further, advance, and set forward the Marriage to be solemnized and completed betwixt her Highness and the said Noble Lord, with our Votes, Counsel, Fortification, and Assistance in Word and Deed, at such time as it shall please her Majesty to think it convenient, and how soon the Laws shall leave it to be done; but in case any should presume directly or indirectly, openly, or under whatsoever Colour or Pretence, to hinder, hold back, or disturb the said Marriage, we shall, in that behalf, esteem, hold, and repute the Hinderers, Adversaries, or Disturbers thereof, as our common Enemies and evil Willers; and notwithstanding the same, take part and fortify the said Earl to the said Marriage, so far as it may please our Sovereign Lady to allow; and therein shall spend and bestow our Lives and Goods against all that live or die may, as we shall answer to God, and upon our own Fidelities and Conscience; and in case we do to the contrary, never to have Reputation or Credit in no Time hereafter, but to be accounted unworthy and faithless Traitors.

"In Witness whereof, we have subscribed these presents, as follows, at Edinburg, the 19th day of April, the year of God 1567 years."

No. VIII.

EXTRACTS FROM A REMARKABLE ARTICLE BY DR. JOHNSON.[1]

"It has now been fashionable for near half a century to defame and vilify the House of Stuart, and to exalt and magnify the reign of Elizabeth. The Stuarts have found few apologists, for the dead cannot pay for praise."

After recapitulating the dates involved, he makes these points among others. That, —

First, "These letters thus timorously and suspiciously communicated were all the evidence against Mary; for the servants of Bothwell, executed for the murder of the King, acquitted the Queen at the hour of death.

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1760.

Second, "The letters were alleged as the reason for the Queen's imprisonment, altho' she was imprisoned on the 16th, and the letters are not pretended to have been intercepted before the 20th.

Third, "The authority of these letters should have been put out of doubt, yet there is no witness but Morton and Crawford. Dalgleish was hanged, without interrogatory as to the letters, and Paris, altho' then in prison, was not yet tried; nor was his confession produced until after his death."

He then disposes of Robertson's and Hume's objections.

As further reasons for doubting the genuineness of the casket-letters he says: —

"The difference between *written and subscribed*, and *wholly written* gives Tytler just reason to suspect; first, a *forgery*, and then a *variation* of the forgery. It is, indeed, very remarkable, that the *first* account asserts *more* than the second, though the second contains all the truth; for the letters, whether written by the Queen or not, were not subscribed by her; and had the second account differed from the *first* only by something added, the first might have contained truth, though not all the truth; but, as the *second* corrects the first by *elimination*, the first cannot be free from fraud." And concludes, "That the letters were forged is now made so probable that perhaps they will never more be cited as testimonies."

No. IX.

BUCHANAN'S "DETECTION."

Buchanan was an apostate monk, saved from the gallows by Mary, and loaded with her favors. An eye-witness of her dignity, her goodness, and her purity, he afterward described her as the vilest of women. He sold his pen, and has been properly described as "unrivaled in baseness, peerless in falsehood, supreme in ingratitude." His "Detection" was published (1570) in Latin, and copies were immediately sent by Cecil to Elizabeth's Ambassador in Paris with instructions to circulate them; "*for they will come to good effect to disgrace her, which must be done before other purposes can be obtained.*" This shameful work has been the inspiration of most of the portraits drawn of Mary. De Thou in France, Jebb, and many others in England, have all followed him. Spotiswoode is little more than a digest of Knox and Buchanan clad in decent language. Holinshed, too, was deceived by Buchanan; but it is doubtful if he dared write otherwise than he did, between the terrors of Cecil's spies and Elizabeth's mace. De Thou is an authority generally looked up to with great respect, but when he is quoted in any matter concerning Mary Stuart, it is substantially Buchanan who is really cited, for De Thou on all points of Scottish history depends on and copies Buchanan. He himself states this fact in his correspondence with Camden and Casaubon. (Ed. of 1734.) MM. Mignet and Froude ought to be aware of this fact, yet they cite De Thou as though he were an original authority. Buchanan accompanied Mary to Scotland, and a letter of Randolph to Cecil (1562) speaks of him as reading Livy with the Queen every day at Holyrood. The list of Mary's books at that time shows the extent of her accomplishments. No mere tyro in Latin ever found much pleasure in Livy. Buchanan was one of the first Latin scholars of the age, although Hallam ("Lit. of Europe") thinks him overrated. In 1564 Mary presented Buchanan with a pension of £500 Scots, and made him lay abbot of Crossraguel Abbey, an appointment which gave him independence. In 1565–6 he brought out his first complete edition of his admirable paraphrase of the Psalms, dedicating it to the Queen, in the celebrated epigram which excels any literary compliment ever paid to a European sovereign. Her merit, he said, surpassed her good fortune; her virtue, her years; her courage, her sex; and the nobleness of her qualities, her nobility of race. The Latin is admirable: —

> "Quæ sortem antevenis meritis, virtutibus annos,
> Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus."

The most assiduous of her flatterers while in power, he pursued her in adversity with a malice but little short of diabolical. We find him in Murray's pay and attendance in producing the silver-casket letters at York, and at Westminster.

In speaking of the loose and violent accusations of criminal love between Mary and Bothwell, uttered by Buchanan and Knox, the Presbyterian historian, Dr. Robertson, says that "such delicate transitions of passion can be discerned only by those who are admitted near the persons of the parties. *Neither Knox* *nor Buchanan enjoyed these advantages.* Their humble station allowed them only a distant access to the Queen and her favorite. And the ardor of their zeal, as well as the violence of their prejudices, rendered their opinions rash, precipitate, and inaccurate." The "distant access" is too mild a statement. Knox fled from Edinburgh when Riccio was murdered, and did not return until Mary was a prisoner at Lochleven, and during all this period Buchanan no longer went to Holyrood.

The Episcopal Bishop Keith denounces Buchanan as "a vile and shameless traducer," and says his "Detection" "sufficiently detects itself to be one continued piece of satirical romance." "And in general," he adds (vol. ii. p. 108), "by the corrections which I have made from original records, of almost all the facts hitherto touched by Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Knox, which have any relation to their sovereign the Queen, and how grossly, if not maliciously, they have departed from the truth, and how little ground posterity has to rely upon their representations in other facts, when supported by no better authority than theirs." Even Mr. Burton cannot conceal the fact that he believes Buchanan to be an unmitigated liar, who writes calumnies with high art and superior finish of style. Of course, this is stated euphuistically, thus: "But while those who have gone into the intricacies of the story cannot accept the conclusions of the 'Detection,' they cannot read it without acknowledging that it is a great work of rhetorical art." (Vol. iv. p. 449.) Further, he says: "Everything with him (Buchanan) is utterly and palpably vile and degrading, without any redeeming or mitigating elements. A great master of rhetoric, he sets forth Mary's guilt in a language in which invective is perhaps more at home than in any other."

We have seen Cecil's appreciation of the "Detection" in his instructions for its circulation, and the *raison d'être* of the book is best explained by that statesman's certificate[1] accompanying the original edition. The certificate was intended to accredit the book, but as it let out the important fact that it was, in point of fact, dictated by the Scotch lords (Murray & Co.) who were Mary's accusers and persecutors, it was afterwards suppressed.

Such is the origin of the "Detection," and it may be added that it is so filthy that but few persons can read it through, and that its most serious charges are totally unsupported by a tittle of contemporary testimony. Buchanan was copied by Knox in Scotland, and by De Thou in France. He forms the inspiration of Messrs. Froude and Mignet. The latter never mentions him, the former quotes him at every page, but without naming him. The venerable Camden says that Buchanan in his last illness wished "he might live so long till, by recalling the truth, he might even with his blood wipe away those aspersions which he had by his bad tongue unjustly cast upon Mary."

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[1] *Ante*, p. 221.

No. X.

MARY STUART'S PRISONS IN ENGLAND.

Carlisle, from May 19, 1568 — two months.
Bolton, from July 16, 1568 — six months.
Tutbury, from February 9, 1569 — two months.
Wingfield, from April 7, 1569 — seven months.
Coventry, from November 14, 1569 — one month.
Tutbury, from January 2, 1570 — four months.
Chatsworth, from May 17, 1570 — five months.
Sheffield, from November 28, 1570 — thirteen years and nine months.
Buxton Baths, a visit for health.
Wingfield, from September 3, 1584 — three months.
Tutbury, from January 13, 1585 — eleven months.
Chartley, from December 24, 1585 — one month.
Fotheringay, from September 25, 1586 — nine months.
The scaffold, February, 1587.

No. XI.

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE TO CALENDAR OF THE STATE PAPERS (1509–1603) RELATING TO SCOTLAND, PRESERVED IN THE STATE PAPER DEPARTMENT OF HER MAJESTY'S PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE. SCOTTISH SERIES, VOL. I. PREFACE BY MARKHAM JOHN THARPE, ESQ. Pp. xxv, xxvi.

"The second series of papers relates to Mary Queen of Scots after her flight from Scotland, and consists of the correspondence which passed between Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, and their respective ministers; the reports and letters of the nobles and others who were successively appointed to take charge of the captive Queen; the correspondence of her friends and servants; some of the evidence supposed to have been produced against the Queen at York and elsewhere; the alleged love-letters to the Earl of Bothwell; and a large mass of papers which it is stated were seized in the Queen's apartments at Chartley Castle in 1586, upon the discovery of Babington's conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth. These papers consist chiefly of letters in cipher with contemporary deciphers, and it is stated that they were written by Queen Mary to foreign princes and divers ecclesiastics and others, her agents abroad, for the reëstablishment of the Romish religion in England, and the subversion of the throne of Queen Elizabeth.

"The reader's attention is requested not only to the contents of these records, but also to the circumstances under which they are preserved to us. The evidence they contain is all-important; there is abundance of insinuation, there is much assertion of guilt, but proof nowhere as far as the compiler has been able to seek it. He wishes therefore to point out especially, first, that the monstrous letters to Bothwell are not in Queen Mary's handwriting; secondly, that there is not in the State Papers here described, any one which shows participation on the Queen's part in the murder of Darnley; and, lastly, that all the letters in cipher, above alluded to, profess only to be copies, copies in cipher, and copies deciphered. They are nearly all in the handwriting of one Mr. Thomas Phelippes, a person of much ingenuity and ability in the use of his pen, who was employed by the English ministers to decipher letters. Occasionally he counterfeited them; and his conduct was subsequently investigated and brought to light in the reign of King James. The attention of many readers will be arrested by those passages wherein Mr. Phelippes and others artfully connect Queen Mary's name with Babington's; and some may wonder, perhaps, what those plans of Mr. Phelippes could have been which the captive Queen's stern keeper, Sir Amias Powlet dared not put in execution."

No. XII.

There exist to this day two mute witnesses on this point. The first is a picture of the severed head of Mary Stuart in the

Museum of United Service Club. It was evidently taken before the features were composed after the death agony, for the broad eyelids are still open.

The second is also a picture of the severed head taken a day later. It is on a dish which is placed on a table covered with scarlet velvet. A roll of parchment hanging from the table bears the inscription, —

Maria Scotiæ Regina
9. Feby. 1587

— with the signature of the painter, *Amyas Cawood.* This picture was presented to Sir Walter Scott by a Russian gentleman. In describing "The Home of Sir Walter Scott," Hawthorne, in his "English Note-book," thus speaks of it: —

"I am not quite sure whether I saw all these pictures in the drawing-room, or some of them in the dining-room; but the one that struck me most — and very much indeed — was the head of Mary Queen of Scots, literally the head cut off, and lying on a dish. It is said to have been painted by an Italian or French artist two days after her death. The hair curls or flows all about it; the face is of a death-like hue, but has an expression of quiet, after much pain and trouble — very beautiful, very sweet and sad; and it affected me strongly with the horror and strangeness of such a head being severed from its body. Methinks I should not like to have it always in the room with me."

No. XIII.

COPY OF A RELATION OF THE EARL OF BOTHWELL'S DECLARATION AT HIS DEATH, BY ONE THAT WAS PRESENT.

"The Earl of Bothwell being sick unto death in the Castle of Malmay (Malmoe?) made solemn faith of what here followeth, viz: The Bishop of Schonen, together with four great Lords, viz, Berin Gowes, Governor of the Castle of Malmay, Otto Braw of the Castle of Ottenbrucht, Paris Braw of the Castle of Vescat, and Mons. Gallensterne of the Castle of Falkenstrie, and together likewise with the four Bailiffs of the town, prayed the Earle to declare freely and truly what he knew of the death of the late King Henry (Darnley) and of the authors thereof according as he should answer before God at the Day of Judgment where all things, how secret soever they may be here, shall be laid open.

"Then the said Earl, declaring that through his present great weakness he was not able to discourse all the several steps of these things, testified that the Queen was innocent of that death, and that only he himself, his friends, and some of the nobility were the authors of it.

"And being thereto pressed by the Lords to name some of the persons that were guilty, he named my Lord James, Earl of Murray, my Lord Robert, Abbot of Holyrood, both of them bastard brothers of the Queen, the Earls of Crawford, Argyll, Glencairn, Boyd, the Lords of Lethington, Buccleugh and Grange."

See the entire paper in Keith, vol. iii. p. 305; and for a thorough discussion of its authenticity and value, see Notes to Aytoun's "Bothwell," p. 259.

No. XIV.

In presenting this letter Lodge says ("Illustrations of British History," vol. ii. pp. 267–277): "It well deserves the attention of those who would obtain a clear knowledge of Mary's true character, and of Elizabeth's detestable conduct towards her in the last years of her imprisonment."

The letter has been frequently translated into English, but by no one so admirably as by the late Donald MacLeod (author of "Bloodstone," "Life of Sir Walter Scott"), whose version, from his "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," is here given.

The letter was written from her prison at Sheffield, November 8, 1582, in the fourteenth year of her captivity. For the best of reasons Elizabeth did not answer it. She could not. She dared not: —

"MADAME, — In consequence of what I have learned about the late conspiracies against my poor son, in Scotland, and having every occasion, from my own experience, to fear the consequences, I must employ what life and strength I have remaining, to empty my heart to you ere I die, of my righteous and melancholy complaints. I desire that this letter may serve you so long as you live after me, for a perpetual testimony engraven on your conscience; for my acquittal in the eyes of posterity, and for the shame and confusion of all who, by your own avowal, have so cruelly and unworthily treated me here, and brought me to the extremity in which I now am. But inasmuch as their designs, practices, actions, and procedures, detestable as they have been, have always prevailed with you, against my most just remonstrances and my sincere conduct, and since the power which you hold has always made you seem right in the sight of men, I now have recourse to the living God, who has established us both, under Himself, for the government of his people.

"I call upon Him, in this extreme hour of my urgent affliction, to render to you and to me, that part of merit or of demerit, that each owes to the other, even as He will render it on his final judgment. And remember, Madame, that from Him we can disguise nothing, by the coloring and the policy of this world, as my enemies, under you, have temporarily disguised from men, and perhaps from you, their subtle and malicious inventions and their godless dexterities. In his name, therefore, and before Him as judge between you and me, I will maintain: first, That by the agents, spies, and secret messengers, sent in your name to Scotland while I was still there, my subjects have been corrupted, tampered with, and excited to rebel against me, to make attempts against my own person, and in a word, to say, do, undertake, and execute whatever, during my troubles, has occurred in that country. Of this I will now present no other verification than the confession of one who has since been one of the most advanced,[1] and the testimony of those confronted with him; of one advanced for the good service he has done; and who, had I then done him justice, would not now, by favor of his ancient acquaintance, have renewed the same practices against my son. Neither would he have furnished to my treacherous and rebel subjects who sought refuge with you, the aid and support that they have received since my detention here; a support without which those traitors would not, I think, have prevailed then; nor have subsisted since then so long as they have done.

"When in my prison of Lochleven, the late Throckmorton counseled me, *in your name*, to sign the act of abdication, which he said would be presented to me, and which he assured was valueless; and valueless it has ever been esteemed in every portion of Christendom, except here, where even open force has been lent to support its authors. On your conscience, Madame, would you recognize such liberty and power in your subjects? Yet my authority was given by my subjects to my son while utterly incapable of exercising it, and since he has arrived at a proper age to act for himself, and, when I would have legitimately assured him in it, it is suddenly torn from him, made over to two or three traitors,[1] who, having already robbed him of the reality, will soon rob him also, as they did me, of the name and title, should he contradict them at all, and perhaps of his life also if God provides not for his preservation.

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[1] Randolph.

"So soon as I escaped from Lochleven, and was about to give battle to my rebellious lords, I sent you back, by a gentleman, a diamond ring which I had previously received from you in token and assurance that you would aid me against those very rebels, and even, should I retire towards you, that *you would come in person to the frontier* to assist me; and this was confirmed to me by various other messages. This promise, coming reiterated from *your own mouth* (or if not your ministers have frequently deceived me), caused me to put so great confidence in you, that when my field was lost, I came at once to throw myself into your arms, if I might have that privilege as well as the rebels. But on my road to find you, behold me arrested on my way, environed with guards, confined in fortresses, and finally reduced, shamelessly, into the captivity which is now killing me; me who have already suffered a thousand mortal pangs.

"I know you will allege what passed between the late Duke of Norfolk and me; but I maintain that there was nothing in our dealings to your prejudice nor against the public good of this realm; and that the treaty was formed by the advice and still existing signatures of the first men of your then council, with an assurance that you too would favor it. How would such personages undertake to persuade you to approve of an act which would destroy your life, honor, and crown, *as you declare* to all ambassadors and others who speak to you of me?

"Meanwhile, my rebels, perceiving that their precipitate course was carrying them further than they anticipated, *and the truth having appeared that what they uttered against me were slanders, before the conference to which I voluntarily submitted in this country*,[2] in order to clear myself publicly in open assembly of your deputies and mine, many among them returned to their loyalty; and for this they were pursued by your own forces, besieged in Edinburgh Castle; one of the first among them poisoned;[1] and another, the least blamable among them, most cruelly hanged,[2] although, at your request, I had twice caused them to lay down their arms, under assurance of agreement, which perhaps my enemies never even intended.

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[1] Lennox, Mar, Morton, etc.

[2] "*Et la vérité estant apparue des impostures qu'on semoit de moy, par la Conférence à laquelle je me soubmis voluntairement en ce pays.*" It is this sentence which Labanoff says has been generally ill rendered, v. 322.

"For a long time I was willing to try whether patience would mitigate the rigorous treatment to which I have been subjected, especially during these ten years past; and I accommodated myself exactly to the order prescribed, during my captivity in this house, as well with regard to the number and quality of my servitors, as to the diet and exercise necessary for my health. I have lived hitherto as quietly and peaceably as any one of far lower rank and far more obliged to you than ever I have been; even depriving myself, to remove all shadow of suspicion or distrust on your part, of the right to demand intelligence from my son and my country. There was neither right nor reason in refusing me this intelligence, particularly about my son, but instead of that, they labored to influence him against me, so to enfeeble both by dissension. You will say I was permitted to send to him three years ago. *His captivity in Sterling*, under the tyranny of Morton, *was the cause of your permission*, as the liberty he has since enjoyed is the cause of your refusing a similar permission all this past year.

"I have at various times made overtures for the establishment of a sound amity between us, and a sure understanding between our two kingdoms for the future. Commissioners were sent to me for that purpose at Chatsworth about eleven years ago. The ambassadors of France and my own treated of it with your own self. And I, throughout the past year, made every possible advantageous proposition to Beale.[3] And what is the result? My good intentions are mistaken; the sincerity of my acts neglected and calumniated; the condition of my affairs made worse by delays, surmises, and such other artifices, and, to conclude, worse and worse treatment every day, no matter what I may have done to deserve the contrary. My too long, useless, and ruinous patience has brought me to such a point, that my enemies, accustomed from of old to do me evil, now think they have a right by prescription to use me, not as a prisoner (which in reason I cannot be) but as a slave, whose life and death depends, regardless of God's law or of man's, upon their tyranny alone.

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[1] Maitland of Lethington.

[2] Sir W. Kirkaldy of Grange.

[3] Secretary of Elizabeth's council, sent really as a spy, ostensibly to treat with Mary. See her letter to him. Labanoff, v. 288.

"I cannot, Madame, suffer any longer; and I *must*, even in dying, expose the authors of my death; or living, if God shall grant me still some respite, endeavor, under your protection, to destroy, at any price, the cruelties, calumnies, and treacherous designs of my enemies, and obtain for myself a little repose during the time I may have to live. In order, therefore, to settle the pretended controversies between you and me, enlighten yourself, if you please, upon all that has been told you of my conduct with regard to you. Re-read the depositions of the foreigners taken in Ireland.[1] Let those of the executed Jesuits[2] be shown to you. Give free liberty to any one who will undertake to accuse me, and *permit me also to make my defense*. If there be found any ill in me, let me suffer for it. I can do so more patiently when I know the reason, — but if *good be* discovered, mistake me no longer, nor suffer me any more to be so ill repaid. You have so great a responsibility to God and man.

"The vilest criminals in your prisons, born under obedience to you, are permitted to justify themselves, and to know both the accusers and their charges. Why should the same order not be taken with me, a sovereign queen, your nearest relative, and lawful heiress. I fancy that *this last quality* has been the principal point of my enemies, and the cause of their calumnies, that by causing disunion between us, they might slip their own unjust pretensions in between us. But, alas, they have little right and less need to torture me any more on that account, for I protest, on my honor, that I now look forward to no other kingdom than that of my God, which I see prepared for me, as my best recompense for all my past afflictions and adversities. It will be your duty conscientiously to see my child put in possession of his rights after my death; and, meantime, to restrain the constant intrigues and secret means taken by our enemies in this realm to his prejudice and to advance their own pretensions, while, at the same time, they are laboring with our traitors in Scotland to effect in every way his ruin. I ask no better verification of this than the charge given to your last envoys and deputies to Scotland, and the seditious practices of those envoys, of which I am willing to believe you ignorant, but to which they were diligently incited by the earl, my good neighbor, at York.[1]

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[1] During the troubles with O'Neal of Desmond.

[2] Campian, Sherwin, and Briant, executed for high treason for preaching the Catholic Faith. Lingard, vi. 168.

" *Apropos*, Madame, by what right is it maintained that I, his mother, am interdicted not only from aiding my child in so urgent a necessity as this, but even from having information about his condition? Who can bring more carefulness, sense of duty, and sincerity to this than I? Whom can it touch more nearly?

" At least, if, in sending to provide for his safety, as the Earl of Shrewsbury lately told me you have done, if it had pleased you to receive my advice therein, how much greater (it seems to me) a gratification and obligation on my part would have accrued to you. But consider what you left me to think, when forgetting so suddenly the pretended offenses of my son, and when I begged that we might send together, you dispatched a messenger to the place of his imprisonment, not only without informing me, but while depriving me of all liberty so that I could not by any means get news of it. Ah, had they who moved you to so prompt a visitation to my son, really desired his preservation and the peace of the country, they had not been so careful to conceal it from me, as a thing in which I would not concur with you, and thus caused you to lose the pleasure which you would have received by so doing. To speak more plainly to you, I beseech you to make no more use of such means and persons, for although I hold Mr. Carey[2] too mindful of the blood from which he is sprung to engage his honor in any bad action, yet he had an assistant, a sworn partisan of the Earl of Huntington, by whose evil offices so base an action only could succeed by a like effect. It will suffice me if you will but prevent all damage to my son from *this* country, which is all that I have ever hitherto asked of you, even when an army was sent to the frontier to hinder justice from being done to the detestable Morton; and also that none of your subjects shall meddle directly nor indirectly with the affairs of Scotland, unless I, who have a right to such knowledge, know of it; or without the assistance of some one on the part of the most Christian king, my good brother, who, as our principal ally, should participate in all this matter, however little credit he may have with the traitors who now detain my son.

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[1] Earl of Huntington, who had some claim to the English throne.

[2] Son of Lord Hunsdon, who, on the mother's side, was cousin-german to Elizabeth.

"Meantime, I declare to you frankly, that I consider this last conspiracy[1] and innovation as a pure treason against the life of my son, his well-being, and that of the kingdom; and that so long as he remains in the condition in which I hear he is, I shall not believe that any word, writing, or other act of his or that may pass under his name, proceeds from his own free will, but solely from the conspirators themselves, who risk his life in using him as a mask.

"Now, Madame, with all this liberty of speech, which I foresee may displease you in some points, although the very truth itself, yet I am persuaded you will find it still more singular that I now again importune you with a request, which is of the greatest importance, yet which you can most easily grant and effect. It is that, while patiently accommodating myself so long to the rigorous course of this captivity; while conducting myself in all things with perfect sincerity, even in the least thing, which interest you but little, I have yet been unable to assure myself of your good disposition, nor yet give you proof of my entire affection. Therefore, all hope of anything better for the short time I have to live being lost, I implore you, yet, in honor of the bitter Passion of our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, I implore you, let me leave this kingdom for some place of rest; to seek some solace for this poor body so worn with perpetual sorrows, and, with freedom of conscience, to prepare my soul for God who is calling it day by day!

"Believe me, Madame (and the physicians you sent me last summer may also have judged of it), believe me, I cannot last long, so that you need retain no jealousy nor distrust of me. Yet, nevertheless, exact what assurances and just and reasonable conditions may seem good in your sight. The greater strength is always on your side to make me observe them, even if anything could make me desire to violate them. You have had sufficient experience and observation enough of my simple promises, and sometimes to my prejudice, as I showed you two years ago. Remember, if you please, what then I wrote you, that 'by no means, save gentleness, could you bind my heart to yours, even though you confined my poor languishing body forever within stone walls, for that those of my rank and nature could be cajoled nor forced by any severity whatever.'

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[1] The Raid of Ruthven, or Gowrie Conspiracy.

"Your prison, without any right or just cause, has already destroyed my body, the last of which you will soon see if my captivity endure much longer, and my enemies will have but short time to satisfy their hatred of me. There remains to me only *my soul, which is beyond your power to make captive.* Give to it then the liberty to seek a little more freely its salvation, which now it longs for more than any earthly grandeur. It cannot, I think, satisfy you, or be to your honor or advantage, if my enemies crush my life beneath their feet, until I lie suffocated before you; while on the other hand, if you release me, in this extremity (although too late), you will greatly oblige me and mine, especially my poor child, whom by so doing you will perhaps bind to yourself. I will never cease to importune you with this request until it be granted, and therefore I beg you to let me know what you intend, having, to please you, waited without complaint for these two years past, ere I renewed the entreaties to which the wretched condition of my health compels me more than you can imagine. Meantime, provide, if you please, for the amelioration of my treatment here, since it is beyond my power to suffer longer; and do not leave it to the discretion of any other than yourself, *from whom alone*, as I wrote you lately, I wish to receive *all the good and evil* which henceforward I am to have in your country. Do me the favor to *write* your intentions either to me or to the French Ambassador for me, for as to being tied up to what the Earl of Shrewsbury or others may write in your name, I have had too much experience to put my trust in that, their lightest fancy being sufficient warrant for the change of everything about me daily.

"Besides, when I lately wrote to members of your council, you gave me to understand that I was not to address myself to them but to you only, and it is not reasonable to extend their authority only to do me evil, as in this last restriction of theirs, by which, contrary to your desire, I have most shamefully been dealt with. This gives me every reason to believe that some of my enemies in your counsel have expressly hindered other members thereof from hearing my just complaints, and who either knew not the persistent endeavors of their companions against my life, or had they known them, would have opposed them for your honor's sake and their duty to you.

"Finally, I particularly request two things of you: first, that, near as I am to my departure from this world, I may have near me some honorable churchman, who will point out to me daily the way I have to walk, and instruct me to do so according to the rules of my religion, in which I am firmly resolved to live and die. It is a last duty which should not be refused to the most wretched and miserable being. It is a liberty which you extend to every foreign ambassador, and which all Catholic kings extend to yours. And have I ever forced any of my subjects to do anything contrary to their religion, even when I had power and authority so to do? And now in this extremity you cannot act justly and deprive me of this freedom. What advantage could you gain in refusing it? I trust that God will pardon me, if thus oppressed by you, I render Him the duty I owe only, as is permitted me, in my heart. But you will set a very bad example to the other princes of Christendom, to use towards their subjects and relatives the same rigor that you exhibit toward me, a sovereign queen, and your nearest kinswoman, in despite of my enemies, as I am and will be so long as I live.

"I will not importune you now about the augmentation of my household, of which I shall have no great need during the time I have to live. I only ask of you *two chamber-women to take care of me in my illness;* protesting before God that they would be extremely necessary were I even a poor creature of the simple people. Grant them to me for the honor of God, and show that my enemies have not credit enough with you to exercise their vengeance and cruelty in a matter of so little consequence, in so simple an office of humanity.

"I come now to the accusation of the said Shrewsbury (if accuse me he can), namely, that against my promise given to Beale and without your knowledge, I have negotiated with my son about yielding him the title to the crown of Scotland, after having promised to do nothing without your advice, and by one of my subjects, who, in their common voyage should be directed by one of yours. These I believe are the precise terms of the said earl. I would tell you, Madame, that Beale never received any simple and absolute promise from me; but several conditional propositions, by which I could not in any way be bound save in the fulfillment of the conditions upon which they were based by me; with which conditions he was so little satisfied, that I have never even had any reply to them, nor in your heart even heard them so much as mentioned since; and, with regard to that, I remember perfectly well, that the Earl of Shrewsbury, last Easter, desiring to draw from me some new confirmation of what I had said to Beale, I explained clearly to him, that it was only in case that the said conditions were accorded to me, that my words could take effect. Both are still living to testify to this before you if they will to speak the truth. Since that, seeing that no answer was made to me, but that, on the contrary, by delays and negligence, my enemies continued more licentiously than ever their intrigues, arranged since Beale's visit to me, to thwart my just intentions in Scotland, as the effect has thoroughly shown, and have thus opened a door for the ruin of my son and myself, I took your silence for refusal and discharged myself by letters express to you and your council of all that I had treated with Beale.

"I made you a participant of all that the king, my brother-in-law, and the queen my mother-in-law,[1] had written to me with their own hands about this affair, and asked your advice about, *which is still to come*, although by it it was my intention to proceed had you given it me in time, or had you permitted me to send to my son, and assisted me in the overtures I made you about establishing a sound friendship and perfect understanding between this realm for the future. But to oblige me at once to follow your advice before I could know what it was, and in the journey of our people to make mine subject to yours, even in my own country, I was never so simple as even to think of.

"And now, if you have known the false play which my enemies have used in Scotland, to bring matters to their present condition,[2] I leave it to your consideration which of us has proceeded most sincerely. God be judge between them and me, and turn from this island his just punishment of their demerits. Look once more, at the intelligence that my traitor subjects in Scotland may have given you. You will find, and I will maintain it before all Christian princes, that I have never done anything to your prejudice, nor against the welfare or peace of this kingdom, of which I am no less desirous than any counselor or subject of yours, having more interest in it than they. It has been suggested to gratify my son with the title and name of king, to assure him of the said title and the rebels' impunity for all their past offenses, and so to put all things in a condition of peace and tranquillity for the future, without any innovation whatever. Was that to deprive my son of the crown? My enemies, I believe, do not wish him sure of it, and for that reason are quite content that he should possess it by the illegal violence of certain traitors, foes from of old of our race. Was it to seek justice for the past deeds of those traitors, justice which my clemency has always surpassed? An evil conscience can never be at rest, carrying, as it does, its chief fear and greatest trouble continually with it. Was it a desire to change the repose of the country? — to procure it by a gentle abolition of all things past, and a general reconciliation of our subjects? What is it that my said enemies fear from that as much as they make demonstration of desiring it? What prejudice could be done to you by this? Mark down and cause to be verified what other thing there is if you please; I will answer it on my honor.

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[1] Henry III. and Catherine de Medicis.

[2] The Raid of Ruthven.

"Alas, Madame, will you let yourself be so blinded by the artifices of my enemies, who (act) only to establish their unjust pretensions to this crown after you, and perhaps against you? You suffer them, you living and seeing them, to ruin, and cause cruelly to perish, those who are so near to you in heart and blood! What honor or good can result to you by their keeping my child so long separated from me and both of us from you?

"Resume those ancient pledges of your natural goodness, draw your own to you by your kindness; give me this contentment before I die, that, seeing all things settled between us, my soul, freed from the body, may not be compelled to pour out its complaints to God for the wrongs you have suffered to be done to us here below, but rather, that departing from this captivity in peace and concord with you, I may go to Him whom I pray to inspire you to see my very just and more than reasonable complaints and grievances.

"SHEFFIELD, this 8 November,

"Your most desolate, nearest cousin,

"And affectionate sister,

"MARIE R."

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